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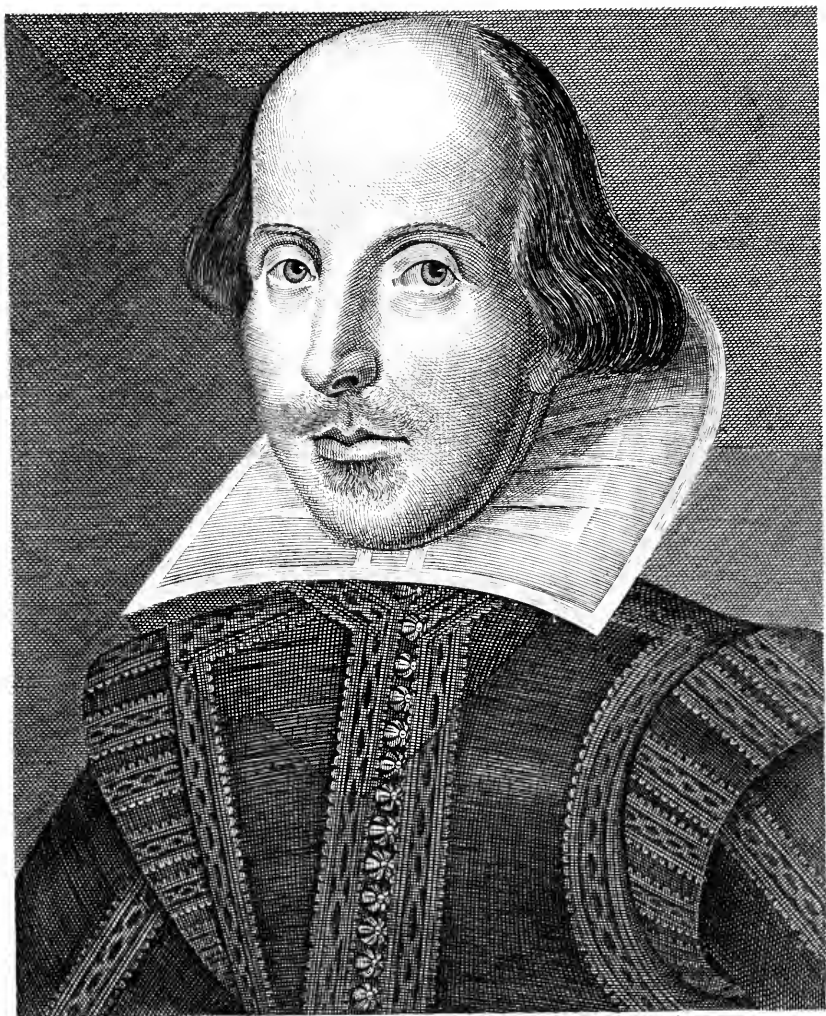












*Engraving by*

SHAKESPEARE

*from the First Folio Edition*

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Shakspeare's

2  
DRAMATIC WORKS:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A SELECTION OF

NOTES, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

BY THE

REV. W. HARNESS, A.M.

OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

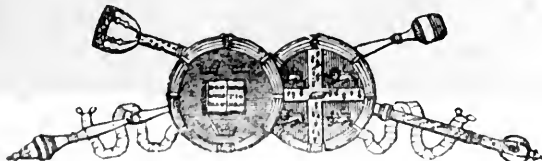
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TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :

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1830.



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SHAKSPEARE'S  
DRAMATIC WORKS.

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VOL. I.

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TO HIM,

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN,

PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,  
AND RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, READING,

THIS EDITION

OF THE

DRAMATIC WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE

IS INSCRIBED,

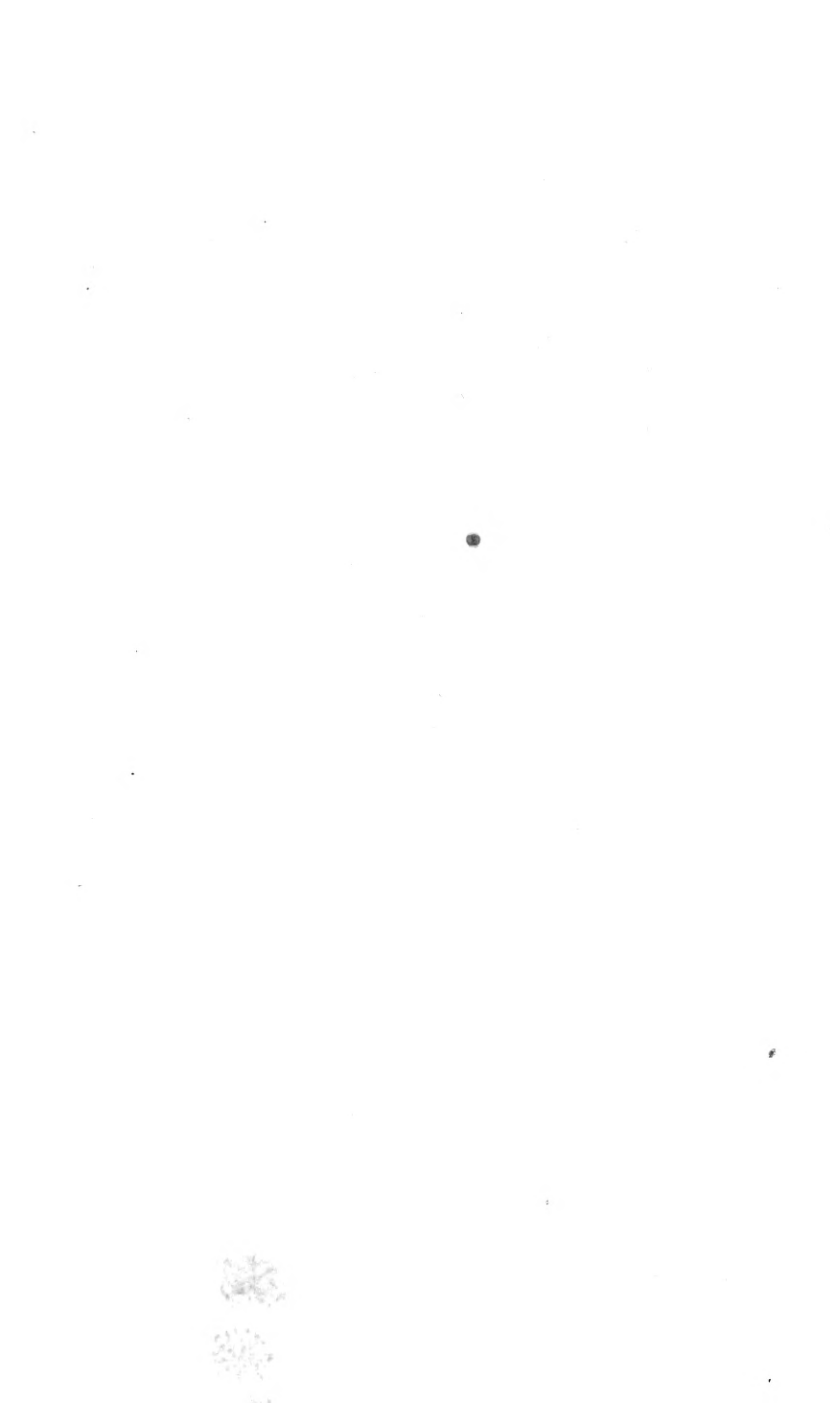
AS A MEMORIAL OF

MANY YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED KINDNESS AND REGARD,

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN preparing this edition of the Plays of Shakspeare for the press, the editor has generally followed the text of Johnson and Steevens, from which he has only in a very few instances departed, either to restore the original reading, or admit the approved emendation of some eminent commentator.

An attempt has been made in the notes to form "that judicious and frugal selection" from the voluminous commentary of the *Variorum Shakspeare* which was recommended by Steevens himself;<sup>a</sup> and use has occasionally been made of other sources of information. Unless the note is merely glossarial, the authority is always stated.

In the Biographical Memoir the editor has endeavoured to collect and arrange all the circumstances relative to the life of Shakspeare which are to be found in the pages of Rowe, Johnson, Malone, and others, and to lay them before the reader in a connected narrative.

It may perhaps be objected, that to edit the works of a dramatic writer, is an occupation inconsistent with the more important avocations incumbent on a minister of religion. If there really do exist any impropriety in a clergyman's superintending the publication of Shakspeare—the poet, the historian, and

<sup>a</sup> REED'S *Shakspeare*, vol. i. 41.

the philosopher,—the editor trusts that in the present case the offence is more than extenuated by the circumstances in which he was placed: he had no pastoral charge entrusted to him during any part of the time the work was in progress; he sacrificed no professional duty to the performance of it; he was suddenly and most unexpectedly compelled, by claims of a domestic nature, to occupy himself in some literary labour which would produce an immediate return; and he had high authority for engaging in the task that was proposed to him; for he attempted what Jortin had, at one period of his life, entertained a design of executing, and he was countenanced by the examples of Dr. Farmer and Bishop Warburton.





Engraved by E. Bowen.

*From . M<sup>r</sup> John Humphreys Drawing of the  
Charles Picture made for the late . M<sup>r</sup> Watons  
in the Year 1783.*

# THE LIFE

OF

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

THE name of Shakspeare, which is mentioned by Verstegan, among those “syrnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feats of arms,”<sup>a</sup> is one of great antiquity in the woodland districts of Warwickshire. The family, thus honourably distinguished, appears to have received its origin either at Rowington or Lapworth. Long before the genius of our great dramatic poet had rendered their name a subject of national interest, the Shakspeares were established among the more affluent inhabitants of those villages, and thence several individuals of the race, from time to time, removed and became settlers in the principal places of the county.

After the most indefatigable researches Malone found himself unable to trace the particular branch of the family from which Shakspeare himself descended, beyond his immediate ancestor; but it is mentioned by Rowe, as being “of good figure and fashion,”<sup>b</sup> in the town of Stratford. This statement

<sup>a</sup> *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 4to. 1605. p. 294.

<sup>b</sup> ROWE'S *Life of Shakspeare*.

is supported by the authority of a document, preserved in the College of Heralds, conferring the grant of a coat of arms on John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, in which the title of *gentleman* is added to his denomination; and it is stated, that "his great grandfather had been rewarded by king Henry the Seventh, for his faithful and approved services, with lands and tenements given him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit."<sup>c</sup>

If Shakspeare's father inherited any portion of the estate which the royal munificence had thus conferred on his ancestor, it was insufficient for his wants; and he was obliged to have recourse to trade, to increase the narrow measure of his patrimony. The traditional accounts that have been received respecting him are consistent in describing him as engaged in business, though they disagree in the nature of the employment which they ascribe to him. In the MS. notes which Aubrey had collected for a life of the poet, it is affirmed, that "his father was a butcher;" while on the other hand, it is stated by Rowe that he was "a considerable dealer in wool." The truth of the latter report it is scarcely possible to doubt. It was received from Betterton

<sup>c</sup> *Grant of arms to John Shakspeare, made 1599.* Malone, who always appears to have had a double object in his researches, first, to discredit all received opinions respecting our poet and his family, and secondly, to introduce some fanciful conjecture of his own, suggests that these expressions relate not to the ancestor of John Shakspeare, but to the ancestor of his wife. His arguments are not devoid of plausibility; but what certainty can we ever hope to obtain in the consideration of remote events, if the express authority of cotemporary official documents is to be set aside by the questionable conjectures of the antiquarian.



the player, whose veneration for the poet induced him to make a pilgrimage to Warwickshire, that he might collect all the information respecting the object of his enthusiasm which remained among his townsmen, at a time when such prominent facts as the circumstances and avocation of his parents could not yet have sunk into oblivion.<sup>d</sup> It is, indeed, not improbable that both these accounts may be correct. "Few occupations," observes Malone, "can be named which are more naturally connected with each other." Dr. Farmer has shewn that the two trades were occasionally united:<sup>e</sup> or if they were not thus exercised together by the poet's father, his having adopted them separately at different periods of his life, is not inconsistent with the changeful character of his circumstances. The new notion of John Shakspeare's having been a *glover*, which has been advanced in Malone's last edition of our author's works, I have no hesitation in dismissing. It is neither supported by tradition, nor probability; and the brief minute which the laborious editor discovered in the bailiff's court at Stratford, must have referred to some other of the innumerable John Shakspeares, whom we find mentioned in the wills and registers of the time.

The father of Shakspeare married, probably about the year 1555 or 1556, Mary, the daughter of Robert Arden, of Willingcote, in the county of Warwick; by which connexion he obtained a small estate in

<sup>d</sup> Betterton was born in 1635. Shakspeare's youngest daughter lived till 1662, and his grand-daughter till 1670; and many of his relatives and connexions, the Harts and the Hathaways, were surviving at the time of Betterton's visit to Stratford.

<sup>e</sup> See REED's *Shakspeare*, vol. 18. p. 346, 347. Steevens' note.

land, some property in money,<sup>f</sup> and such accession of respectability as is derived from an equal and honourable alliance. The family of Mary Arden, like his own, was one of great antiquity in the county, and her ancestors also had been rewarded for their faithful and important services by the gratitude of Henry the Seventh. The third child, and the eldest son of this union, was the celebrated subject of the present memoirs.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and baptized on the 26th of the same month.

At the time of the birth of his illustrious offspring, John Shakspeare evidently enjoyed no slight degree of estimation among his townsmen. He was already a member of the corporation, and for two successive years, had been nominated one of the chamberlains of Stratford.<sup>g</sup> From this time he began to be chosen in due succession to the highest municipal offices of the borough. In 1569, he was appointed to discharge the important duties of high bailiff; and was subsequently elected and sworn chief alderman for the year 1571.

During this period of his life, which constitutes the poet's years of childhood, the fortune of Master John Shakspeare—for so he is uniformly designated in the public writings of the borough, from the time of his acting as high bailiff—perfectly corresponded with the station which we find him holding among his townsmen. His charities rank him with the second class of the inhabitants of Stratford. In a

<sup>f</sup> The whole was worth little more than 100*l.* at that time considered a fair provision for a daughter.

<sup>g</sup> He was admitted to the corporation probably in 1557. He was elected chamberlain in 1561.

subscription for the relief of the poor, 1564, out of twenty-four persons, twelve gave more, six the same, and six less than the poet's father; and in a second subscription, of fourteen persons, eight gave more, five the same, and one less. So early as 1556, he held the lease of two houses in the town, one in Green Hill, and the other in Henley Street; in 1570 he rented fourteen acres of land, called Inghton Meadow; and we find him, four years afterwards, becoming the purchaser of two additional houses in Henley Street, with a garden and orchard attached to each.

In this season of prosperity, Mr. John Shakspeare was not careless of the abilities of his child. His own talents had been wholly unimproved by education, and he was one of the twelve, out of the nineteen aldermen of Stratford, whose accomplishments did not extend to being able to sign their own names. This circumstance, by the bye, most satisfactorily establishes the fact, that he could not have written the confession of faith which was found in repairing the roof of his residence at Stratford.<sup>b</sup> But, whatever were his own deficiencies, he was careful that the talents of his son should not suffer from a similar neglect of education. William was placed at the Free School of Stratford: it is not uninteresting to know the names of the instructors of Shakspeare. They have been traced by the minute researches of

<sup>b</sup> "From the sentiment and the language, this confession appears to be the effusion of a Roman Catholic mind, and was probably drawn up by some Roman Catholic priest. If these premises be granted, it will follow, as a fair deduction, that the family of Shakspeare were Roman Catholics." *Chalmers' Apology*, p. 198. The paper was found in 1770, and communicated to Malone; but are not the official situations held by Shakspeare's father in the borough conclusive against the opinion which Mr. Chalmers has grounded upon it?

Malone. Mr. Thomas Hunt, and Mr. Thomas Jenkins, were successively the masters of the school, from 1572 to 1580, which must have included the school-boy days of our poet.

At this time, Shakspeare would have possessed ample means of obtaining an access to all those books of history, poetry, and romance, with which he seems to have had so intimate an acquaintance, and which were calculated to attract his early taste, and excite the admiration of his young and ardent fancy; and he might also thus early have become imbued with a taste for the drama, by attending the performances of the different companies of players, the comedians of the Queen, of the Earl of Worcester, of Lord Leicester, and of other noblemen, who were continually making the Guildhall of Stratford, the scene of their representations. But he was soon called to other cares, and the discharge of more serious duties. The prosperity of his father was not of permanent duration. In 1578, Mr. John Shakspeare mortgaged the estate which he had received from his wife; in the following year he was exempted from the contribution of four-pence a week for the poor, which was paid by the other aldermen; and that this exception in his favour was made in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments under which he was known to labour, is manifest from his having been at the same period reduced to the necessity of obtaining Mr. Lambert's security for the payment of a debt of five pounds, to Sadler, a baker. This depression of his circumstances is alluded to by Rowe, and attributed to the expences incidental to a large and increasing family; but in this statement, the real cause of his difficulties is mistaken. It has been ascertained, by the diligence of Malone, that

the family of Shakspeare's father was by no means numerous; for of his eight children, five only attained to years of maturity.<sup>i</sup> The decay of his affairs was the natural consequence of the decline of the branch of trade in which he was engaged. As a woolstapler, Mr. John Shakspeare had flourished as long as the business itself was prosperous; and with its failure, his fortunes had fallen into decay. He became involved in the gradual ruin which fell on the principal trade of the place, and which, in 1590, drew from the bailiff and burgesses of Stratford, a supplication to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, lamenting the distresses of the town; "for want of such trade as heretofore they had by *clothinge*, and making of yarne, ymploying and mayntayninge a number of poore people by the same, which now live in great penury and miserie, by reason they are not set at worke, as before they have been."<sup>k</sup>

In this unfavourable state of the affairs of his family, Shakspeare was withdrawn from school; "his assistance was wanted at home."<sup>l</sup> It was, I should imagine, at this juncture, that his father, no longer able to secure a respectable subsistence for his wife

<sup>i</sup> His family consisted of four sons and four daughters. JOAN, died in infancy: MARGARET, when only four months old. WILLIAM, was the poet: of GILBERT, nothing is known but the date of his baptism, and that he lived till after the restoration of Charles the Second: JOAN, married William Hart, a hatter, at Stratford; she died in 1646, leaving three sons: and in 1794, one of Shakspeare's two houses, in Henley Street, was the property of Thomas Hart, a butcher; the sixth in descent from JOAN. ANN, died in infancy. RICHARD, was buried in 1612-13. EDMUND, was a player at the Globe; he lived in St. Saviour's, and was buried in the church of that parish, on the 31st of December, 1607.

SKOTTOWE'S *Life of Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 7, 8.

<sup>k</sup> *Supplication to Lord Treasurer Burghley*, Nov. 9, 1590, preserved in the chamber at Stratford.

<sup>l</sup> ROWE'S *Life of Shakspeare*.

and children, by his original trade as a woolstapler, had recourse to the inferior occupation of a butcher; and, if the tale be founded in fact, which Aubrey says, "he was told heretofore by some of his neighbours," then it must have been, that Shakspeare began to exhibit his dramatic propensities, and "when he killed a calfe, would do it in a high style, and make a speech."<sup>m</sup>

The assistance, however, which the poet rendered his father in his business, was not of long duration. He had just attained the age of eighteen, when he married. The object of this early attachment was Anne, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman, in the neighbourhood of his native town. She was eight years older than her husband; and Oldys, without stating his authority, in one of his MSS. mentions her as *beautiful*.<sup>n</sup> It may be feared, that this marriage was not perfectly happy. From the celebrated passage in *Twelfth Night*, concluding with,

" Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent,"

we may suspect that Shakspeare, at the time of writing this, which was probably his last, play, had lived to repent his too early marriage, and the indulgence of an affection so much "misgrafted in respect of years."<sup>o</sup> Such is the conjecture of Malone; but it is hardly fair to apply personally to the poet the general maxims that may be discovered in his works. His daughter Susanna was born in the following year. The parish register of Stratford informs us that within eighteen months afterwards his wife bore twins, a son and daughter, who were baptized by the names of Hamnet and Judith: and

<sup>m</sup> AUBREY'S MS. Ashmol. Oxon.

<sup>n</sup> BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*. Note to the 93d Sonnet.

<sup>o</sup> BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, vol. 2. p. 112.

thus, when little more than twenty, Shakspeare had already a wife and three children dependant on his exertions for support.

Malone supposes that our author was at this time employed in an attorney's office, and gives a long list of quotations from his works, which shew how familiarly he was acquainted with the terms and the usages of the law, in support of his conjecture. As there are no other grounds for entertaining such a supposition; as testimony of the same nature, and equally strong, might be adduced to prove that Shakspeare was a member of almost every other trade or profession, for he was ignorant of none; and as the legal knowledge which he displays might easily have been caught up in conversation, or indeed from experience in the quirks and technicalities of the law, during the course of his own and his father's difficulties; I have little hesitation in classing this among the many ingenious, but unsound conjectures of the learned editor, and adopting the tradition of Aubrey respecting the avocation of this portion of his life. To satisfy the claims that were multiplying around him, Shakspeare endeavoured to draw upon his talents and acquirements as the source of his supplies, and undertook the instruction of children.<sup>p</sup>

The portion of classical knowledge that he brought to the task, has given occasion for much controversy, which it is now impossible to determine. The school at which he was educated, produced several individuals, among the cotemporaries of our great poet, who were not deficient in learning;<sup>q</sup> and, though he

<sup>p</sup> "He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country."—AUBREY.

<sup>q</sup> Malone shews that the Quineys, Stratford men, and educated at the same school, were familiarly conversant with Latin, and even corresponded in that language. BOSWELL'S *edition of Malone's Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 182.

was prematurely withdrawn from their companionship, it would be difficult to believe, that with his quickness of apprehension, he could have mingled for any considerable time in their course of study, without attaining a proportionate share of their information. "He understood Latin pretty well," says Aubrey; and this account corresponds exactly with the description of his friend Ben Jonson, who speaks of him as one possessed "of little Latin and less Greek." Dr. Farmer, indeed, has proved, that translations of all the classics to which Shakspeare has referred, were already in circulation before he wrote; and that in most of his allusions to Greek and Latin authors, evident traces are discoverable of his having consulted the translation instead of the original. But this fact establishes very little: it might have proceeded from indolence, or from the haste of composition, urging him to the readiest sources of information, rather than from any incapacity of availing himself of those which were more pure, but less accessible. That he should appear *unlearned* in the judgment of Jonson, who, perhaps, measured him by the scale of his own enormous erudition, is no imputation on his classical attainments. A man may have made great advances in the knowledge of the dead languages, and yet be esteemed as having "little Latin and less Greek," by one who had reached those heights of scholarship, which the friend and companion of Shakspeare had achieved. It is a proof that his acquirements in the classic languages were considerable, or Jonson would scarcely have deemed them of sufficient value to be at all numbered among his qualifications. As to French, it is certain that he did not deal with translations only; for the last line of one of his most celebrated speeches, the Seven Ages of Man, in *As you like it*, is imitated from a poem called the *Hen-*



*riade*, which was first published in 1594, in France, and never translated. Garnier, the author of it, is describing the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny, on the night after his murder, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and introduces the following passage :

*Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,  
Meurtri de toutes parts.*<sup>r</sup>

The verse of Shakspeare,

*Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,*

scarcely exceeds the rules of legitimate translation; and the introduction and repetition of the French preposition, indicates that the coincidence was intentional, and stands as an acknowledgment of the imitation. Mr. Capel Lofft has, perhaps, very fairly estimated the real extent of Shakspeare's literary acquirements: "He had what would now be considered a very reasonable proportion of Latin; he was not wholly ignorant of Greek; he had a knowledge of the French, so as to read it with ease; and I believe not less of the Italian. He was habitually conversant in the chronicles of his country. He had deeply imbibed the Scriptures."—And again, in speaking of his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, which were the first published efforts of Shakspeare's genius, Mr. Lofft continues: "I think it not easy, with due attention to these poems, to doubt of his having acquired, when a boy, no ordinary facility in the classic language of Rome; and, when Jonson said he had '*less Greek*,' had it been true that he had none, it would have been as easy for the verse as for the sentiment, to have said '*no Greek*.'"<sup>s</sup>

With these qualifications for the task, Shakspeare

<sup>r</sup> *Censura Litteraria*, vol. 9. p. 288.

<sup>s</sup> *Aphorisms from Shakspeare*. Introd. p. 12, 13. 24.

applied himself to the labour of tuition. But both the time and the habits of his life, rendered him peculiarly unfit for the situation. The gaiety of his disposition naturally inclined him to society; and the thoughtlessness of youth prevented his being sufficiently scrupulous about the conduct and the characters of his associates. "He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company," says Rowe;<sup>1</sup> and the excesses into which they seduced him, were by no means consistent with that seriousness of deportment and behaviour which is expected to accompany the occupation that he had adopted. The following anecdote of these days of his riot, is still current at Stratford, and the neighbouring village of Bidford. I give it in the words of the author from whom it is taken. Speaking of Bidford, he says, "there were antiently two societies of village-yeomanry in this place, who frequently met under the appellation of Bidford toppers. It was a custom of these heroes to challenge any of their neighbours, famed for the love of good ale, to a drunken combat: among others, the people of Stratford were called out to a trial of strength, and in the number of their champions, as the traditional story runs, our Shakspeare, who forswore all thin potations, and addicted himself to ale as lustily as Falstaff to his sack, is said to have entered the lists. In confirmation of this tradition, we find an epigram written by Sir Aston Cockayne, and published in his poems in 1658, p. 124; it runs thus:—

TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

*Shakspeare*, your *Wincot* ale hath much renown'd,  
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found

---

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Shakspeare.*

Sleeping) that there needed not many a word  
 To make him to believe he was a lord:  
 But you affirm (and in it seems most eager),  
 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.  
 Bid *Norton* brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies  
 Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances:  
 And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness),  
 And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

“ When the Stratford lads went over to Bidford, they found the toppers were gone to Evesham fair; but were told, if they wished to try their strength with the sippers, they were ready for the contest. This being acceded to, our bard and his companions were staggered at the first outset, when they thought it adviseable to sound a retreat, while the means of retreat were practicable; and then had scarce marched half a mile, before they were all forced to lay down more than their arms, and encamp in a very disorderly and unmilitary form, under no better covering than a large crab-tree; and there they rested till morning.

“ This tree is yet standing by the side of the road. If, as it has been observed by the late Mr. T. Warton, the meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion interests curiosity, and acquires an importance, surely the tree which has spread its shade over him, and sheltered him from the dews of the night, has a claim to our attention.

“ In the morning, when the company awakened our bard, the story says, they intreated him to return to Bidford, and renew the charge; but this he declined, and looking round upon the adjoining villages, exclaimed, ‘ No! I have had enough; I have drank with

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,  
 Haunted Hillbro’, Hungry Grafton,  
 Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,  
 Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford.’

“Of the truth of this story, I have very little doubt; it is certain, that the crab-tree is known all round the country, by the name of Shakspeare’s crab; and that the villages to which the allusion is made, all bear the epithets here given them: the people of Pebworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor: Hillborough is now called Haunted Hillborough; and Grafton is notorious for the poverty of its soil.”<sup>a</sup>

The above relation, if it be true, presents us with a most unfavourable picture of the manners and morals prevalent among the youth of Warwickshire, in the early years of Shakspeare; and it fills us with regret, to find our immortal poet, with faculties so exalted, competing the bad pre-eminence in such abominable contests. It is some relief to know that, though he erred in uniting himself with such gross associations, he was the first to retreat from them in disgust.

We can scarcely, at the present day, form a correct and impartial judgment of a subsequent offence, in which these mischievous connexions involved him as a party. The transgression, weighty as it would now be considered, appears to admit of great extenuation, on account of the manners and sentiments that prevailed at the time; and when we contemplate the consequences to which it led, we find it difficult to condemn with much severity of censure, the occasion by which Shakspeare was removed from the intercourse of such unworthy companions, and by which those powerful energies of intellect were awakened in one, who might otherwise, perhaps, have been degraded in the course of vulgar sensualities, to an equality with

<sup>a</sup> IRELAND’S *Picturesque Views*, p. 229—233.

his associates, or have attained to no higher distinction than the applauses of a country town.

One of the favourite amusements of the wild companions with whom Shakspeare had connected himself, was the stealing of "deer and conies." This violation of the rights of property, must not, however, be estimated with the rigour which would at the present day attach to a similar offence. In those ruder ages, the spirit of Robin Hood was yet abroad, and *deer and coney-stealing*, classed, with robbing orchards, among the more adventurous, but ordinary levities of youth. It was considered in the light of an indiscretion, rather than of a criminal offence; and in this particular, the young men of Stratford were countenanced by the practice of the students of the Universities.<sup>w</sup> In these hazardous exploits, Shakspeare was not backward in accompanying his comrades. The person in whose neighbourhood, perhaps on whose property,<sup>x</sup> these encroachments were made, was of all others the individual from whose hands they were

<sup>w</sup> Wood, speaking of Dr. John Thornborough, bishop of Worcester, and his kinsman, Robert Pinkey, says, "they seldom gave themselves to their books, but spent their time in the fencing-schools and dancing-schools, in *stealing deer*, and *conies*, &c."

*Athen. Oxon.* 1. 371.

<sup>x</sup> Malone disputes the deer's having been stolen from Sir Thomas Lucy. Possibly the "deer and conies" were not stolen from him; and he was only the magistrate that committed and punished the offenders. Nothing, however, can be more uniform than the tradition that "deer and conies" were really stolen from some one, by Shakspeare and his friends. Mr. Jones, who died in 1703, aged upwards of ninety, and who lived at Turbich, a village about eighteen miles from Stratford, related the story to Mr. Thomas Wilks, and "remembered to have heard it from several old people."—Betterton was told it at Stratford, and communicated it to Rowe.—Oldys has the same story,—so has Davies, whose additions to Fulman's Notes for a Life of Shakspeare were made in 1690.

least likely to escape with impunity in case of detection. Sir Thomas Lucy was a puritan; and the severity of manners which has always characterised this sect, would teach him to extend very little indulgence to the excesses of Shakspeare and his wilful companions. He was besides a game-preserve: in his place as a member of parliament, he had been an active instrument in the formation of the game laws: and the trespasses of our poet, whether committed on the demesne of himself or others, were as offensive to his predilections as to his principles. Shakspeare and his compeers were discovered, and fell under the rigid lash of Sir Thomas Lucy's authority and resentment. The knight attacked the poet with the penalties of the law; and the poet revenged himself by sticking the following satirical copy of verses on the gate of the knight's park.

COPY OF THE VERSES ON SIR THOMAS LUCY.

- . " A parliament member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poore scarecrowe, in London an asse;  
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.
- He thinks hymself greate, yet an asse in hys state,  
We allowe bye his eares but with asses to mate;  
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.
- He's a haughty proud insolent knichte of the shire,  
At home nobodye loves, yet theres many him feare;  
If Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.
- To the sessions he went, and dyd sorely complain,  
His parke had been rob'd, and his deer they were slain;  
This Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

He sayd 'twas a ryot, his men had been beat,  
 His venson was stole, and clandestinely eat;  
 Soe Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
 Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Soe haughty was he when the fact was confess'd,  
 He said 'twas a crime that could not bee redress'd;  
 Soe Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
 Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Though Lucies a dozen he paints in his coat,  
 His name it shall Lowsie for Lucy bee wrote;  
 For Lucy is Lowsie, as some volke misscall it,  
 Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

If a iuvenile frolick he cannot forgive,  
 We'll synge Lowsie Lucy as long as we live;  
 And Lucy the Lowsie a libel may call it,  
 We'll synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it."<sup>2</sup>

It would appear that the above song, the first effort we have received of our author's poetical talents, was not his only attempt at this kind of retaliation. It is said, in a book called a *Manuscript History of the Stage*, which is supposed by Malone to have been written between 1727 and 1730, "that the learned Mr. Joshua Barnes, late Greek professor of the University of Cambridge, baiting about forty years ago at an inn in Stratford, and hearing an old woman singing part of the abovesaid song, such was his respect for Mr. Shakspeare's genius, that he gave her a new gown for the two following stanzas in it; and, could she have said it all, he would (as he often said in company, when any discourse has casually arose about him), have given her ten guineas.

<sup>2</sup> One verse of this pasquinade was retained by memory, and transmitted by Mr. Jones, to Oldys and Capel. The entire song was recently discovered in a chest of drawers, that formerly belonged to Mrs. Dorothy Tyler, of Shotttery, near Stratford, who died in 1778, at the age of eighty. Malone considers the whole a forgery. The last stanza is indeed of a very suspicious appearance.

“ Sir Thomas was too covetous,  
To covet so much deer;  
When horns enough upon his head  
Most plainly did appear.  
Had not his worship one deer left?  
What then? He had a wife,  
Took pains enough to find him horns,  
Should last him during life.”

The volume in which this anecdote is found, is not much to be relied upon; for the author has been, in several instances, detected as too credulous in receiving the reports of others, or as actually criminal, in giving the reins to his imagination, and supplying the want of facts by the resources of his invention. The verses, however, which prove not to have been, as was originally supposed, part of the first satirical effusion, but the fragment of another *jeu d'esprit* of the same kind, and on the same subject, sufficiently authenticate themselves. The quibble on the word *deer*, is one that was familiar with our author;<sup>a</sup> and, says Whiter, the lines “ may be readily conceived to have proceeded from our young bard, before he was removed from the little circle of his native place.”<sup>b</sup> Besides, the author of the book in which they were first published must have possessed an intrepidity of falsehood unparalleled in the history of literary forgeries, if he had dared, so soon after the death of Joshua Barnes, to advance a story of this kind as a notorious fact, when, had it been a fiction, any of the professor's friends would have had an opportunity of contradicting him. Malone considers these verses, as well as the first, a forgery; and cites the epitaph erected by Sir Thomas Lucy, in praise of

<sup>a</sup> Henry VI. part 1. act IV. scene 2., and Henry IV. part 1. act V. scene 4.

<sup>b</sup> *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare*, p. 94.



his wife, as evidence of their spuriousness. Exaggerated censure, is the very essence of a satire: exaggerated praise is the universal characteristic of the epitaph. Each is equally wide of the truth: it is probable, that the real character of Lady Lucy neither warranted the panegyric of her husband, nor the severity of Shakspeare. But it would, at the present day, puzzle the ingenuity of an *Œdipus*, to determine which was most likely to afford the fairest estimate of her worth.

The contest between Shakspeare and Sir Thomas Lucy was unequal; and the result was such as might have been anticipated, from the disproportion that existed between the strength and weapons of the opposing parties. The poet might irritate by his wit; but the magistrate could wound by his authority. It is recorded by Mr. Davies, that the knight “had him oft *whipt*, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country.”<sup>c</sup> That the severity was undue, there can be little room for doubting. Every contemporary, who has spoken of our author, has been lavish in the praise of his temper and disposition. “The *gentle* Shakspeare” seems to have been his distinguishing appellation. No slight portion of our enthusiasm for his writings, may be traced to the fair picture which they present of our author’s character: we love the tenderness of heart—the candour and openness, and singleness of mind—the largeness of sentiment—the liberality of opinion, which the whole tenor of his works prove him to have possessed: his faults seem to have been the transient aberrations of a thoughtless moment, which reflection never failed to correct. The ebullitions of high spirits might mislead him; but the principles and the affections never

<sup>c</sup> Fulman’s MSS. vol. XV. Art. Shakspeare.

swerved from what was right. Against such a person, the extreme severity of the magistrate should not have been exerted. His youth—his genius—his accomplishments—his wife and children, should have mitigated the rigour of the authority that was armed against him. The powerful enemy of Shakspeare was not to be appeased: the heart of the Puritan or the game-preserved, is very rarely “framed of penetrable stuff.” Our author fled from the inflexible persecutions of his opponent, to seek a shelter in the metropolis; and he found friends, and honour, and wealth, and fame; where he had only hoped for an asylum. Sir Thomas Lucy remained to enjoy the triumph of his victory; and he yet survives, in the character of Justice Shallow, as the laughing stock of posterity, and as another specimen of the exquisite skill, with which the victim of his magisterial authority was capable of painting the peculiarities of the weak and the vain, the arrogant and the servile.<sup>d</sup>

About the year 1587, in the twenty-third of his age, Shakspeare arrived in London. It is not possible to discover the inducements which led our poet, after his flight from Stratford, to seek his home and his subsistence in the neighbourhood of a theatre. Probably, in the course of their travels, he might have formed an acquaintance with some of the performers, during the occasional visits which they had made to Stratford. Heminge and Burbage; distinguished performers of the time, were both Warwickshire men, and born in the vicinity of Stratford.

<sup>d</sup> There can be no doubt, that Justice Shallow was designed as the representative of the knight. If the traditional authority of this fact were not quite satisfactory, the description of his coat of arms, in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which is, with very slight deviation, that of the Lucies, would be sufficient to direct us to the original of the portrait.

Greene, another celebrated comedian of the day, was the townsman, and he is thought to have been the relation, of Shakspeare. On arriving in the metropolis, these were perhaps his only acquaintance, and they secured his introduction to the theatre. It seems however agreed, that his first occupation there was of the very lowest order. One tradition relates, that his original office was that of *call-boy*, or prompter's attendant; whose employment it is, to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage:<sup>e</sup> while another account, which has descended in a very regular line from Sir William D'Avenant to Dr. Jolinson, states, that Shakspeare's first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre, and had no servants to take charge of them during the hours of performance. It is said, "that he became so conspicuous in this office, for his care and readiness, that in a short time, every man as he alighted called for *Will Shakspeare*; and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse, while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when *Will Shakspeare* was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspeare's boy, sir*. In time, Shakspeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakspeare's boys*.<sup>f</sup> That the above anecdote was really

<sup>e</sup> MALONE. *Reed's Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 63.

<sup>f</sup> JOHNSON. *Reed's Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 120. One reason alleged for discrediting this account, is, its having appeared first

communicated by Pope, there is no room to doubt. This fact Dr. Johnson states upon his own authority, and coming from such a source, the story is certainly deserving of more respect than the commentators have been inclined to attach to it. It was originally related by D'Avenant, who, if the frequenters of the theatre had ever been in the habit of riding to the play, must have remembered the time; and if at that time, the lads who took charge of the horses were, as he affirmed, called *Shakspeare's boys*, that circumstance is the strongest possible corroboration of the story. But it was known to Rowe, and rejected by him; and Steevens advances this omission as a proof that our author's first biographer considered the anecdote incredible, and wholly undeserving his attention. Rowe's suppression of the fact may however have originated in some other cause than his suspicion of its truth. Might he not have been actuated by that absurd spirit of refinement, which is only too common among the writers of biography, as well as history, and which induces them to conceal or misrepresent every occurrence which is at all of a humiliating nature, and does not accord with those false and effeminate notions so generally entertained respecting the dignity of that peculiar class of composition? But, however inferior the situation which Shakspeare occupied on first entering upon his dra-

in *Cibber's Lives of the Poets*, a book of no authority. But the general inaccuracy of that work, ought not, in the present instance, to be considered as impugning the credibility of its narration. The book was, in fact, written by Shiells, the amanuensis of Dr. Johnson, and he, most probably, picked up from his employer this piece of original information. Johnson, in his edition of Shakspeare, repeated it, without any allusion to Shiell's work, as having come to him immediately from Pope, and in apparent ignorance of its ever having been printed before.

matic career, his talents were not long buried in obscurity. He rapidly rose to the highest station in the theatre; and, by the power of his genius, raised our national dramatic poetry, then in its merest infancy, to the highest state of perfection which it is perhaps capable of reaching.

It is impossible for any art to have attained a more rapid growth, than was attained by the art of dramatic writing in this country. The people had, indeed, been long accustomed to a species of exhibition, called MIRACLES, or MYSTERIES,<sup>s</sup> founded on

<sup>s</sup> The most ancient as well as most complete collection of this kind is, *The Chester Mysteries*, which were written not by Ralph Higden, as was supposed by Warton, Malone, and others, but by an earlier ecclesiastic of the Abbey of Chester, named Randall, and were first represented between the years 1268 and 1276. The following extract is from MSS. Harl. 2013, &c. "Exhibited at Chester in the year 1327, at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. *The fall of Lucifer*, by the Tanners. *The Creation*, by the Drapers. *The Deluge*, by the Dyers. *Abraham, Melchisedeck, and Lot*, by the Barbers. *Moses, Balak, and Balaam*, by the Cappers. *The Salutation and Nativity*, by the Wrightes. *The Shepherds feeding their Flocks by Night*, by the Painters and Glaziers. *The three Kings*, by the Vintners. *The Oblation of the three Kings*, by the Mercers. *The killing of the Innocents*, by the Goldsmiths. *The Purification*, by the Blacksmiths. *The Temptation*, by the Butchers. *The Last Supper*, by the Bakers. *The Blind Men and Lazarus*, by the Glovers. *Jesus and the Lepers*, by the Corvesarys. *Christ's Passion*, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers. *Descent into Hell*, by the Cooks and Innkeepers. *The Resurrection*, by the Skinners. *The Ascension*, by the Taylors. *The Election of St. Mathias, sending of the Holy Ghost, &c.* by the Fishmongers. *Antichrist*, by the Clothiers. *Day of Judgment*, by the Websters. The reader will perhaps smile at some of these combinations. This is the substance and order of the former part of the play. God enters creating the world: he breathes life into Adam, leads him into Paradise, and opens his side while sleeping. Adam and Eve appear naked, and *not ashamed*, and the old serpent enters, lamenting his fall. He converses with Eve. She eats of the

sacred subjects, and performed by the ministers of religion themselves, on the holy festivals, in or near the churches, and designed to instruct the ignorant in the leading facts of sacred history. From the occasional introduction of allegorical characters such as *Faith, Death, Hope, or Sin*, into these religious dramas, representations of another kind, called MORALITIES,<sup>h</sup> had by degrees arisen, of which the

forbidden fruit, and gives part to Adam. They propose, according to the stage-direction, to make themselves *subligacula a foliis quibus tegamus pudenda*. Cover their nakedness with leaves, and converse with God. God's curse. The serpent *exit* hissing. They are driven from Paradise by four angels and the cherubim with a flaming sword. Adam appears digging the ground, and Eve spinning. Their children Cain and Abel enter: the former kills his brother. Adam's lamentation. Cain is banished," &c.—WARTON'S *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 243.

Indulgences were granted to those who attended the representation of these mysteries.

<sup>h</sup> We have a curious account in a book entitled, *Mount Tabor, or private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, by R. W. [R. Willis,] Esq. published in the year of his age 75, Anno Domini, 1639; an extract from which will give the reader a more accurate notion of the old Moralities, than a long dissertation on the subject.

“UPON A STAGE-PLAY WHICH I SAW WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

“In the city of Gloucester the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations), that when players of interludes come to towne, they first attend the Mayor, to enforme him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself, and the Alderman and Common-Counsell of the city; and that is called *the Mayor's play*: where every one that will, comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play, my father tooke me with him and made me stand between his leggs, as he sate upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called *The Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his

plots were more artificial, regular, and connected, and which were entirely formed of such personifications; but the first rough draught of a regular tragedy and comedy that appeared, Lord Sackville's *Gorboduc*,

courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsell and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lye down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe, and he snorted againe; and in the mean time closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithall he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage, two old men; the one in blew, with a serjeant at armes, his mace on his shoulder; the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they went along with a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearfull blow upon the cradle; wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies, and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince starting up bare-faced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgement, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the Morall, the wicked of the world; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the end of the world, and the last judgment. This sight took such impression in me, that when I came towards man's estate, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had seen it newly acted."

The writer of this book appears to have been born in the same year with our great poet (1564). Supposing him to have been seven or eight years old when he saw this interlude, the exhibition must have been in 1571, or 1572.

MALONE, *History of the English Stage*.

and Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, were not produced till within the latter half of the sixteenth century, and but little more than twenty years previous to Shakspeare's arrival in the metropolis.<sup>1</sup>

About that time, the attention of the public began to be more generally directed to the stage; and it throve admirably beneath the cheerful beams of popularity. The theatrical performances which had, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, been exhibited on temporary stages, erected in such halls or apartments as the actors could procure, or, more generally, in the yards of the great inns, while the spectators surveyed them from the surrounding windows and galleries, began to be established in more convenient and permanent situations. About the year 1569, a regular playhouse, under the appropriate name of *The Theatre*, was built. It is supposed to have stood somewhere in Blackfriars; and three years after the commencement of this establishment, yielding to her inclination for the amusements of the theatre, and disregarding the remonstrances of the Puritans, the queen granted license and authority to the Servants of the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupie, the arte and facultie of playinge comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-playes, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, throughoute our realme of England." From this time, the number of theatres encreased with the ripening taste, and the increasing demands of the people. Various noblemen had their respective companies of performers, who were associated as their servants, and acted under their protection; and

<sup>1</sup> *Gorboduc* was produced in 1562. *Gammer Gurton*, in 1566.



during the period of Shakspeare's theatrical career, not less than seven principal playhouses were open in the metropolis.

Of these the *Globe*, and the playhouse in *Blackfriars*, were the property of the company to which Shakspeare was himself attached, and by whom all his productions were exhibited. The *Globe*, appears to have been a wooden building of a considerable size, hexagonal without, and circular within; it was thatched in part, but a large portion of the roof was open to the weather. This was the company's summer theatre, and the plays were acted by day-light: at the *Blackfriars*, on the contrary, which was the winter theatre, the top was entirely closed, and the performances were exhibited by candle-light. In every other respect, the economy and usages of these houses appear to have been the same, and to have resembled those of every other contemporary theatre.

With respect to the interior arrangements, there were very few points of difference between our modern theatres, and those of the days of Shakspeare. The terms of admission, indeed, were considerably cheaper; to the boxes, the entrance was a shilling, to the pit and galleries only sixpence.<sup>k</sup> Sixpence, also, was the price paid for stools upon the stage; and these seats, as we learn from Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, were peculiarly affected by the wits and critics at the time. The conduct of the audience was less restrained by the sense of public decorum, and smoking tobacco, playing at cards, eating and drinking, were generally prevalent among them: the hour of per-

<sup>k</sup> These prices appear latterly to have risen to two shillings and half a crown for the best places. The prices at the *Blackfriars*, were higher than at the *Globe*.

formance also was earlier; the play beginning at first at one, and afterwards at three o'clock, in the afternoon. During the time of representation, a flag was unfurled at the top of the theatre; and the floor of the stage (as was the case with every floor at the time, from the cottage to the palace), was strewn with rushes. But in other respects, the ancient theatres seem to have been very nearly similar to those of modern times: they had their pit, where the inferior class of spectators—the *groundlings*—vented their clamorous censure or approbation; they had their boxes, and even their private boxes, of which the right of exclusive admission was hired by the night, for the more wealthy and refined portion of the audience;<sup>1</sup> and there were again the *galleries*, or scaffolds above the boxes, for those who were content to purchase inferior accommodation at a cheaper rate. On the stage, the arrangements appear to have been nearly the same as at present, the curtain divided the audience from the actors; which, at the third sounding, not indeed of the *bell*, but of the trumpet, was drawn for the commencement of the performance. Malone has puzzled himself and his readers, in his account of the ancient theatre, by the supposition that there was a permanent elevation of about nine feet, at the back of the stage, from which, in many of the old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and that there was a private box on each side of this platform. Such an arrangement would

<sup>1</sup> “A little pique happened betwixt the Duke of Lenox, and the Lord Chamberlain, about a *box*, in a new play at the *Blackfriars*, of which the Duke had got the key; which if it had come to be debated betwixt them, as it was once intended, some heat or perhaps other inconvenience might have happened.”—*Letter from Mr. Garrard*, dated Jan. 25th, 1535. *Straff. Letters*, vol. i. p. 511.

have precluded the possibility of all theatrical illusion; and it seems an extraordinary place to fix upon as a station for spectators, where they could have seen nothing but the backs and trains of the performers. But as Malone himself acknowledges the spot to have been inconvenient, and that "it is not very easy to ascertain the precise situation were these boxes really were;"<sup>m</sup> it may be presumed, from our knowledge of the good sense of our forefathers, that, if indeed such boxes existed at all, they certainly were not where the historian of the English stage has placed them. Malone was possessed with an opinion, that the use of scenes was unknown in the early years of our national drama, and he was perhaps not unwilling to adopt such a theory respecting the distribution of the stage as would effectually preclude the supposition that such aids to the imagination of the audience had ever been employed. That he was in error respecting the want of painted scenery, I cannot help suspecting, even against the high authority of Mr. Gifford.<sup>n</sup> As to his permanent platform, or *upper stage*, he may, or may not, be correct in his opinion; all that is certain upon this subject is, that his quotations do not authorize the conclusion that he has deduced from them; and only prove that in the old, as in the modern theatre, when the actor was to speak from a window, or appear upon a balcony, or on the walls of a fortress, the requisite ingenuity was not wanting to contrive an adequate representation of the place. But, with regard to the use of scenery, it is scarcely possible, from the very circumstances of the case, that such a contrivance should have escaped our ancestors. All the

<sup>m</sup> REED'S *Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 83. note 9.

<sup>n</sup> *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 103.

materials were ready to their hands; they had not to invent for themselves, but to adapt an old invention to their own purposes: and at a time when every better apartment was adorned with tapestry; when even the rooms of the commonest taverns were hung with painted cloths; while all the essentials of scenery were continually before their eyes, we can hardly believe our forefathers to have been so deficient in ingenuity, as to suppose that they never should have conceived the design of converting the common ornaments of their walls into the decorations of their theatres. But, the fact appears to be, that the use of scenery was almost coexistent with the introduction of dramatic representations in this country. In the Chester Mysteries, written in 1268, and which are the most ancient and complete collection of the kind that we possess, we have the following stage direction: "Then Noe shall go into the arke with all his familye, his wife excepte. *The arke must be boarded round about, and upon the bordes all the beastes and fowles hereafter rehearsed must be painted, that their wordes maye agree with the pictures.*"<sup>o</sup> In this passage then, is a distinct reference to a painted scene; and it is not likely, that, in the lapse of three centuries, while all other arts were in a state of rapid improvement, and the art of dramatic writing perhaps more rapidly and successfully improved than any other, the art of theatrical decoration should have alone stood still. It is not improbable that their scenes were few; and that these were varied as occasion might require, by the introduction of different pieces of stage furniture. Mr. Gifford, who adheres to Malone's opinion, says, "a table with a pen and ink thrust in, signified that the stage was

<sup>o</sup> REED'S *Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 15.

a counting house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern;”<sup>p</sup> and this might be perfectly satisfactory, as long as the business of the play was supposed to be passing within doors, but when it was removed to the open air, such meagre devices would no longer be sufficient to guide the imagination of the audience, and some new method must have been adopted to indicate the place of action. After giving the subject considerable attention, I cannot help thinking that Steevens was right in rejecting the evidence of Malone, strong as it may in some instances appear; and concluding that the spectators were, as at the present day, assisted in following the progress of the story, by means of painted and moveable scenery. This opinion is confirmed by the ancient stage directions. In the folio Shakspeare, of 1623, we read, “Enter Brutus, *in his orchard.*” “Enter Timon, *in the woods.*” “Enter Timon, *from his cave.*” In Coriolanus: “Marcius follows them *to the gates, and is shut in.*” Innumerable instances of the same kind might be cited, to prove that the ancient stage was not so defective in the necessary decorations as some antiquarians of great authority would represent. “It may be added,” says Steevens, “that the dialogue of Shakspeare has such perpetual reference to objects supposed visible to the audience, that the want of scenery could not have failed to render many of the descriptions uttered by his speakers absurd and laughable. Banquo examines the outside of Inverness castle with such minuteness, that he distinguishes even the nests which the martins had built under the projecting parts of its roof. Romeo, standing in a garden, points to the tops of fruit-trees

<sup>p</sup> *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 103.

gilded by the moon. The prologue speaker to the *the Second Part of King Henry IV*, expressly shews the spectators, ‘*this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,*’ in which Northumberland was lodged. Iachimo takes the most exact inventory of every article in Imogen’s bed-chamber, from the silk and silver of which her tapestry was wrought, down to the cupids that support her andirons. Had not the inside of this apartment, with its proper furniture, been represented, how ridiculous must the action of Iachimo have appeared! He must have stood looking out of the room for the particulars supposed to be visible within it. In one of the parts of *King Henry VI*, a cannon is discharged against a tower; and conversations are held in almost every scene from different walls, turrets, and battlements.” Indeed, must not all the humour of the mock play in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream* have failed in its intent, unless the audience before whom it was performed were accustomed to be gratified by the combination of all the embellishments requisite to give effect to a dramatic representation, and could therefore estimate the absurdity of those shallow contrivances, and mean substitutes for scenery, which were devised by the ignorance of the clowns?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This question appears to be set at rest by the following extracts of expenses from the *Book of Revels*, the oldest that exists, in the office of the auditors of the Imprest. “*The Cullorer, William Lyzard, for gold, sylver, and sundry other cullers by him spent, in painting the houses that served for the playes and players at the coorte, with their properties and necessaries incident, &c. 13l. 16s. 1d.*

Paper for patternes, and for leaves of trees, and other garnishing, 4 reams, 24s.

Mrs. Dane, the lynn timer, for canvass to paynte for houses for the players, and other properties, as monsters, great hollow trees, and such other, twenty dozen ells, 12l.

In only one respect do I perceive any material difference, between the mode of representation at the time of Shakspeare, and at present. In his day, the female parts were performed by boys:† this custom, which must in many cases have materially injured the illusion of the scene, was in others of considerable advantage. It furnished the stage with a succession of youths regularly educated to the art, and experienced to fill the parts appropriate for their age. It obviated the necessity of obtruding performers before the public in parts that were unsuited to their time of life. When the lad had become too tall for *Juliet*, he was prepared to act, and was most admirably calculated in age to assume, the character of the ardent *Romeo*: when the voice had “the mannish crack,” that rendered the youth unfit to appear as the representative of the gentle *Imogen*, he was skilled in the knowledge of the stage, and capable of doing justice to the princely sentiments of *Arviragus* or *Guiderius*.

Such then was the state of the stage when Shakspeare entered into its service, in the double capacity of actor and author. As an author, though Dryden says, that

“Shakspeare’s own muse his *Pericles* first bore,”\*

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William Lyzarde, for syze, cullers, pottes, nayles, and pensills, used and occupied upon the payntinge of seven cities, one villadge, one countrey house, one battlement, nine axes, a braunche, lillyes, and a mounte for Christmas three holidays, 4*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

There are several other references to “paynting great clothes of canvas,” which were evidently neither more nor less, than moveable canvass scenes.

See BOSWELL’S *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 364—409.

† The first woman who appeared in a regular drama, on a public stage, performed the part of Desdemona, about the year 1660. Her name is unknown.—REED’S *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 133.

\* Prologue to the Tragedy of *Circe*.

it is most probable that *Titus Andronicus* was the earliest dramatic effort of his pen. Shakspeare arrived in London about the year 1587, and according to the date of the latter play, as intimated by Ben Jonson, in his introduction to *Bartholomew Fair*,<sup>t</sup> we find it to have been produced immediately after his arrival. That *Titus Andronicus* is really the work of Shakspeare, it would be a defiance to all contemporary evidence to doubt. It was not only printed among his works, by his friends, Heminge and Condell, but is mentioned as one of his tragedies by an author,<sup>u</sup> who appears to have been on such terms of intimacy with him, as to have been admitted to a sight of his MS. sonnets. Against this testimony, the critics have nothing to oppose but the accumulated horrors of its plot; the stately march of its versification; and the dissimilarity of its style from the other efforts of Shakspeare's genius. It does not strike me that these arguments are sufficient to lead us to reject the play as the composition of our great dramatist. He was, perhaps, little more than three-and-twenty years of age when it was composed. The plays which at the time had possession of the stage, of which very few had been written, and not above fifteen are extant,<sup>x</sup> supposing *An-*

<sup>t</sup> In the year 1614, he speaks of it as a play which had then been exhibited "five-and-twenty or thirty years."

<sup>u</sup> MERES, *Palladis Tamia*.

<i>Acolastus</i> .....	1540.	<i>Arraignement of Paris</i>	} 1584.
<i>Gorboduc</i> .....	1561.	<i>Sapho and Phaon</i>	
<i>Damon and Pythias</i> .....	1562.	<i>Alexander and Campaspe</i>	
<i>Tancred and Gismund</i> ...	1568.	<i>Misfortunes of Arthur</i> ...	
<i>Cambyzes</i> , before .....	1570.	<i>Jeronimo</i>	} .... 1588.
<i>Appius and Virginia</i>	} 1575.	<i>Spanish Tragedy</i>	
<i>Gam Gurton's Needle</i>		<i>Tamburlaine</i>	
<i>Promos and Cassandra</i> ...	1578.	<i>Titus Andronicus</i> .....	

REED'S *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 3, 4. note.



*dronicus* to have been produced in 1589, were all of the same bombastic and exaggerated character; and the youthful poet naturally imitated the popular manner, and strove to beat his contemporaries with their own weapons. However tiresome the tragedy may be to us, it was a great favourite at its first appearance. It was full of barbarities that shock the refined taste; but these formed a mode of exciting the interest of the audience which was very commonly had recourse to by the play-writers of the age, and from which Shakspeare never became fully weaned, even at a period when his judgment was matured; as we may learn from the murder of *Macduff's* children, the hamstringing of *Cassio*, and the plucking out the eyes of *Gloucester*. The versification and language of the play, is certainly very different from those of *Othello*, of *Hamlet*, of *Macbeth*, or *Lear*. The author had not yet acquired that facility of composition for which he was afterwards distinguished. He wrote with labour, and left in every line the trace of the labour with which he wrote. He had not yet discovered (and it was he who eventually made the discovery), that the true language of nature and of passion is that which passes most directly to the heart: but it is not with the works of his experienced years, that this "bloody tragedy" should be compared; if it be, we certainly should find a difficulty in admitting that writings of such opposite descriptions, could be the effusions of the same intellect; but, compare this tragedy with the other works of his youth, and the difficulty vanishes. Is it improbable that the author of the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, should, on turning his attention to the stage, produce as heavy and monotonous a performance as the *Titus Andronicus*?

I have been rather more diffuse upon this subject, than the nature of the present notice would appear to warrant, because it affords the means of ascertaining the time when Shakspeare commenced writer for the stage. If *Titus Andronicus* be really his, as I suppose, he became an author immediately on finding himself in the service of the theatre. His first play, though we now despise and reject it, was the best play that had been presented to the public; and immediately placed him in the first ranks of the profession, and among the principal supports of the company to which he was attached.

*Pericles*, if the work of Shakspeare, was probably his next dramatic production. Dryden has most unequivocally attributed this play to Shakspeare, and he was also commended as its author, in 1646, by S. Shepherd, in a poem called *Time displayed*. It is true that it was omitted by Heminge and Condell, in their collection of our poet's works; but this may have proceeded from forgetfulness, and it was only by an afterthought, that *Troilus and Cressida* escaped a similar fortune. How far *Pericles*, as originally written, was, or was not, worthy the talents of Shakspeare, we have no means of judging. The only editions of this tragedy that have come down to us, are three spurious quartos, of which the text was printed from copies taken by illiterate persons during representation, and published without any regard to the property or the reputation of the author, to impose on the curiosity of the public. The *Pericles* of Shakspeare may have been a splendid composition, and yet not have shewn so in the garbled editions of the booksellers. We may estimate the injuries that *Pericles* received, by the injuries which we know were inflicted upon *Hamlet* on its first

issuing, after such a process, from the press. In the first edition of *Hamlet*, 1603, there is scarcely a trace of the beauty and majesty of Shakspeare's work. Long passages, and even scenes, are misplaced; grammar is set wholly at defiance; half lines frequently omitted, so as to destroy the sense; and sentences brought together without any imaginable connexion. Sometimes the transcriber caught the expression, but lost the sentiment; and huddled the words together, without any regard to the meaning or no-meaning that they might happen to convey: at other times he remembered the sentiment, but lost the expression; and considered it no presumption to supply the lines of Shakspeare with doggerel verses of his own. Such were, for the most part, the early quarto impressions of our author's plays: and it is not difficult to conceive, that *Pericles*, which seems to have suffered more than any other play in passing through the ignorant and negligent hands of the transcriber and the printer, might have been originally the work of Shakspeare, without retaining in its published form any distinguishing characteristics of the magic hand that framed it. To attempt tracing the literary life of our great dramatist were a work of unprofitable toil. I have given in the appendix (No. 2.) the list of his plays, according to the order in which Chalmers, Malone, and Dr. Drake suppose them to have been composed: but the grounds of their conjectures are so uncertain, that little reliance can be placed in them, and all we really know upon the subject, is what we learn from Meres,<sup>r</sup> that previously to the year 1598, that is, within twelve years after his attaching himself to the theatre, Shakspeare had not only pub-

<sup>r</sup> *Palladis Tamia*, or Second part of *Wit's Common Place Book*, by Francis Meres, and printed at London, 1598.

lished his two poems, the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*; but had already written *Titus Andronicus*, *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Love's Labour Lost*, *The Love's Labour Won*,<sup>s</sup> and *The Merchant of Venice*. He had also written a great number of his *Sonnets*, and the minor pieces of poetry which were collected and printed by Jaggart, in 1599, under the somewhat affected title of the *Passionate Pilgrim*. After this, we have no means of ascertaining the succession in which the plays of Shakspeare were composed.

Very early in his dramatic career, he appears to have attained to a principal share in the direction and emoluments of the theatres to which he was attached. His name stands second in the list of proprietors of the *Globe*, and *Blackfriars*, in the license granted to them by James the First in 1603: and his industry in supporting these establishments was indefatigable. Besides the plays which were entirely of his own composition, or which he so completely rewrote as to make them his own, he seems to have been frequently engaged in revising, and adding to, and remodelling the works of others.<sup>t</sup> This task, however beneficial to the interests of his theatre, and necessary to give attraction to the pieces themselves, was viewed with an eye of jealousy by the original authors; and Robert Greene, in his

<sup>s</sup> There is no such play extant as *Love's Labour Won*. Dr. Farmer supposes this to have been another name for *All's Well that Ends Well*.

<sup>t</sup> As was the case with *Henry the Sixth*; and probably many other plays that have not come down to us.

*Groatsworth of Wit*, himself a writer for the stage, in admonishing his fellow-dramatists to abandon their pursuit, and apply themselves to some more profitable vocation, refers them to this part of our author's labours with no little asperity. "Trust them not (*i. e.* the players), for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombaste out a blank-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac-totum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shak-scene* in a country." This sarcasm, however, was nothing more than the unwarranted effusion of a dissolute and disappointed spirit. Greene was a bad man. The pamphlet from which the above passage is extracted was published after his death by Henry Chettle; and the editor, after he had given it to the world, was so satisfied of the falsehood of the charges insinuated against our author, that he made a public apology for his indiscretion in the preface to a subsequent pamphlet of his own, entitled, *Kind Hart's Dreame*; lamenting that he had not omitted, or at least moderated, what Greene had written against Shakspeare, and adding, "I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; *because myself have seen his demeanour, no less civil than he excelleth in the qualitie he professes: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honestie, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.*"

It may be conceived from the abundance of his works, of which, perhaps, very many have been lost, that our author's facility of composition must have been extremely great; and, on this point, we have the contemporary testimony of his sincere, kind-

hearted, generous, and much slandered friend, Ben Jonson, who writes in his *Discoveries*, "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line, My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that felicity, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

‘ Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.’

“ He replied :

‘ Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.’<sup>u</sup>

“ and such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-

<sup>u</sup> In the present copies we read—Julius Cæsar, act iii. sc. 1.

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause,  
Will he be satisfied.*

and so the speech ends with a defective line. The original passage, we may presume, ran as Jonson has quoted it :

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;  
Nor without cause, will he be satisfied.*

The line was attacked by the formidable criticism of Jonson, and the offending words withdrawn.

deemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”<sup>x</sup>

But Shakspeare was not only an author but an actor. In this union of the two professions he was not singular; his friend, Ben Jonson, resembled him in this. With respect to the merits of Shakspeare as a performer, there has existed some doubt. From the expression used in Rowe’s *Life*, it would appear that he had been but indifferently skilled in the inferior half of his double vocation, and never attempted any parts superior to the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*; but the words of Chettle, speaking of him as “*one excellent in the qualitie he professes,*” confirm the account of Aubrey, that “*he did act exceedingly well.*” That he understood the theory of his profession is manifest from the invaluable instructions which he has written, for the use of all future actors, in the third act of *Hamlet*. His class of characters was probably not very extensive. If the names of the performers prefixed to the early editions of *Every Man in his Humour* were arranged in the same order as the persons of the drama, which was most probably the case, he was the original representative of *Old Knowell*; and an anecdote preserved by Oldys would also make it appear that he played *Adam* in *As you like it*. “One of Shakspeare’s brothers,<sup>y</sup> who lived to a good old age, even some years after the restoration of Charles the Second, would, in his younger days, come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother’s fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after

<sup>x</sup> BEN JONSON’S *Discoveries*.

<sup>y</sup> Gilbert.

his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors (exciting them) to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was, besides, a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them (*Charles Hart*. See *Shakspeare's Will*). This opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will* in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.<sup>y</sup> From this it would appear, that the class of characters to which the histrionic exertions of Shakspeare were confined, was that of elderly persons; parts, rather of declamation, than of passion. With a countenance which, if any one of his pictures is a genuine resemblance of him, we may adduce that one as our authority for esteeming capable of every variety of expression; with a knowledge of the art that rendered him fit to be the teacher of the first



actors of his day, and to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *King Henry the Eighth*;<sup>2</sup> with such admirable qualifications for pre-eminence, we must infer that nothing but some personal defect could have reduced him to limit the exercise of his powers, and even in youth assume the slow and deliberate motion, which is the characteristic of old age. In his minor poems we, perhaps, trace the origin of this direction of his talents. It appears from two places in his *Sonnets*, that he was lamed by some accident. In the 37th sonnet he writes—

“ So I made *lame* by Fortune’s dearest spite.”

And, in the 89th, he again alludes to his infirmity, and says—

“ Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt.”

This imperfection would necessarily have rendered him unfit to appear as the representative of any characters of youthful ardour, in which rapidity of movement or violence of exertion were demanded; and would oblige him to apply his powers to such parts as were compatible with his measured and impeded action. Malone has most inefficiently attempted to explain away the palpable meaning of the above lines; and adds, “ If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent.” Not so. Surely, many an infirmity of the kind may be skilfully concealed; or only become visible in the moments of hurried movement. Either Sir Walter Scott or Lord Byron might, without any impropriety, have written the

<sup>2</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, commonly called, Downes the Prompter’s Book.

verses in question. They would have been applicable to either of them. Indeed, the lameness of Lord Byron was exactly such as Shakspeare's might have been; and I remember as a boy, that he selected those speeches for declamation, which would not constrain him to the use of such exertions, as might obtrude the defect of his person into notice.

Shakspeare's extraordinary merits, both as an author and as an actor, did not fail of obtaining for him the fame and the remuneration that they deserved. He was soon honoured by the patronage of the young Lord Southampton, one of the most amiable and accomplished noblemen of the court of Elizabeth, and one of the earliest patrons of our national drama.<sup>a</sup> To this distinguished person our author dedicated, "the first heir of his invention,"<sup>b</sup> the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, in 1593. This was within five years after Shakspeare arrived in London; and, in the following year, he inscribed the *Rape of Lucrece* to the same nobleman, in terms which prove that the barriers imposed by difference of condition had become gradually levelled, and that, between these young men, the cold and formal intercourse of the patron and the client had been rapidly exchanged for the kinder familiarity of friendship. The first address is respectful; the second affectionate. When this intimacy began Shakspeare was in his twenty-seventh, and Lord Southampton in his twentieth year; a time of life when the expansion of our kindness is not restrained

<sup>a</sup> "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the court; the one doth but very seldome: they pass away the time in London, *merely in going to plays every day.*"—Rowland Whyte's Letter to Sir Robert Sidney, 1599. *Sydney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 132.

<sup>b</sup> Dedication to *Venus and Adonis*.

by any of those apprehensions and suspicions which, in after-life, impede the developement of the affections; and when, in the enthusiastic admiration of excellence, we hasten to seek fellowship with it, and disregard every impediment to free communication which may be opposed by the artificial distinctions of society. The superiority of Shakspeare's genius raised him to a level with his friend. Lord Southampton allowed the gifts of Nature to claim equal privilege with the gifts of Fortune; and the splendid present of a thousand pounds, which our great poet received from him, was bestowed and accepted in the true spirit of generosity; as coming from one, who was exercising to its noblest uses the power of his affluence, and received by one whose soul was large enough to contain the sense of obligation without any mixture of petty shame or any sacrifice of independence. The name of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, should be dear to every Englishman, as the first patron—the youthful friend—and author of the fortunes of Shakspeare.

The authority for believing that this magnificent present was made—which is equivalent to at least five thousand pounds at the present day—is the best that can be obtained respecting the events of our author's life; that of Sir William D'Avenant. "It was given," he says, "to complete a purchase." Malone doubts the extent of the earl's munificence—and what does he not doubt? He says, "no such purchase was ever made."<sup>d</sup> This is a mere gratuitous assumption; for it is evident that Shakspeare had a very considerable property in two principal theatres, which must have been obtained by purchase, and could not have been obtained for an in-

<sup>d</sup> BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 480.

considerable sum ;<sup>e</sup> nor by any means that our author could of himself have procured, by the most indefatigable exertions of his talents and economy. At a time when the most successful dramatic representation did not produce to its author so much as twenty pounds, and generally little more than ten ;<sup>f</sup> when, as an actor, his salary would have amounted to a mere trifle ; and when, as we have before seen, the circumstances of his father could not have aided him by any supplies from home, it is only by adopting D'Avenant's statement, and admitting the munificence of Lord Southampton, that we can account for the sudden prosperity of Shakspeare. But, says Malone, "it is more likely that he presented the poet with *a hundred pounds* in return for his dedications."<sup>g</sup> And this instance of liberality, which is so creditable to Shakspeare and his patron—to him who merited, and the high-spirited and noble youth who comprehended and rewarded his exalted merit—is to be discredited, because such an ardour of admiration does not square with the frigid views of probability entertained by the aged antiquarian in the seclusion of his closet !

The fortunes of Shakspeare were indeed rapid in their rise ; but he did not selfishly monopolize the emoluments of his success. On being driven from

<sup>e</sup> The *Globe* was, perhaps, worth about 500*l.* ; the *Blackfriars* somewhat more : but this was the least valuable portion of the concern. The scenery, the properties, and the dresses, must have been worth infinitely more. In Greene's *Groate's worth of Wit*, a player is introduced, boasting that his share in the stage apparel could not be sold for *two hundred pounds*. Shakspeare was also the purchaser of property at Stratford so early as 1597.

<sup>f</sup> GIFFORD'S *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 64.

<sup>g</sup> BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 478.

Stratford, he left, as we have seen, a father in reduced circumstances, and a wife and children who were to be supported by his labours. We may confidently assert, on a comparison of facts and dates, that the spirit of Shakspeare was not of a niggard and undiffusive kind. The course of his success is marked by the returning prosperity of his family. In 1578, his father was unable to pay, as a member of the corporation, his usual contribution of four-pence a-week to the poor; and in 1588, a distress was issued for the seizure of his goods, which his poverty rendered nugatory; for it was returned, "*Johannes Shakspeare nihil habet unde distributio potest levare.*"<sup>g</sup> Yet, from this state of poverty, we find him within ten years rising with the fortunes of his child; cheered and invigorated by the first dawning of his illustrious son's prosperity; and in 1590, applying at the Herald's Office for a renewal of his grant of arms,<sup>h</sup> and described as a Justice of the Peace, and one possessing lands and tenements to the amount of 500*l*. That this restoration of Mr. John Shakspeare's affairs originated in the filial piety of his son, appears evident, from our knowledge that the branch of traffic with which his circumstances in life were inseparably connected, was at that period in its most extreme state of depression.<sup>i</sup>

The kindness of Shakspeare was not restricted to his family; and the only letter which remains out of the many he must have received, is one from his townsman, Richard Quiney, requesting, in terms that speak him confident of success, the loan of

<sup>g</sup> *Register of the Bailiff's Court of Stratford.*

<sup>h</sup> They were originally granted to him in 1569, while high-bailiff of the town.

<sup>i</sup> *Supplication to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, 1590.*

thirty pounds, a sum in those days by no means inconsiderable.<sup>k</sup>

Pecuniary emolument and literary reputation were not the only reward that our poet received for his labours: the smiles of royalty itself shone upon him. "Queen Elizabeth," says Rowe, "gave him many gracious marks of her favour;"<sup>l</sup> and so delighted was she with the character of *Falstaff*, that she desired our author to continue it in another play, and exhibit him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Dennis adds, that, from the Queen's eagerness to see it acted, "she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*, and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with the representation."<sup>m</sup> If Queen Elizabeth was pleased to direct the course of our author's imagination, with her successor he was a distinguished favourite; and James the First, whose talents and judgment have deserved more respect than they have received, wrote him a letter with his own hand, which was long in the possession of Sir W. D'Avenant.<sup>n</sup> Dr. Farmer supposes this letter to have been written in return for the compliment paid the monarch in *Macbeth*; but he has overlooked an equally probable occasion. The *Tempest* was written for the festivities that attended the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Prince Palatine; and was per-

<sup>k</sup> This Letter is preserved in *Boswell's Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 485.

<sup>l</sup> Life of Shakspeare.

<sup>m</sup> Epistle Dedicatory to the *Comical Gallant*.

<sup>n</sup> James was the patron of Jonson and of Shakspeare; he possessed himself no inconsiderable talent for poetry. See *Boswell's Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 481, 482. He was called a pedant; "but," says Mr. D'Israeli, "he was no more a pedant than the ablest of his contemporaries; nor abhorred the taste of tobacco, nor feared witches, more than they did: he was a great wit, a most acute disputant," &c.—*Calamities of Authors*, vol. ii. p. 245.

formed at court in the beginning of the year 1613. In the island Princess, *Miranda*, Shakspeare undoubtedly designed a poetic representative of the virgin and high-born bride; in the royal and learned *Prospero*, we may trace a complimentary allusion to the literary character and mysterious studies of her royal father; and it is at all events as likely that the letter of James to Shakspeare should have had reference to *The Tempest*, as to *Macbeth*. Our author seems to have formed a far more correct estimate of the talents of his sovereign, than that which we have blindly received and adopted on the authority of his political enemies, the Non-conformists; and in a MS. volume of poems, which was purchased by Boswell, the following complimentary lines are preserved.

## SHAKSPEARE UPON THE KING.

“Crownes have their compass, length of dayes their date,  
Triumphes their tombs, felicity her fate:  
Of more than earth cann earth make none partaker;  
But knowledge makes the king most like his Maker.”

Thus honoured and applauded by the great, the intercourse of Shakspeare with that bright band and company of gifted spirits, which ennobled the reigns of Elizabeth and James by their writings, must have been a source of the highest intellectual delight. The familiarity with which they seem to have communicated; the constant practice of uniting their powers in the completion of a joint production; the unenvying admiration with which they rejoiced in the triumphs of their literary companions, and introduced the compositions of one another to the world by recommendatory verses, present us

\* BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 481.

with such a picture of kind and gay and intelligent society, as the imagination finds it difficult to entertain an adequate conception of. "Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Of this club, which combined more talent and genius, perhaps, than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here, for many years, he regularly repaired with Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect. Here, in the full flow and confidence of friendship, the lively and interesting '*wit combats*' took place between Ben Jonson and our author; and hither, in probable allusion to them, Beaumont fondly lets his thoughts wander, in his letter to Jonson, from the country.

" ' — — — What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came,  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest, &c.' " <sup>p</sup>

The "wit combats" alluded to in this interesting passage are mentioned by Fuller, who, speaking of Shakspeare, says, "Many were the wit combates between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, like the latter, lesser in



bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”<sup>a</sup>

Of these encounters of the keenest intellects not a vestige now remains. The memory of Fuller, perhaps, teemed with their sallies; but nothing on which we can depend has descended to us. The few traditionary tales that remain, are without any authority; but, such as they are, I present them to the reader as Dr. Drake has collected them.<sup>f</sup>

Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson’s children; and after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him, why he was so melancholy? “No faith,” Ben, says he, “not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved at last.” I prithee what? says he. “I’faith, Ben, I’ll e’en give her a dozen good Latin (latten<sup>g</sup>) spoons, and thou shalt *translate* them.”

“The above,” says Archdeacon Nares, “is a pleasant raillery enough on Jonson’s love for translating.” The second is not so worthy of preservation. “Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. William Shakspeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph :

‘ Here lies Ben Jonson,  
Who was once one——’

“He gives it to Mr. Shakspeare to make up, who presently writte,

<sup>a</sup> *Worthies*, folio edition, p. 111. 126.

<sup>f</sup> *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 593.

<sup>g</sup> *Latten*, i. e. *brass*. The anecdote is from the Harl. MSS. No. 6395.

‘ That, while he liv’d was a *slow* thing,  
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing.’”

“ This stuff,” adds Mr. Gifford, “ is copied from the Ashmole MS. 38.”<sup>t</sup>

The next may be said to be rather of a ‘ better leer.’

“ Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

#### JONSON.

“ If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,  
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays ?”

#### SHAKSPEARE.

“ Little, or much, of what we see, we do ;  
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.”<sup>u</sup>

The intimacy of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson is alluded to in the following letter, written by G. Peel, a dramatic poet, to his friend Marle:—

‘ FRIEND MARLE,

‘ I never longed for thy company more than last night. We were all very merrye at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme pleasantly to thy friend Will, that he had stolen his speeche about the qualities of an actor’s excellencye, in Hamlet hys tragedye, from conversations manyfold whych had passed between them, and opinyons given by Alleyn touchinge the subject. Shakspeare did not take this talke in good sorte ; but Jonson put an end to the strife, wittylie remarking, This affaire needeth no contentione ; you stole it from Ned, no doubt ; do not marvel : have you not seen him act tymes out of number? G. PEEL.’

<sup>t</sup> GIFFORD’S *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. p. lxxx.

<sup>u</sup> *Poetical Characteristics*, vol. i. MS. some time in the Harleian Library.

The first appearance of this Letter was in the Annual Register for 1770, whence it was copied into the Biographia Britannica, and in both these works it commences in the following manner: "I must desyre that my syster hyr watche, and the cookerie book you promysed, may be sente bye the man.—I never longed, &c." "Of the four, this is the only anecdote worth preserving; but," concludes Dr. Drake, "I apprehend it to be a mere forgery."

The names of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, as friends, and the most successful cultivators of our early dramatic literature, are so intimately connected, that the life of one involves the frequent mention of the other. Indeed, it is reported by Rowe, that Shakspeare was the original means of introducing the works of Jonson to the stage. "Jonson, altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Jonson and his writings to the public."<sup>x</sup>—This anecdote is disputed by Mr. Gifford. "He proves that in 1598, when *Every Man in his Humour*, the first effort of Jonson's genius which we are acquainted with, was produced, "its author was as well known as Shakspeare, and, perhaps, better."<sup>y</sup> Very true; but this does not in the least impugn the credibility of Rowe's tradition. It is nowhere asserted, that *Every*

<sup>x</sup> Rowe's *Life of Shakspeare*.

<sup>y</sup> Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. xliii.

*Man in his Humour* was the play which thus attracted the attention of Shakspeare; all arguments therefore deduced from the situation held by Jonson in the literary world, at the time that comedy was first acted, are perfectly invalid. The performance which recommended him to Shakspeare was most probably a boyish effort, full of talent and inexperience, which soon passed from the public mind, but not sooner than the author wished it to be forgotten; which he had the good sense to omit in the collection of his works published in 1616, and which, perhaps, he only remembered with pleasure from its having been the means of introducing him to the friendship of his great contemporary.

But whatever cause might have originated the mutual kindness which subsisted between these two excellent and distinguished men, it is certain that an intimacy the most sincere and affectionate really did subsist between them. On the part of Jonson, indeed, the memorial of their attachment has been handed down to us in expressions as strong and unequivocal as any which the power of language can combine. He speaks of Shakspeare, not indeed as one blinded to the many defects by which the beauty of his productions was impaired, but with such candour and tenderness, as every reasonable man would desire at the hands of his friends, and in terms which secured a credit to his commendations, by shewing that they were not the vain effects of a blind and ridiculous partiality. Jonson writes, "*I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.*" And it is from his Elegy, *To the Memory of his beloved Master William Shakspeare*, that we have derived the two most endearing appellations, the

“*Gentle Shakspeare,*” and “*Sweet Swan of Avon;*” by which our poet has been known and characterized for nearly two centuries.<sup>2</sup>

It must appear extraordinary, that in opposition to such decisive proofs of the kindness entertained by Jonson for our author, his memory should have been persecuted for the last century by the most unfounded calumnies, as if he had been the insidious and persevering enemy of his reputation. The rise and progress of this slander, which has been propagated through every modern edition of Shakspeare’s works, is not wholly undeserving of our attention. Rowe, indeed, has the following anecdote, which he relates perhaps on the authority of Dryden, that “in a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D’Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, that, if *Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, neither had he stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*” This anecdote was written nearly a hundred years after the death of our author, and more than seventy after the death of Jonson. Even supposing all the circumstances to be correct,<sup>a</sup> it only represents Jonson as maintaining an opinion in conversation which he has printed in his *Discoveries*, that “many times Shakspeare fell into those things

<sup>2</sup> GIFFORD’S *Ben Jonson*, vol. viii. p. 332, note.

<sup>a</sup> Which is very doubtful. See GIFFORD’S *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. p. cclix.

which could not escape laughter," and arguing, that a deeper knowledge of the classic writers would have improved his genius, and taught him to lop away all such unseemly exuberances of style. It shews the most learned poet of his time, or, perhaps, of any time, honestly asserting the advantages that a poet may derive from variety of learning; but this is all; and it supposes no undue or unfriendly attempt in Jonson to depreciate the fame of Shakspeare. Indeed no hint of the existence of any difference or unkindness between those celebrated individuals is to be found in any contemporary author. Dryden thought Jonson's Verses to Shakspeare *sparing and invidious*; but to this opinion Pope very justly recorded his dissent; and wondered that Dryden should have held it. Rowe in the first edition of his Life of Shakspeare, insinuates a doubt of the sincerity of Jonson's friendship; before the publication of his second edition he found cause to reject a suspicion so injurious to the reputation of Jonson, and had the honesty to erase the passage from his work. The words, however, did not escape the vigilance of Malone: they were re-printed, and the sentiment re-adopted; and, as if it were more valuable to the commentators, from having been condemned by its author, their united labours and ingenuity have been indefatigably employed in inventing and straining evidence to support an insinuation, which was too carelessly disseminated, and too silently withdrawn. Rowe should have made such an explicit recantation of his error, as might have repaired the ill he had occasioned, and guarded the good name of one of our greatest poets against the revival of the calumny: this he unfortunately omitted; and he thus left the character of Jonson bare to the senseless and gratuitous malignity

of every puny spirit, that chose to amuse its spleen by insulting the memory of the mighty dead. For years, the friend and eulogist of Shakspeare was aspersed as *envious*, and *ungrateful* in almost every second note of every edition of our author's works; and it is only lately that the judicious exertions of Gilchrist and of Gifford have exposed the fallacy of such unwarranted imputations, and demonstrated, beyond the possibility of future doubt, that "Jonson and Shakspeare were friends and associates, till the latter finally retired—that no feud, no jealousy, ever disturbed their connexion—that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare."<sup>b</sup>

But courted, praised, and rewarded as he was, the stage, as a profession, was little fitted to the disposition of our poet. In his *Sonnets*,<sup>c</sup> which afford us

<sup>b</sup> GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. p. ccli. in which work the question of Jonson's supposed malignity is most satisfactorily discussed and disproved.

<sup>c</sup> Mr. Boswell doubts whether we are justified in referring to the Sonnets of Shakspeare, as containing any true intimations respecting the life and feelings of the author; but I believe very few have looked into the volume, without conceiving that these short poems were flung off at different periods of the poet's life, from his boyhood till his forty-fifth year, when he consented to their publication, as they were elicited by circumstances. Boswell defends his position by asserting, that the language of many of the Sonnets is not applicable to what we know of Shakspeare. He instances the 73d, which he says "is such, as could scarcely, without violent exaggeration, be applicable to a man of *forty-five*."\*—To me it appears to be just such a description of that age when the prime of life is past, and no more remains

—————"but twilight of such day,  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west."

as a poet would naturally be inclined to give. But we must not believe that these poems allude to the actual state of

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\* BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, vol. xx. 220.

the only means of attaining a knowledge of his sentiments upon the subject, we find him lamenting the nature of his life with that dissatisfaction, which every noble spirit would necessarily suffer, in a state of unimportant labour and undignified publicity. In the hundred and tenth he exclaims,

*" Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley<sup>d</sup> to the view."*

And again, in the hundred and eleventh; with evident allusion to his being obliged to appear on the stage, and write for the theatre, he repeats,

*" O, for my sake, do you with fortune chide  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means, which public manners breeds."*

With this distaste for a course of life, to which adversity had originally driven him, it is not extraordinary to find that he availed himself of the first moment of independence, to abandon the histrionic part of his double profession. This occurred so early as 1604. After that time his name never appears on the lists of performers which were attached to the original editions of the old plays. Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, which came out in 1603, is the last play in which he is mentioned as a performer. As a writer for the stage, and part proprietor of two principal theatres, he was

Shakspeare's existence, for they speak of his "harmful deeds," of something from which "his name had received a brand," and of the "impression which vulgar scandal stamp't upon his brow." But where is the man who has not offences to repent of? Why are we to suppose Shakspeare alone immaculate? And would it not be continually urged as a reproach by the calumnious voice of Envy against the favoured friend of Southampton, that he had been obliged to fly his country in poverty and disgrace?

<sup>d</sup> Motley, i. e. a fool, a buffoon.



obliged to be much in London; but he never took root and settled there. His family always resided at Stratford, and thither he once a year repaired to them. In the privacy of his native town all the affections of his heart appear to have been “garner’d up;” and there, from his beginning to reap the wages of success, he deposited the emoluments of his labours, and hoped to find a home in his retirement. In 1597, he purchased New Place, a house which he repaired and adorned to his own taste, and which remained in the family till the death of his grand-daughter, Lady Barnard; and in the garden of which he planted the celebrated mulberry-tree, which was so long an object of veneration as the flourishing memorial of the poet. To the possession of New Place, Shakspeare successively added in the course of the following eight years, an estate of about one hundred and seven acres of land, and a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford.<sup>f</sup>

It was in one of his periodical journeys from London to Stratford, that “one midsummer night” he met at Crendon, in Bucks, with the original of *Dogberry*.

‘The house at Stratford that Shakspeare had consecrated by his residence, exists no longer. *New Place* descended from his daughter Susanna, to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard; and there, during the civil wars, that lady and her husband in 1643, received Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles the First, who sojourned with them for three weeks. After passing through the hands of several intervening proprietors, it fell into the possession of Sir Hugh Clopton, who pulled down the ancient house, and built one more elegant on the same spot. This was in its turn destroyed by the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, because he conceived himself assessed too highly; and it was by the same barbarous hands, that the celebrated mulberry-tree, which Shakspeare himself had planted, was cut down, because he found himself inconvenienced by the visitors, who were drawn by admiration of the poet, to visit the classic ground on which it stood.

Aubrey says, that the constable was still alive about 1642. "He and Ben Jonson did gather humours of men wherever they came;"<sup>g</sup> and as the constable of Crendon sat for the picture of *Dogberry*, so we are told, on the authority of Bowman the player, that part of *Sir John Falstaff's* character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, "who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's house."<sup>h</sup> Oldys has recorded in his MS. another anecdote connected with these journeys of our poet to Stratford, which I shall give in his own words.—"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman observing the boy running homeward, almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father* Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in West-

<sup>g</sup> AUBREY. MS. *Mus. Ashmol.*

<sup>h</sup> REED'S *Shakspeare*, vol. 1. p. 130.

minster Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority."<sup>i</sup> This tale is also mentioned by Anthony Wood; and certain it is, that the traditionary scandal of Oxford, has always spoken of Shakspeare as the father of D'Avenant:<sup>k</sup> but it imputes a crime to our author, of which we may, without much stretch of charity, acquit him. It originated in the wicked vanity of D'Avenant himself, who disdaining his honest but mean descent from the vintner, had the shameless impiety to deny his father, and reproach the memory of his mother by claiming consanguinity with Shakspeare.

We are informed by a constant tradition, that a few years previous to his death, our author retired from the theatre, and spent his time at Stratford, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." This event appears to have taken place about the close of 1613. He had his wife and family about him; he was surrounded by familiar scenes and faces; and he was in possession of a property of about 300*l.* a-year, equal to much more than 1000*l.* at present;<sup>l</sup> and which must have been fully adequate to his modest views of happiness.

The anecdotes that are in circulation respecting this portion of his life, are few, trivial, and very probably unfounded in fact; but, such as they are, I have collected them, rather that nothing connected with the name of Shakspeare should be omitted in this edition, than from any regard for their intrinsic value.

A story, preserved by the tradition of Stratford,

<sup>i</sup> REED'S *Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 124, 125.

<sup>k</sup> REED'S *Shakspeare*, note ix. p. 126, 127.

<sup>l</sup> I take Gildon's estimate of his fortune rather than Malone's, as it agrees with Aubrey's.

and which, according to Malone, "was related fifty years ago to a gentleman of that place, by a person upwards of eighty years of age, whose father was contemporary with Shakspeare," may not improperly be attributed to this portion of his life. It is said, that as Shakspeare was leaning over the hatch of a mercer's door at Stratford, a drunken blacksmith, with a carbuncled face, reeled up to him and demanded,

"Now, Mr. Shakspeare, tell me if you can,  
The difference between a youth and a young man?"

to which our poet instantly rejoined:

"Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,  
The same difference as between a scalded and coddled  
apple."

"A part of the wit," says Dr. Drake, "turns upon the comparison between the blacksmith's face, and a species of maple, the bark of which is uncommonly rough, and the grain undulated and crisped into a variety of curls."<sup>m</sup>

Rowe relates, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, "an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd;  
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:  
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?  
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'

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<sup>m</sup> DRAKE'S *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 66.

“ But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.”<sup>n</sup> Aubrey narrates the story differently, and says, “ that one time as Shakspeare was at the tavern at Stratford, Mr. Coombes, an old usurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extempore epitaph upon him:

“ *Ten* in the hundred the devil allows,  
But Combe will have *twelve*, he swears and he vows:  
If any one ask, who lies in this tomb?  
Hah! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.”

Dr. Drake considers Aubrey's version of the event as the most probable. In some of its circumstances, Rowe's account is contradicted; for it is certain, that Shakspeare and Combe continued friends till the death of the latter; who left him 5*l.* as a token of kind remembrance in his will; and that no feud afterwards arose between our poet and the relations of Combe, seems pretty evident from Shakspeare's having bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, the nephew of the usurer.

In addition to the above ludicrous verses, two epitaphs of a serious character have been ascribed to Shakspeare by Sir William Dugdale, which are preserved in a collection of epitaphs at the end of the Visitation of Salop. Among the monuments in Tongue Church, in the county of Salop, is one erected in remembrance of Sir Thomas Stanly, knight, whom Malone supposes to have died about 1600. The tomb stands on the north side of the chancel, supported with Corinthian columns. “ It hath two figures of men in armour lying on it, one below the arches and columns, the other above them; and besides a prose inscription in front, the monu-

<sup>n</sup> REED'S *Shakspeare*, vol. i. p. 77—80.

ment is enriched by the following verses of Shakspeare.

Written on the east end of the tomb:

“ Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe ;  
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.  
This stony register is for his bones,  
His fame is more perpetual than these stones :  
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,  
Shall live, when earthly monument is none.”

Written on the west end thereof:

“ Not monumental stone preserves our fame,  
Nor skye-aspiring pyramids our name.  
The memory of him for whom this stands,  
Shall out-live marble, and defacer's hands.  
When all to time's consumption shall be given,  
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.”

Besides these inscriptions for the monument of Sir Thomas Stanly, which we have the authority of Dugdale, a Warwickshire man, and who spent the greater part of his life in that county, for attributing to our author; we find another epitaph ascribed to him in a manuscript volume of poems by William Herrick, and others. The volume, which is in the hand-writing of the time of Charles the First, is among Rawlinson's Collections, in the Bodleian Library, and contains the following epitaph:

“ When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,  
Elias James to Nature payd his debt,  
And here repositli: as he liv'd, he dyde;  
The saying in him strongly verifide,—  
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,  
He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well.

“ WM. SHAKSPEARE.”

There was a family of the surname of James, formerly resident at Stratford, to some one of whom the above verses were probably inscribed.

The life of our poet was now drawing towards its close; and he was soon to require from the hands of others those last honours to the dead, which, while alive, he had shewn himself so ready to contribute. His eldest and favourite daughter, Susanna, had been married as early as 1607, to Dr. Hall, a physician of considerable skill and reputation in his profession, who resided at Stratford; and early in 1616, his youngest daughter, Judith, married Mr. Thomas Quiney, a vintner of the same place. This ceremony took place on February the 10th. On the twenty-fifth of the following month, her father made his will—being, according to his own account, in *perfect health and memory*—and a second month had not elapsed before Shakspeare was no more. He died on the twenty-third of April, 1616, and on his birthday, having completed his fifty-second year. “It is remarkable,” says Dr. Drake, “that on the same day expired, in Spain, his great and amiable contemporary Cervantes; and the world was thus deprived, nearly at the same moment, of the two most original writers which modern Europe has produced.”<sup>o</sup>

Of the disease by which the life of our poet was thus suddenly terminated, we are left in ignorance. His son-in-law, Dr. Hall, left for publication a manuscript collection of cases, selected from not less than a thousand diseases; but the earliest case recorded is dated 1617, and thus all mention is omitted of the only one which could have secured to his work any permanent interest or value.

On the second day after his decease, the remains of Shakspeare were interred on the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford. Here a monument containing a bust of the poet, was erected

<sup>o</sup> DRAKE'S *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 611.

to his memory.<sup>p</sup> He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion :

*Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*

The first syllable in *Socratem* is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read *Sophoclem*. Shakspeare is then appositely compared with a dramattick author among the ancients : but still it should be remembered, that the eulogium is lessened while the metre is reformed ; and it is well known, that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from *The Faëry Queene* of Spenser.<sup>q</sup>

To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare, should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument :

“ Stay passenger, why dost thou go so fast ?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac’d  
Within this monument ; Shakspeare, with whom  
Quick nature dy’d ; whose name doth deck the tomb  
Far more than cost ; since all that he hath writ  
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.”

“ Obiit An°. Dni. 1616.

Æt. 53, die 23 Apri.”

And on his grave-stone underneath, is inscribed :

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake, forbear  
To dig the dust inclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

<sup>p</sup> See Appendix, No. 5.

<sup>q</sup> Book 2. c. 9. st. 48, and c. 10. st. 3.



The tomb at Stratford is not the only monumental tribute that has been raised to the honour of Shakspeare. A cenotaph was subsequently erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Pope, Dr. Mead, and Mr. Martyn. This monument, which cost three hundred pounds, was the work of Scheemaker, after a design by Kent, and was opened in January, 1741; one hundred and twenty-five years after the death of our author. The dean and chapter of Westminster gave the ground, and the expenses of the statuary were defrayed by a benefit at each of the London theatres. The receipts of Drury Lane exceeded two hundred pounds; at Covent Garden they did not amount to more than half that sum.

Of the genius of Shakspeare it were in this place superfluous to write: that task has been performed by others; and is sufficiently discussed in the ensuing discourses of Rowe, and Pope, and Johnson; but of his disposition and moral character, it may not be uninteresting to give the following passage from Dr. Drake:—"To these tradition has ever borne the most uniform and favourable testimony. And, indeed, had she been silent on the subject, his own works would have whispered to us the truth; would have told us, in almost every page, of the gentleness, the benevolence, and the goodness of his heart. For, though no one has exceeded him in painting the stronger passions of the human breast, it is evident that he delighted most in the expression of loveliness and simplicity, and was ever willing to descend from the loftiest soarings of imagination, to sport with innocence and beauty. Though 'the world of spirits and of nature,' says the admirable Schlegel, 'had laid all their treasures at his feet: in strength a demi-

god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he yet lowered himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and was as open and unassuming as a child.'

"That a temper of this description, and combined with such talents, should be the object of sincere and ardent friendship, can excite no surprise. 'I loved the man,' says Jonson, with a noble burst of enthusiasm, 'and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest; and of an open and free nature;' and Rowe, repeating the uncontradicted rumour of times past, has told us,—'that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him;' adding, 'that his exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him.'

"No greater proof, indeed, can be given of the felicity of his temper, and the sweetness of his manners, than that all who addressed him, seem to have uniformly connected his name with the epithets *worthy, gentle, or beloved*; nor was he backward in returning this esteem, many of his sonnets indicating the warmth with which he cherished the remembrance of his friends. Thus the thirtieth opens with the following pensive retrospect:—

'When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh———  
For precious friends, hid in death's dateless night.'

"And in the thirty-first he tenderly exclaims:—

'How many a holy and obsequious tear,  
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead!'

“ Another very fascinating feature in the character of Shakspeare, was the almost constant cheerfulness and serenity of his mind: he was ‘verie good company,’ says Aubrey, ‘and of a very ready, and *pleasant*, and *smooth* witt.’ In this, as Mr. Godwin has justly observed, he bore a striking resemblance to Chaucer, who was remarkable for the placidity and cheerfulness of his disposition; nor can there, probably, be a surer indication of that peace and sunshine of the soul which surpasses all other gifts, than this habitual tone of mind.

“ That Shakspeare was entitled to its possession from his *moral* virtues, we have already seen; and that, in a *religious* point of view, he had a claim to the enjoyment, the numerous passages in his works, which breathe a spirit of pious gratitude and devotional rapture, will sufficiently declare. In fact, upon the topic of religious, as upon that of ethic wisdom, no profane poet can furnish us with a greater number of just and luminous aphorisms; passages which dwell upon the heart, and reach the soul; for they have issued from lips of fire, from conceptions worthy of a superior nature, from feelings solemn and unearthly.”<sup>q</sup>

Of the descendants of Shakspeare there is not one remaining. Hanmēt, his only son, died in childhood. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Hall, survived her father upwards of thirty years; and if the inscription of her tomb present us with a fair estimate of her talents and her virtues, she was the worthy child of Shakspeare.<sup>r</sup> She left one daughter only, who is

<sup>q</sup> DRAKE'S *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 614—616.

<sup>r</sup> “ Here lyeth the body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, Gent. y<sup>e</sup> daughter of William Shakspeare, Gent. She deceased the 11th of July, A°. 1649, aged 66.”

mentioned in our poet's will, as his "*niece Elizabeth*." This lady was twice married; to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton, but had no issue by either husband. Judith, the other daughter of our poet, was the mother of several children; of which the eldest, with an honest pride in that maiden name, which her father's genius had rendered illustrious, was christened Shakspeare; but none of her offspring arrived at years of maturity.

It must strike every one as extraordinary, that the writings of a poet so distinguished should have been handed down to us in so corrupt and imperfect a state; and that so little should be known with any degree of certainty respecting the author of them. Shakspeare himself appears to have been entirely careless of literary fame. In his early works he was

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" Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,  
 Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall.  
 Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this  
 Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.  
 Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare,  
 To weepe with her that wept with all:  
 That wept, yet set herselfe to chere  
 Them up with comforts cordiall.  
 " Her love shall live, her mercy spread,  
 When thou hast ne'er a teare to shed."

" The foregoing English verses, which are preserved by Dugdale, are not now remaining, half of the tombstone having been cut away, and another half stone joined to it, with the following inscription on it:—' Here lyeth the body of Richard Watts, of Ryhon-Clifford, in the parish of Old Stratford, Gent. who departed this life the 23d of May, Anno Dom. 1707, and in the 46th year of his age.' This Mr. Watts, as I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Davenport, was owner of, and lived at the estate of Ryhon-Clifford, which was once the property of Dr. Hall.

" Mrs. Hall was buried on the 16th July, 1649, as appears from the register of Stratford."—MALONE.

sufficiently cautious in superintending their progress through the press; and the *Venus and Adonis*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Titus Andronicus*, were presented to the public with as much typographical accuracy as any volumes of the time. He was at first not indifferent to celebrity as an author; but it was a mere youthful vanity, and having attained the object of his ambition, and perceived its worthlessness, he afterwards only considered his genius and his improved skill in composition as the means of acquiring independence for his family, and securing an early retirement from the anxieties of public life. He wrote only for the theatre; his purpose was answered, if his pieces were successful on the stage; and he was perfectly careless of the manner in which his most splendid productions were disfigured in surreptitious and defective editions, and his most exquisite passages rendered ridiculous by the blunders of ignorant transcribers. The plays that were printed in his lifetime, with the exception of *Titus Andronicus*, had all issued from the press under circumstances the most injurious to the reputation of their author, without his revision or superintendence, and perhaps without his consent or knowledge; and when, eight years after his death, his friends Heminge and Condell undertook the collection and publication of his works, it is scarcely possible that the MSS. from which the edition was printed should have been the genuine MSS. of Shakspeare. Those had most probably perished in the fire that destroyed the Globe Theatre in 1613; and the first folio was made up from the playhouse copies, and deformed by all the omissions and the additions which had been adopted to suit the imperfections or the caprice of the several performers.—If Shakspeare still appears to us the first of poets, it is in spite of every possible disadvantage, to which his own sublime

contempt of applause had exposed his fame, from the ignorance, the negligence, the avarice, or the officiousness of his early editors.<sup>s</sup>

To these causes it is to be ascribed that the writings of Shakspeare have come down to us in a state more imperfect than those of any other author of his time, and requiring every exertion of critical skill to illustrate and amend them. That so little should be known with certainty of the history of his life, was the natural consequence of the events which immediately followed his dissolution. It is true, that the age in which he flourished was little curious about the lives of literary men: but our ignorance must not wholly be attributed to the want of curiosity in the immediate successors of the poet. The public mind soon became violently agitated in the conflict of opposite opinions. Every individual was called upon to take his stand as the partisan of a religious or political faction. Each was too intimately occupied with his personal interest to find leisure for so peaceful a pursuit as tracing the biography of a poet. If this was the case during

\* It may be perceived that many passages must have been corrupted beyond the reach of restoration, by comparing the following lines from *Lear*, which the ingenuity of the commentators has fortunately been able to set right, with the original text:

“ ——— I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :  
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee !  
The untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,  
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,  
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay.”

The first edition reads the first line correctly, and continues, “ *that these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs when the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again,*” &c.

the time of civil commotion, under the puritanical dynasty of Cromwell the stage was totally destroyed; and the life of a dramatic author, however eminent his merits, would not only have been considered as a subject undeserving of inquiry, but only worthy of contempt and abomination. The genius of Shakspeare was dear to Milton and to Dryden; to a few lofty minds and gifted spirits; but it was dead to the multitude of his countrymen, who, in their foolish bigotry, would have considered their very houses as polluted, if they had contained a copy of his works.<sup>1</sup> After the restoration, these severe restrictions were relaxed, and, as is universally the case, the counteraction was correspondent to the action. The nation suddenly exchanged the rigid austerity of Puritanism for the extreme of profligacy and licentiousness. When the drama was revived, it existed no longer to inculcate such lessons of morality as were enforced by the contrition of *Macbeth*, the purity of *Isabel*, or the suffering constancy of *Imogen*; but to teach modesty to blush at its own innocence, to corrupt the heart by pictures of debauchery, and to exalt a gay selfishness and daring sensuality above all that is noble in principle and honourable in action. At this period Shakspeare was forgotten. He wrote not for such profligate times. His sentiments would have been met by no correspondent feelings in the breasts of such audiences as were then collected within the walls of the metropolitan theatres, composed of men who came to hear their vices flattered; and of women masked, ashamed to shew their faces at representations which they were sufficiently abandoned to delight in. The jesting, lying, bold intriguing rake,

<sup>1</sup> Even in the reign of Elizabeth, the enmity against the stage was carried to a great extent; play-books were burnt privately by the bishops, and publicly by the Puritans.

whom Shakspeare had rendered contemptible in *Lucio*, and hateful in *Iachimo*, was the very character that the dramatists of Charles's time were painting after the model of the court favourites, and representing in false colours, as a deserving object of approbation. French taste and French morals had banished our author from the stage, and his name had faded from the memory of the people. Tate, in his altered play of *King Lear*, mentions the original in his dedication as an obscure piece: the author of the *Tatler*, in quoting some lines of *Macbeth*, cites them from the disfigured alteration of D'Avenant. The works of Shakspeare were only read by those whom the desire of literary plunder induced to pry into the volumes of antiquated authors, with the hopes of discovering some neglected jewels that might be clandestinely transplanted to enrich their own poverty of invention; and so little were the productions of the most gifted poet that ever ventured to embark on the varying waters of the imagination known to the generality of his countrymen, that Otway stole the character of the *Nurse* and all the love scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*, and published them as his own, without the slightest acknowledgment of the obligation, or any apprehension of detection. A better taste returned; but when, nearly a century after the death of Shakspeare, Rowe undertook to superintend an edition of his Plays, and to collect the Memoirs of his Life; the race had past away from whom any certain recollections of our great national poet might have been gathered; and nothing better was to be obtained than the slight notes of *Aubrey*, the scattered hints of *Oldys*, the loose intimations which had escaped from *D'Avenant*; and the vague reports which *Betterton* had gleaned in his pilgrimage to *Stratford*.



# APPENDIX.

No. I.

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## SHAKSPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL

IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii,<sup>a</sup> Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, ꝑ. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

**I**N the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

*First*, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following: that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being pareel or

<sup>a</sup> Our poet's will appears to have been drawn up in February, though not executed till the following month; for *February* was first written, and afterwards struck out, and *March* written over it.—MALONE.

holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.<sup>b</sup>

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece <sup>c</sup> Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

<sup>b</sup> This was found to be unnecessary, as it was ascertained that the copyhold descended to the eldest daughter by the custom of the manor.—MALONE, edit. 1821.

<sup>c</sup> ——— to my niece—] Elizabeth Hall was our poet's grand-daughter. So, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. 1. Iago says to Brabantio: "You'll have your nephews neigh to you;" meaning his grand-children.—MALONE.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart,<sup>d</sup> and Michael Hart, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl<sup>e</sup>), that I now have at the date of this my will.

*Item*, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe<sup>f</sup> my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins<sup>g</sup> of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

*Item*, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler<sup>h</sup> twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shilling eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson, William Walker,<sup>i</sup> twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash,<sup>j</sup> gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to

<sup>d</sup> — *Hart*,] It is singular that neither Shakspeare nor any of his family should have recollected the Christian name of his nephew, who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His Christian name was *Thomas*; and he was baptized in that town, July 24. 1605.—MALONE.

<sup>e</sup> — *except my broad silver and gilt bowl*.] This bowl, as we afterwards find, our poet bequeathed to his daughter Judith.

<sup>f</sup> — *Mr. Thomas Combe*,] This gentleman was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 9, 1588-9, so that he was twenty-seven years old at the time of Shakspeare's death. He died at Stratford in July 1657, aged 68; and his elder brother William died at the same place, Jan. 30, 1666-7, aged 80. Mr. Thomas Combe by his will, made June 20, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on William Combe, the eldest son of John Combe of Allchurch in the county of Worcester, gent. and his heirs-male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore, our poet's sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the ages of Shakspeare's friends and relations, and the time of their deaths, because we are thus enabled to judge how far the traditions concerning him which were communicated to Mr. Rowe in the beginning of this century, are worthy of credit.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — *to Francis Collins*.] This gentleman, was, I believe, baptized at Warwick. He died the year after our poet, and was buried at Stratford, Sept. 27, 1617, on which day he died.—MALONE, edit. 1821.

<sup>h</sup> — *to Hamnet Sadler*,] This gentleman was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, who was called after him. Mr. Sadler, I believe, was born about the year 1550, and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, in October 1624. His wife, Judith Sadler, who was godmother to Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was buried there, March 23, 1613-14. Our poet probably was godfather to their son *William*, who was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 5, 1597-8.—MALONE.

<sup>i</sup> — *to my godson, William Walker*,] William, the son of Henry Walker, was baptized at Stratford, Oct. 16, 1608. I mention this circumstance, because it ascertains that our author was at his native town in the autumn of that year. Mr. William Walker was buried at Stratford, March 1, 1679-80.—MALONE.

<sup>j</sup> — *to Anthony Nash*,] He was father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who married our poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall. He lived, I believe, at Welcombe, where his estate lay; and was buried at Stratford, Nov. 18, 1622.—MALONE.

Mr. John Nash,<sup>k</sup> twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,<sup>l</sup> twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece, to buy them rings.

*Item*, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter, Susannah Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,<sup>m</sup> or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe:<sup>n</sup> and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever: to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and

<sup>k</sup> ——— to Mr. John Nash,] This gentleman died at Stratford, and was buried there, Nov. 10, 1623.—MALONE.

<sup>l</sup> ——— to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,] These our poet's fellows did not very long survive him. Burbage died in March, 1619; Cundell in December, 1627; and Heminge in October, 1613.—MALONE.

<sup>m</sup> ——— Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,] The lands of Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, here devised, were, in Shakspeare's time, a continuation of one large field, all in the parish of Stratford. Bishopton is two miles from Stratford, and Welcombe one. For Bishopton, Mr. Theobald erroneously printed *Bushaxton*, and the error has been continued in all the subsequent editions. The word in Shakspeare's original will is spelt *Bushopton*, the vulgar pronunciation of Bishopton.

I searched the Indexes in the Rolls Chapel from the year 1589 to 1616, with the hope of finding an enrolment of the purchase-deed of the estate here devised by our poet, and of ascertaining its extent and value; but it was not enrolled during that period, nor could I find any inquisition taken after his death, by which its value might have been ascertained. I suppose it was conveyed by the former owner to Shakspeare, not by bargain and sale, but by a deed of feoffment, which it was not necessary to enroll.—MALONE.

<sup>n</sup> ——— that messuage or tenement—in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe;] This was the house which was mortgaged to Henry Walker.

By the *Wardrobe* is meant the King's Great Wardrobe, a royal house, near Puddle-Wharf, purchased by King Edward the Third from sir John Beauchamp, who built it. King Richard III. was lodged in this house, in the second year of his reign. See Stowe's *Survey*, p. 693, edit. 1618. After the fire of London this office was kept in the Savoy: but it is now abolished.—MALONE.

to the heirs-males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs-males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs-males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs-males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said neice Hall, and the heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs-males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

*Item*, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.\*

*Item*, I give and bequeath to my said daughter, Judith, my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter, Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

*Witness to the publishing hereof.*

Fra. Collyns,  
Julius Shaw,  
John Robinson,  
Hamnet Sadler,  
Robert Whatcott.

\* — my second best bed, with the furniture.] Thus Shakspeare's original will.

It appears, in the original will of Shakspeare (now in the Prerogative-office, Doctors' Commons), that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Heminge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the last two of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow.—MALONE and STEEVENS.

*Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini, 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.*

## No. 2.

## CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

IN WHICH

## THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE

ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, ACCORDING TO THE  
ARRANGEMENTS OF

CHALMERS, MALONE, AND DR. DRAKE.

Chalmers and Malone reject *Titus Andronicus*, and *Pericles*, as spurious. Dr. Drake does not notice the former play, but, on the authority of Dryden, admits the latter as genuine, and supposes it to have been produced in 1590. The dates which they severally ascribe to the remaining plays are as follows :

	Chalmers.	Malone.	Dr. Drake.
1. The Comedy of Errors .....	1591.....	1592.....	1591
2. Love's Labour's Lost .....	1592.....	1594.....	1591
3. Romeo and Juliet .....	1592.....	1596.....	1593
4. Henry VI. the First Part .....	1593.....	1589.....	1592
5. Henry VI. the Second Part .....	1595.....	1591.....	1592
6. Henry VI. the Third Part.....	1595.....	1591	
7. The Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	1595.....	1591.....	1595
8. Richard III. ....	1595.....	1593.....	1595
9. Richard II. ....	1596.....	1593.....	1596
10. The Merry Wives of Windsor .....	1596.....	1601.....	1601
11. Henry IV. the First Part.....	1596.....	1597.....	1596
12. Henry IV. the Second Part .....	1597.....	1599.....	1596
13. Henry V.....	1597.....	1599.....	1599
14. The Merchant of Venice .....	1597.....	1594.....	1597
15. Hamlet .....	1597.....	1600.....	1597
16. King John .....	1598.....	1596.....	1598
17. A Midsummer-Night's Dream .....	1598.....	1594.....	1593
18. The Taming of the Shrew.....	1598.....	1596.....	1594
19. All's Well that Ends Well .....	1599.....	1606.....	1598
20. Much Ado About Nothing .....	1599.....	1600.....	1599
21. As You Like It.....	1599.....	1599.....	1600
22. Troilus and Cressida.....	1600.....	1602.....	1601
23. Timon of Athens .....	1601.....	1610.....	1602
24. The Winter's Tale.....	1601.....	1611.....	1610
25. Measure for Measure .....	1604.....	1603.....	1603
26. Lear .....	1605.....	1605.....	1604
27. Cymbeline .....	1606.....	1609.....	1605
28. Macbeth .....	1606.....	1606.....	1606
29. Julius Cæsar .....	1607.....	1607.....	1607
30. Antony and Cleopatra.....	1608.....	1608.....	1608
31. Coriolanus .....	1609.....	1610.....	1609
32. The Tempest.....	1613.....	1611.....	1611
33. The Twelfth Night .....	1613.....	1607.....	1613
34. Henry VIII. ....	1613.....	1603.....	1602
36. Othello.....	1614.....	1604.....	1612

## No. 3.

## EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

Of the following plays, editions were printed during the life time of Shakspeare.

## EARLY QUARTOS.

Titus Andronicus .....	1600...1611
Pericles .....	1609
Henry VI. Parts 2 and 3....	
Richard II.....	1597...1598...1608...1615
Richard III.....	1597...1598...1602...1612
Romeo and Juliet.....	1597...1599...1609
Love's Labour Lost .....	1598
Henry IV, the First Part ...	1598...1599...1604...1608...1613
Henry IV, the Second Part ..	1600
Henry V. ....	1600...1602...1608
Merchant of Venice .....	1600
Midsummer-Night's Dream ..	1600
Much Ado About Nothing ..	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor ...	1602
Hamlet .....	1603...1604...1605...1607...1609
Lear .....	1608
Troilus and Cressida .....	1609
Othello .....	no date.

The above are the only dramatic productions of our Author which were published during his lifetime. All of them were sent into the world imperfectly; some printed from copies surreptitiously obtained by means of inferior performers, who, deriving no benefit from the theatre, except their salary, were uninterested in the retention of copies, which was one of the chief concerns of our ancient managers; and the rest, as *Hamlet* in its first edition, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry the Fifth*, and the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, appear to have been published from copies inaccurately taken by the ear during representation, without any assistance from the originals belonging to the playhouses.

## FOLIOS.

As Shakspeare had himself shewn such an entire disregard for posthumous reputation as to omit publishing a collected edition of his works, an attempt was made to atone for his neglect by his friends Heminge and Condell, about eight years after



his death, who published, in 1623, the only authentick edition of his works.

The title page is as follows :

“ Mr. William Shakspeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original Copies, 1623, Fol. Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smethweeke, and W. Apsley.

*The Dedication of the Players, prefixed to the first folio, 1623.*

To the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren, William Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, and Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-chamber. Both Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare and rashnesse ; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valed the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles : and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv’d ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleas’d to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore ; and have prosecuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour : we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or finde them : This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask’d to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians ; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame : onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse, it hath bin the height of our care,

who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have : and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods by what meanes they could : And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE ; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRY CONDELL.

*The Preface of the Players. Prefixed to the first folio edition, published in 1623.*

To the great variety of Readers,

From the most able, to him that can but spell : there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! it is now publike, and you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know : to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales ; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings ; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, doe not

envie his Friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRIE CONDELL.

Steevens, with some degree of probability, supposes these prefaces to be the productions of Ben Jonson.

In 1632, the works of Shakspeare were reprinted in folio by Thomas Cotes, for Robert Allot. Of this edition Malone speaks most contemptuously, though many of the errors of the first are corrected in it, and he himself silently adopted 186 of its corrections without acknowledging the debt. The judgment passed by Steevens on this edition is, "Though it be more incorrectly printed than the preceding one, it has likewise the advantage of various readings, which are not merely such as reiterature of copies will naturally produce. The curious examiner of Shakspeare's text, who possesses the first of these, ought not to be unfurnished with the second."

The third folio was printed in 1664, for P. C." And a fourth, for H. Herringham, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley, in 1682.

"As to these impressions," says Steevens, "they are little

<sup>p</sup> This edition is more scarce than even that of 1623; most of the copies having been destroyed in the fire of London, 1666.

better than waste paper, for they differ only from the preceding ones by a larger accumulation of errors."

These are all the ancient editions of Shakspeare.

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### MODERN EDITIONS.

- Octavo, Rowe's, London, 1709, 7 vols.  
 Duodecimo, Rowe's, ditto, 1714, 9 ditto.  
 Quarto, Pope's, ditto, 1725, 6 ditto.  
 Duodecimo, Pope's, ditto, 1728, 10 ditto.  
 Octavo, Theobald's, ditto, 1733, 7 ditto.  
 Duodecimo, Theobald's, ditto, 1740, 8 ditto.  
 Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1744, 6 ditto.  
 Octavo, Warburton's, London, 1747, 8 ditto.  
 Ditto, Johnson's, ditto, 1765, 8 ditto.  
 Ditto, Steevens's, ditto, 1766, 4 ditto.  
 Crown 8vo. Capell's, 1768, 10 ditto.  
 Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1771, 6 ditto.  
 Octavo, Johnson and Steevens, London, 1773, 10 ditto.  
 Ditto, second edition, ditto, 1778, 10 ditto.  
 Ditto (published by Stockdale), 1784, 1 ditto.  
 Ditto, Johnson and Steevens, 1785, third edition, revised  
 and augmented by the editor of Dodsley's Collection  
 of old Plays (i. e. Mr. Reed), 10 ditto.  
 Duodecimo (published by Bell), London, 1788, 20 vols.  
 Octavo (published by Stockdale), 1790, 1 ditto.  
 Crown 8vo. Malone's, ditto, 1790, 10 ditto.  
 Octavo, fourth edition, Johnson and Steevens, &c. ditto,  
 1793, 15 ditto.  
 Octavo, fifth edition, Johnson and Steevens, by Reed, 1803,  
 21 ditto.  
 The dramattick Works of Shakspeare, in 6 vols, 8vo. with  
 Notes, by Joseph Rann, A. M. Vicar of St. Trinity, in  
 Coventry.—Clarendon Press, Oxford.  
     Vol. i. .... 1786  
     Vol. ii. .... 1787  
     Vol. iii. .... 1789  
     Vol. iv. .... 1791  
     Vol. v. .... } 1794  
     Vol. vi. .... }
- The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, with the cor-

rections and illustrations of various commentators: comprehending a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged history of the stage, by the late Edward Malone, 1821. This edition was superintended by the late Mr. Boswell.

## No. 4.

## PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPEARE,

EITHER BY THE EDITORS OF THE TWO LATER FOLIOS, OR BY THE  
COMPILERS OF ANCIENT CATALOGUES.

*Lochrine.*

*Sir John Oldcastle.*

*Lord Cromwell.*

*The London Prodigal.*

*The Puritan.*

*The Yorkshire Tragedy.*

These were all printed as Shakspeare's in the third folio, 1664, without having the slightest claim to such a distinction. Steevens thought that the *Yorkshire Tragedy* might probably be a hasty sketch of our great Poet; but he afterwards silently abandoned this opinion. We find from the papers of Henslowe<sup>a</sup> that *Sir John Oldcastle* was the work of four writers—Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway. It is impossible to discover to whom the rest are to be attributed.

Some other plays, with about equal pretensions, have likewise been given to our Author.

*The Arraignment of Paris*, which is known to have been written by George Peele.

*The Birth of Merlin*, the work of Rowley, although in the title-page, 1662, probably by a fraud of the bookseller, it is stated to be the joint production of Rowley and Shakspeare.

*Edward the Third*. This play Capell ascribed to Shakspeare, for no other reason but that he thought it too good to be the work of any of his contemporaries.

*Fair Emma*. There is no other ground for supposing this play to be among our author's productions, than its having been met

<sup>a</sup> He appears to have been proprietor of the Rose Theatre, near the bank side in Southwark. The MSS. alluded to were found at Dulwich College.

with in a volume, which formerly belonged to Charles II. which is lettered on the back, SHAKSPEARE, Vol. I.

*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, entered on the Stationers' books as Shakspeare's about the time of the restoration; but there is a former entry, in 1608, in which it is said to be written by T. B. whom Malone supposes to have been Tony or Antony Brewer.

*Mucedorus*. The real author unknown. Malone conceives that he might be R. Greene.

Shakspeare is supposed to have had a share in two other plays, and to have assisted Ben Jonson in *Sejanus*, and Fletcher in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. If he was the person who united with Jonson in the composition of *Sejanus*, which Mr. Gifford very reasonably doubts, no portion of his work is now remaining. The piece, as originally written, was not successful; and the passages supplied by the nameless friend of Jonson were omitted in publication. The fact of his having co-operated with Fletcher in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* has been much discussed: Pope favours the supposition that Shakspeare's hand may be discovered in the tragedy: Dr. Warburton expresses a belief that our great Poet wrote "the first act, but in his worst manner." All the rest of the commentators, without exception, agree in rejecting this opinion; and attribute the origin of the tale to the puff of a bookseller, who found his profit in uniting the name of Shakspeare with that of Fletcher on publishing the play. The judgment of the majority appears in this case to be the most correct.

## No. 5.

### PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has been doubted whether any original Portrait of our Author really exists; the two which have been engraved for this edition of his works are those, which we have the best grounds for admitting as resemblances of Shakspeare.

1. The engraving from the monument of Stratford, is deserving of the greatest regard. One of the first artists in this country, has given an opinion, coinciding with the common tradition of Stratford, that the original bust was taken from a cast after death: if this were the case it must afford an exact representation of the features, though it would no longer retain the living

expression, of Shakspeare. This monument was raised very soon after his decease, and is alluded to in Digges' verses, prefixed to the first folio of 1623.

The bust was originally coloured; and tradition conveys to us the knowledge that the eyes were of a light hazel colour, the hair and beard auburn. The doublet in which he was dressed was of scarlet, over which was thrown a loose black gown without sleeves, such as the students of law wear at dinner in the Middle Temple Hall.

This monument was repaired, and the colours faithfully restored, in 1748, by Mr. John Hale, an artist of Stratford. This was done at the suggestion, and by the liberality, of Mr. Ward, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, who, to create a fund for the occasion, gave a benefit-play at the Town-Hall of Stratford, on the 9th of September, 1746. The play was Othello, and the Rev. Joseph Greene wrote an address, grounded on the famous prologue of Pope to the tragedy of Cato, which Mr. Ward delivered to an audience properly glorying in their townsman.

In 1793, Malone, with an affectation of refined taste, which we cannot but lament and condemn, had the whole figure painted white as it now appears.

2. The second picture of Shakspeare which we have given, is a *fac simile* of the engraving by Martin Droeshout, which was prefixed to the first edition of our Author's works in 1623. Ben Jonson testifies to the resemblance; and the following verses, from his pen, were printed in the Volume on the page fronting the Portrait;

#### TO THE READER.

This figure, that those here see put,  
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature, to out-doo the life:  
O, could he but have drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he has hit  
His face; the print would then surpasse  
All that was ever writ in brasse.  
But, since he cannot, reader, looke  
Not on his picture, but his book.

3. Another generally received portrait is the Chandos portrait, now at Stowe, in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham. This was once the property of Sir William Davenant, and was

copied for Dryden by Kneller.<sup>†</sup> After the death of Davenant, 1663, it was bought by Betterton the actor : when he died, Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple, gave Mrs. Barry the actress forty guineas for it. From Mr. Keck it passed to Mr. Nicoll of Southgate, whose only daughter married the Marquis of Carnarvon. Shakspeare was probably about the age of forty-three when this portrait was painted. Steevens questions its authenticity : but without any sufficient grounds ; it resembles both the heads that accompany the present work, in the extreme length of the upper lip, and the high forehead.

4. The *Felton head*, from which the print prefixed to *Reed's* Shakspeare is taken, was purchased of Mr. Wilson, a picture dealer in St. James's Square, by Mr. S. Felton, of Drayton, in Shropshire. It is on wood, and Steevens wished to persuade the world that it was the architype of Droeshout's engraving. But there was a very strong suspicion entertained that Steevens knew it to be a modern fabrication ; that he was well acquainted with the history of its manufacture ; and " that there was a deeper meaning in his words, when he tells us, *he was instrumental in procuring it*, than he would wish to have generally understood."

5. A miniature by Nicholas Hilliard, in the possession of Sir James Bland Burgess. This is said to have been painted for Mr. Somerville of Edstone, who lived in habits of intimacy with Shakspeare. It descended from father to son, as a relic in the Somerville family, till Lord Somerville gave it to his daughter, the mother of Sir James Bland Burgess. It was missing for several years, and recovered in 1813. It is engraved as the frontispiece to the third volume of Boswell's Shakspeare.

6. A head by Cornelius Jansen, in the collection of the Duke of Somerset. This is a beautiful head ; it is dated 1610, æt. forty-six ; and in a scroll over the head are the two words *UT MAGUS*, which very personally apply to Shakspeare. The two words are extracted from the famous Epistle of Horace to Augustus, the first of the second book : the particular passage is this :

Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poeta ; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
*Ut Magus* ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

All this is certainly applicable to Shakspeare. Jansen, it appears, was in England about the time the picture is supposed to

<sup>†</sup> The copy is at Wentworth Castle, in the possession of Lord Fitzwilliam.

<sup>‡</sup> BOSWELL'S *Shakspeare*, Advertisement, vol. i.



have been painted ; and was employed by Lord Southampton, the friend and patron of Shakspeare. For him also, this picture might have been executed. It originally belonged to Mr. Jennens, of Gopsal, in Leicestershire. By his direction a mezzotinto was taken from it by Earlom. There is no more known of the picture. It represents such a man as we might well imagine Shakspeare to have been ; but is not sufficiently like the bust of the Stratford monument, or the head prefixed to the first folio, for us to admit it, without considerable doubt, as a genuine portrait of our Author.

It is remarkable that a copy of this picture, which is in the possession of Mr. Croker, was lately discovered behind the pannel of a wainscot, in one of the houses lately pulled down near the site of Old Suffolk-street.

In drawing out the above account of the portraits of Shakspeare, I have been much indebted to the work of Mr. Boaden, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Various Pictures and Prints of Shakspeare.*

No. 6.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN

## COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

SHAKSPEARE.

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*On William Shakspeare, who died in April, 1616.<sup>t</sup>*

RENOWNED Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
For Shakspeare, in your three-fold, four-fold tomb.  
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift  
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fit  
Betwixt this day and that by fate be slain,  
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.  
But if precedency in death doth bar  
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,  
Under this carved marble of thine own,  
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep alone.  
Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,  
Possess, as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;  
That unto us and others it may be  
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.—WILLIAM BASSE.

<sup>t</sup> William Basse, according to Wood [Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 812], "was of Moreton, near Thame in Oxfordshire, and was sometime a retainer to the Lord Wenman of Thame Park." There are some verses by him in *Annalia Dubrensia*, 4to. 1636; and in *Bathurst's Life and Remains*, by the Reverend Thomas Warton, 8vo. 1761, there is a poem by Dr. Bathurst "to Mr. William Basse, upon the intended publication of his Poems, Jan. 13, 1651." The volume never, I believe, appeared; but there is in the collection of Richard Slater, Esq. a volume of MS. poems by Basse, entitled *Polyhymnia*, containing six copies of verses on various subjects.

*To the Memory of my Beloved the Author, Mr. William  
Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,  
And I thus ample to thy book, and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much :  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage : but these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise :  
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,  
Should praise a matron ; what could hurt her more ?  
But thou art proof against them ; and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need :  
I, therefore, will begin :—Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser ; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room :  
Thou art a monument without a tomb ;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses ;  
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses :  
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers ;  
And tell—how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,<sup>u</sup>  
Or sporting Kyd,<sup>v</sup> or Marlowe's mighty line.<sup>w</sup>

<sup>u</sup> — *our LYLY outshine.*] Lyly wrote nine plays during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, viz. Alexander and Campaspe, T. C. ; Endymion, C. ; Galatea, C. ; Loves Metamorphosis, Dram. Past. ; Maids Metamorphosis, C. ; Mother Bombie, C. ; Mydas, C. ; Sapho and Phao, C. ; and Woman in the Moon, C. To the pedantry of this author perhaps we are indebted for the first attempt to polish and reform our language. See his Euphues and his England.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> — *or sporting Kyd.*] It appears from Heywood's Actor's Vindication, that Thomas Kyd was the author of the Spanish Tragedy. The late Mr. Hawkins was of opinion that Soliman and Perseda was by the same hand. The only piece, however, which has descended to us, even with the initial letters of his name affixed to it, is Pompey the Great his fair Cornelia's Tragedy, which was first published in 1594, and, with some alteration in the title-page, again in 1595. This is no more than a translation from Robert Garnier, a French poet, who distinguished

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,  
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek  
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,  
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,  
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
 And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone; for the comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time;  
 And all the muses still were in their prime,  
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,  
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part:—  
 For though the poet's matter, nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion: and that he,  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,  
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born:

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himself during the reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. and Henry IV. and died at Mons in 1602, in the 56th year of his age.—STEEVENS.

\* — or MARLOWE's *mighty line*.] Marlowe was a performer as well as an author. His contemporary Heywood, calls him *the best of our poets*. He wrote six tragedies, viz. Dr. Faustus's Tragical History; King Edward II.; Jew of Malta; Lust's Dominion; Massacre of Paris; and Tamburlaine the Great, in two parts. He likewise joined with Nash in writing Dido Queen of Carthage, and had begun a translation of Musæus's Hero and Leander, which was finished by Chapman, and published in 1606.—STEEVENS.

And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
 Of Shakspeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines  
 In his well-torned and true-filed lines ;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
 Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear ;  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !  
 But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there :—  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets ; and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide or cheer, the drooping stage ;  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light !

BEN JONSON.

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*Upon the Lincs, and Life, of the famous Scenick Poet  
 Master William Shakspeare.*

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,  
 You Britains brave ; for done are Shakspeare's days ;  
 His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
 Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring :  
 Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian string.  
 Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays ;  
 That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,  
 Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.  
 If tragedies might any prologue have,  
 All those he made would scarce make one to this ;  
 Where fame, now that he is gone to the grave,  
 (Death's public tiring-house) the Nuntius is :  
 For, though his line of life went soon about,  
 The life yet of his lines shall never out.—HUGH HOLLAND.\*

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*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master William  
 Shakspeare.*

Shakspeare, at length thy pious fellows give  
 The world thy works ; thy works, by which outlive

\* See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* edit. 1721, vol. i. p. 583.—STEEVENS.

Thy tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,  
 And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
 Here we alive shall view thee still; this book,  
 When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
 Fresh to all ages, when posterity  
 Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy  
 That is not Shakspeare's, every line, each verse,  
 Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.  
 Nor fire, nor cank'ring age,—as Naso said  
 Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:  
 Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,  
 Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped  
 (Impossible) with some new strain to out-do  
 Passions “of Juliet, and her Romeo;”  
 Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
 Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake:  
 Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,  
 Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,  
 Be sure, our Shakspeare, thou canst never die,  
 But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.—L. DIGGES.<sup>y</sup>

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*To the Memory of Master W. Shakspeare.*

We wonder'd, Shakspeare, that thou went'st so soon  
 From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:  
 We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth  
 Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
 To enter with applause: an actor's art  
 Can die, and live to act a second part:  
 That's but an exit of mortality.  
 This a re-entrance to a plaudite.—J. M.<sup>z</sup>

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*Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master  
 William Shakspeare, and his Works.*

Spectator, this life's shadow is;—to see  
 This truer image, and a livelier he,

<sup>y</sup> See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i. p. 599, and 600. edit. 1721. His translation of Claudian's Rape of Proserpine was entered on the Stationers' books, Oct. 4, 1617.—STEEVENS.

It was printed in the same year.—MALONE.

<sup>z</sup> Perhaps John Marston.—STEEVENS.

Turn reader: but observe his comick vein,  
 Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,  
 Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,  
 Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,—  
 Say, (who alone effect such wonders could,)  
 Rare Shakspeare to the life thou dost behold.<sup>a</sup>

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*On worthy Master Shakspeare, and his Poems.*

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear  
 And equal surface can make things appear,  
 Distant a thousand years, and represent  
 Them in their lively colours, just extent:  
 To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,  
 Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
 Of death and Lethe, where confused lie  
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality:  
 In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern  
 A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn  
 The physiognomy of shades, and give  
 Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;  
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
 At second hand, and picture without brain,  
 Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage,—  
 Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,  
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,  
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:  
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,  
 Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse  
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
 Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:  
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears  
 Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,  
 Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad  
 To be abus'd; affected with that truth  
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that truth  
 At which we start, and, by elaborate play,  
 Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way

<sup>a</sup> The verses first appeared in the folio, 1632. There is no name ascribed to them.—MALONE.

Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—  
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move  
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;  
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire ;  
To steer the affections ; and by heavenly fire  
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves :—

This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd  
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—  
Was Shakspeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain  
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train :  
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand  
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand  
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,  
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair  
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,  
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants,  
Those jointly woo'd him, envying one another ;—  
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother ;—  
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,  
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright :  
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;  
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run  
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;  
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice .  
Birds of a foreign note and various voice :  
Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair  
But chiding fountain, purled : not the air,  
Not clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn ;  
Nor out of common tiffany or lawn,  
But fine materials, which the muses know,  
And only know the countries where they grow.  
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,  
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,  
They say, his body : but his verse shall live,  
And more than nature takes our hand shall give ;



In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
 Shakspeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown'd,  
 Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat,  
 In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat :  
 So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;  
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,  
 J. M. S.<sup>b</sup>

*A Remembrance of some English Poets. By Richard  
 Barnfield, 1598.*

And Shakspeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein  
 (Pleasing the world), thy praises doth contain,  
 Whose Venus, and whose Lucrece, sweet and chaste,  
 Thy name in fame's immortal book hath plac'd,  
 Live ever you, at least in fame live ever !  
 Well may the body die, but fame die never.

*England's Mourning Garment, &c. By Henry Chettle. 1603.*

Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
 Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,  
 To mourn her death that graced his desert,  
 And to his laies open'd her royal ear.  
 Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,  
 And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, death.

*To Master W. Shakspeare.*

Shakspeare, that nimble Mercury thy brain  
 Lulls many-hundred Argus eyes asleep,  
 So fit for all thou fashionest thy vein,  
 At the horse-foot fountain thou hast drunk full deep.  
 Virtue's or vice's theme to thee all one is ;  
 Who loves chaste life, there's Lucrece for a teacher :  
 Who list read lust, there's Venus and Adonis,  
 True model of a most lascivious lecher.

<sup>b</sup> Probably, Jasper Mayne, *Student*. He was born in the year 1604, and became a member of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1623, where he was soon afterwards elected a student. In 1628 he took a bachelor's degree, and in June, 1631, that of a Master of Arts. These verses first appeared in the folio, 1632.—  
 MALONE.

Besides, in plays thy wit winds like Meander,

When needy new composers borrow more  
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander :

But to praise thee aright, I want thy store.  
Then let thine own works thine own worth upraise,  
And help to adorn thee with deserved bays.

*Epigram 92, in an ancient collection entitled Run and a  
great Cast, 4to. by Tho. Freeman, 1614.*

*Extract from Michael Drayton's "Elegy to Henry Reynolds,  
Esq. of Poets and Poesy.*

Shakspeare, thou hadst as smooth a comick vein,  
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain  
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,  
As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

*An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakspeare.<sup>c</sup>*

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones ;  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument :  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
The easy numbers flow ; and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took ;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>c</sup> This poem is one of those prefixed to the folio edition of our author's plays, 1632, and therefore is the first of Milton's pieces that was published. It appeared, however, without even the initials of his name.—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> These verses were written by Milton in the year 1630. Notwithstanding this just eulogium, and though the writer of it appears to have been a very diligent reader of the works of our poet, from whose rich garden he has plucked many a flower, in the true spirit of sour puritanical sanctity he censured King Charles I. for having made this "great heir of fame" the closet companion of his solitudes. See his Eiconoclastes.—MALONE.

*Upon Master William Shakspeare, the deceased Author.*

Poets are born, not made. When I would prove  
 This truth, the glad remembrance I must love  
 Of never-dying Shakspeare, who alone  
 Is argument enough to make that one.  
 First, that he was a poet, none would doubt  
 That heard the applause of what he sees set out  
 Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not say,  
 Reader, his *works*, for, to contrive a play,  
 To him 'twas none,) the pattern of all wit,  
 Art without art, unparallel'd as yet.  
 Next nature only help'd him, for look thorough  
 This whole book,<sup>e</sup> thou shalt find he doth not borrow;  
 One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,  
 Nor once from vulgar languages translate;  
 Nor plagiary-like from others gleane,  
 Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene,  
 To piece his acts with: all that he doth write  
 Is pure his own; plot, language exquisite.  
 But O what praise more powerful can we give  
 The dead, than that, by him, the *kings-men* live,  
 His players; which should they but have shar'd his fate,  
 (All else expir'd within the short term's date,)  
 How could The Globe have prosper'd, since through want  
 Of change, the plays and poems had grown scant,  
 But, happy verse, thou shalt be sung and heard,  
 When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.  
 Then vanish, upstart writers to each stage,  
 You needy poetasters of this age!  
 Where Shakspeare liv'd or spake, Vermin, forbear!  
 Lest with your froth ye spot them, come not near!  
 But if you needs must write, if poverty  
 So pinch, that otherwise you starve and die;  
 On God's name may the Bull or Cockpit have  
 Your lame blank verse, to keep you from the grave.  
 Or let new Fortune's<sup>f</sup> younger brethren see,  
 What they can pick from your lean industry.

\* The Fortune company, I find from Sir Henry Herbert's Manuscript, removed to the Red Bull, and the Prince's company to the Fortune, in the year 1640; these verses therefore could not have been written so early as 1623.—MALONE.

<sup>f</sup> This, I believe, alludes to some of the company of The Fortune playhouse, who removed to the Red Bull. See a Prologue on the removing of the late Fortune players to the Bull. Tatham's Fancies Theatre, 1640.—MALONE.

I do not wonder when you offer at  
 Black-friars, that you suffer; 'tis the fate  
 Of richer veins; prime judgments, that have far'd  
 The worse, with this deceased man compar'd.  
 So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,  
 And on the stage at half-sword parley were  
 Brutus and Cassius, O how the audience  
 Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!  
 When, some new day, they would not brook a line  
 Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Catiline;  
 Sejanus too, was irksome; they priz'd more  
 "Honest" Iago, or the jealous Moor.  
 And though the Fox and subtil Alchymist,  
 Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,  
 Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise  
 Their author's merit with a crown of bays,  
 Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,  
 Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,  
 And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,  
 Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,  
 All is so pester'd: Let but Beatrice  
 And Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice  
 The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,  
 To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.  
 Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,  
 Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look:  
 Like old-coin'd gold, whose lines, in every page,  
 Shall pass true current to succeeding age.  
 But why do I dead Shakspeare's praise recite?  
 Some second Shakspeare must of Shakspeare write;  
 For me 'tis needless: since an host of men  
 Will pay, to clap his praise, to free my pen.<sup>§</sup>

LEON. DIGGES.

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*An Elegy on the death of that famous Writer and Actor  
 Mr. William Shakspeare.*

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,  
 Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.

<sup>§</sup> These verses are prefixed to a spurious edition of Shakspeare's poems, in small octavo, printed in 1640.—MALONE.

I'll only sigh in earnest, and let fall  
 My solemn tears at thy great funeral.  
 For every eye that rains a show'r for thee,  
 Laments thy loss in a sad elegy,  
 Nor is it fit each humble muse should have  
 Thy worth his subject, now thou art laid in grave.  
 No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of those,  
 Whose worthless pamphlets are not seen in prose.  
 Let learned Jonson sing a dirge for thee,  
 And fill our orb with mournful harmony:  
 But we need no remembrancer; thy fame  
 Shall still accompany thy honour'd name  
 To all posterity: and make us be  
 Sensible of what we lost, in losing thee:  
 Being the age's wonder; whose smooth rhymes  
 Did more reform than lash the looser times.  
 Nature herself did her own self admire,  
 As oft as thou wert pleased to attire  
 Her in her native lustre; and confess,  
 Thy dressing was her chiefest comeliness.  
 How can we then forget thee, when the age  
 Her chiefest tutor, and the widow'd stage  
 Her only favorite in thee, hath lost,  
 And Nature's self, what she did brag of most?  
 Sleep then, rich soul of numbers! whilst poor we  
 Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;  
 And think it happiness enough, we have  
 So much of thee redeemed from the grave,  
 As may suffice to enlighten future times  
 With the bright lustre of thy matchless rhymes.<sup>b</sup>

---

*In Memory of our famous Shakspeare.*

Sacred Spirit, whiles thy lyre  
 Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,  
 Even Apollo did admire,  
 Orpheus wonder'd at thy strains:  
 Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept  
 Tears of anger, for to hear,  
 After they so long had slept,  
 So bright a genius should appear;

<sup>b</sup> These anonymous verses are prefixed likewise to Shakspeare's Poems, 1640.  
 —MALONE.

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,  
 More durable than time or fate :—  
 Others boldly do blaspheme,  
 Like those that seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,  
 Chosen darling to the Nine,  
 Such a trophy to erect  
 By thy wit and skill divine.

That were all their other glories  
 (Thine excepted) torn away,  
 By thy admirable stories  
 Their garments ever shall be gay.

Were thy honour'd bones do lie,  
 (As Statius once to Maro's urn,)   
 Thither every year will I  
 Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.—S. SHEPPARD.<sup>i</sup>

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*To Shakspeare.*

Thy Muse's sugred dainties seem to us  
 Like the fam'd apples of old Tantalus :  
 For we (admiring) see and hear thy strains,  
 But none I see or hear those sweets attains.<sup>j</sup>

---

*To Mr. William Shakspeare.*

Shakspeare, we must be silent in thy praise,  
 'Cause our encomions will but blast thy bays,  
 Which envy could not ; that thou didst do well,  
 Let thine own histories prove thy chronicle.<sup>k</sup>

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*In Remembrance of Master William Shakspeare. Ode.*

I.

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,  
 To welcome nature in the early spring,

<sup>i</sup> This author published a small volume of epigrams in 1651, among which this poem in memory of Shakspeare is found.—MALONE.

<sup>j</sup> These verses are taken from *Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs*, by Thomas Bancroft, Lond. 1639, 4to.—HOLT WHITE.

<sup>k</sup> From *Wits Recreations*, &c. 12mo. 1640.—STEEVENS.

Your numerous feet not tread  
 The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,  
 As it ne'er knew a sun or show'r,  
 Hangs there the pensive head.

## II.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made  
 Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,  
 Unwilling now to grow,  
 Looks like the plume a captain wears,  
 Whose rifled *falls* are steep'd i' the tears  
 Which from his last rage flow.

## III.

The piteous river wept itself away  
 Long since, alas! to such a swift decay,  
 That reach the map, and look  
 If you a river there can spy,  
 And, for a river, your mock'd eye  
 Will find a shallow brook.

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

---

And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,  
 I'll promise neither play nor poet live  
 Till ye come back: think what you do; you see  
 What audience we have: what company  
 To Shakspeare comes? whose mirth did once beguile  
 Dull hours, and buskin'd, made even sorrow smile:  
 So lovely were the wounds, that men would say,  
 They could endure the bleeding a whole day.—SHIRLEY.

---

See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakspeare rise,  
 An awful ghost, confess'd to human eyes!  
 Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been  
 From other shades, by this eternal green,  
 About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,  
 And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.  
 Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,  
 I found not, but created first the stage:  
 And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,  
 'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more:

On foreign trade I needed not rely,  
Like fruitful Britain rich without supply.—DRYDEN.

---

Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart  
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art :  
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,  
And is that nature which they paint and draw.  
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,  
While Jonson crept and gathered all below.  
This did his love, and this his mirth digest :  
One imitates him most, the other best.  
If they have since out-writ all other men,  
'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakspeare's pen.—*Ibid.*

---

Our Shakspeare wrote too in an age as blest,  
The happiest poet of his time, and best ;  
A gracious prince's favour cheer'd his muse,  
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose :  
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,  
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.—OTWAY.

---

Shakspeare, whose genius to itself a law,  
Could men in every height of nature draw.—ROWE.

---

In such an age immortal Shakspeare wrote,  
By no quaint rules nor hamp'ring criticks taught ;  
With rough majestic force he mov'd the heart,  
And strength and nature made amends for art.—*Ibid.*

---

To claim attention and the heart invade,  
Shakspeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.  
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,  
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise ;  
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls,  
Nor think of Shakspeare till the curtain falls ;  
Then with a sigh returns our audience home.  
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.—YOUNG.



Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind  
 (The universal mirror of mankind)  
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,  
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.  
 When his immortal bays began to grow,  
 Rude was the language, and the humour low.  
 He, like the god of day, was always bright;  
 But rolling in its course, his orb of light  
 Was sullied and obscur'd, though soaring high,  
 With spots contracted from the nether sky,  
 But whither is the advent'rous muse betray'd?  
 Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!  
 May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,  
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn!  
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,  
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee!

Some scions shoot from this immortal root,  
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.  
 Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,  
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name.  
 But like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,  
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear.—FENTON.

---

————— For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and nature's boast?

THOMSON.

---

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,  
 Who first created, and yet rules the stage,  
 Bold to design, all-powerful to express,  
 Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress:  
 Great above rule, and imitating none;  
 Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.—MALLET.

---

Shakspeare (whom you and every playhouse bill  
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will),  
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
 And grew immortal in his own despatch.—POPE.

*An Inscription for a Monument of Shakspeare.*

O youths and virgins : O declining eld :  
 O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell  
 Unknown, with humble quiet ; ye who wait  
 In courts, or fill the golden seats of kings :  
 O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch  
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds  
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,  
 Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam  
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field  
 Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms  
 Contend, the leaders of a publick cause ;  
 Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not  
 The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue  
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,  
 The secrets of your bosom ? Here, then, round  
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,  
 Say to each other : " This was Shakspeare's form ;  
 " Who walk'd in every path of human life,  
 " Felt every passion ; and to all mankind  
 " Doth now, will ever, that experience yield  
 " Which his own genius only could acquire."—AKENSIDE.

---

when lightning fires  
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad  
 From some high cliff superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. *Ibid.*

*From the Remonstrance of Shakspeare,*

*Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre-Royal, when the  
 French Comedians were acting by subscription.*

What though the footsteps of my devious muse  
 The measured walks of Grecian art refuse ?

Or though the frankness of my hardy style  
 Mock the nice touches of the critick's file?  
 Yet what my age and climate held to view  
 Impartial I survey'd, and fearless drew.  
 And say, ye skilful in the human heart,  
 Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,  
 What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field  
 For lofty thought, for daring fancy yield?  
 I saw this England break the shameful bands  
 Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands;  
 I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;  
 Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore;  
 Her naval standard, (the dire Spaniard's bane,)  
 Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.  
 Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,  
 Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:  
 New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;  
 New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;  
 Thence every scene which private fortune knows,  
 In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.  
 Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?  
 My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?  
 Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,  
 Confess'd the living draught of men and things?  
 What other bard in any clime appears,  
 Alike the master of your smiles and tears?  
 Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice  
 With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?  
 Or have my various scenes a purpose known,  
 Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?—*Ibid.*

---

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;  
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
 His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,  
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.—JOHNSON.

*Upon Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim;  
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame.  
 Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe  
 His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow,  
 With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,  
 Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind:  
 Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain;  
 The British eagle<sup>1</sup> and the Mantuan Swan  
 Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou  
 With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow;  
 Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought  
 More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;  
 Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won;  
 The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

T. SEWARD.

---

*From Epistle to Sir Thomas Hamner on his Edition of  
 Shakspeare's Works.*

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,  
 Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd:  
 Fair fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd  
 A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.  
 Not with more grief the afflicted swains appear,  
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;  
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade  
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,  
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:  
 The muse alone unequal dealt her rage,  
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.  
 Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart  
 Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart;  
 Or paint the curse, that mark'd the Theban's<sup>m</sup> reign,  
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.  
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,  
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,  
 The comick sisters kept their native ease.

<sup>1</sup> Milton.

<sup>m</sup> The *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

With jealous fear declining Greece beheld  
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd.  
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain  
 Some labour'd rival of her tragick strain;  
 Illyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,  
 Dropp'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.

As arts expir'd, resisted Dulness rose;  
 Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.  
 Till Julius<sup>a</sup> first recall'd each exil'd maid,  
 And Cosmo own'd them in the Etrurian shade:  
 Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,  
 The soft Provencial pass'd to Arno's stream:  
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung;  
 Sweet flow'd the lays,—but love was all he sung.  
 The gay description could not fail to move;  
 For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed  
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.  
 The beauteous union must appear at length,  
 Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:  
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,  
 And even a Shakspeare to her fame be born.

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,  
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day.  
 No second growth the western isle could bear,  
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.  
 Too nicely Jonson knew the Critick's part;  
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.  
 Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,  
 The next in order, as the next in name.  
 With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find  
 Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;  
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,  
 The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.  
 His every strain the Smiles and Graces own;<sup>o</sup>  
 But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:<sup>p</sup>  
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand  
 Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

<sup>a</sup> Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

<sup>o</sup> Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

<sup>p</sup> Collins must surely have forgotten Ophelia, Imogen, Juliet, Desdemona, Beatrice, and Rosalind, or never would he have said that he felt for man alone.

With gradual steps,<sup>a</sup> and slow, exacter France  
 Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :  
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew  
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew :  
 Till late Corneille, with Lucan's<sup>r</sup> spirit fir'd,  
 Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and He inspir'd :  
 And classick judgment gain'd to sweet Racine  
 The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,  
 And wreathes less artful crown our poet's head.  
 Yet He alone to every scene could give  
 The historian's truth, and bid the manners live.  
 Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprize,  
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.  
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,  
 And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.  
 Here gentle Edward claims a pitying sigh,  
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!  
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring  
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king;  
 The time shall come,<sup>s</sup> when Gloster's heart shall bleed  
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed :  
 When dreary visions shall at last present  
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :  
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,  
 Blunt the weak sword, and break the oppressive spear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find  
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.  
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove  
 With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;  
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,  
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green :  
 Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,  
 And Spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.

O more than all in powerful genius blest,  
 Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!

<sup>a</sup> About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

<sup>r</sup> The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

<sup>s</sup> *Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum  
 Intactum Pallanta, &c.*

Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,  
 Thy wrongs support me, and thy morals heal.  
 There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,  
 There native music dwells in all the lays.  
 O might some verse with happiest skill persuade  
 Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !  
 What wondrous draught might rise from every page !  
 What other Raphaels charm a distant age !

Methinks even now I view some free design,  
 Where breathing Nature lives in every line :  
 Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,  
 Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.  
 —And see, where Antony,<sup>1</sup> in tears approv'd,  
 Guards the pale relicts of the chief he lov'd :  
 O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,  
 Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !  
 Still as they press, he calls on all around,  
 Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But who is he,<sup>2</sup> whose brows exalted bear  
 A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?  
 Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,  
 On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel.  
 Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall  
 (So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.  
 See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,  
 Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !  
 Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide  
 The son's affection in the Roman's pride ;  
 O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,  
 Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

COLLINS.

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Methinks I see with Fancy's magick eye,  
 The shade of Shakspeare, in yon azure sky.  
 On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,  
 Piercing all nature with a single glance :  
 In various attitudes around him stand  
 The Passions, waiting for his dread command.  
 First kneeling Love before his feet appears,  
 And musically sighing melts in tears.

<sup>1</sup> See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

<sup>2</sup> Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the *Odyssey*.

Near him fell Jealousy with fury burns,  
 And into storms the amorous breathings turns;  
 Then Hope with heavenward look, and Joy draws near,  
 While palsied Terror trembles in the rear.  
 Such Shakspeare's train of horror, and delight, &c.

SMART.

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What are the lays of artful Addison,  
 Coldly correct, to Shakspeare's warblings wild?  
 Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks  
 Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe  
 To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew  
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe  
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,  
 Strange whisp'ring of sweet musick through the air :)  
 Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,  
 She fed the little prattler, and with songs  
 Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears; with deep delight  
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

JOSEPH WARTON.

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Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,  
 Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:  
 But chief, the dreadful group of human woes  
 The daring artist's tragick pencil chose;  
 Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,  
 Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

THOMAS WARTON.

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*Monody, written near Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,  
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,  
 Their boughs entangling with the embattled sedge;  
 Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,  
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;  
 Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.  
 But while I muse, that here the Bard Divine  
 Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd isles inclose,  
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows,



Above th' embowering shade,  
 Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,  
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made ;  
 Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe :  
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,  
 As at the waving of some magick wand ;  
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,  
 And awful shapes of leaders and of kings,  
 People the busy mead,  
 Like spectres swarming to the wisard's hall ;  
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand  
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.  
 Before me Pity seems to stand,  
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore  
 To see Misfortune rend in frantick mood  
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.  
 Pale Terror leads the visionary band,  
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.—*Ibid.*

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Far from the sun and summer gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: The dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year :  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;  
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetick tears.—*GRAY.*

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Next Shakspeare sat, irregularly great,  
 And in his hand a magick rod did hold,  
 Which visionary beings did create,  
 And turn the foulest dross to purest gold ;  
 Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,  
 Or bad or good, obey his dread command ;  
 To his behests these willingly repair,

Those aw'd by terrors of his magick wand,  
The which not all their powers united might withstand.

LLOYD.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view  
Could look the whole creation through,  
Who travers'd all the human heart,  
Without recourse to Grecian art?  
He scorn'd the rules of imitation,  
Of altering, pilfering and translation,  
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,  
From models of a former age :  
The bright original he took,  
And tore the leaf from nature's book.  
'Tis Shakspeare.—*Ibid.*

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,  
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,  
Sat Shakspeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,  
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;  
The other held a globe, which to his will  
Obedient turn'd, and own'd a master's skill :  
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,  
And look'd through nature at a single view :  
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;  
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL.

Yes! jealous wits may still for empire strive,  
Still keep the flames of critick rage alive :  
Our Shakspeare yet shall all his rights maintain,  
And crown the triumphs of Eliza's reign.  
Above controul, above each classick rule  
His tutress nature, and the world his school.  
On daring pinions borne, to him was given  
Th' aerial range of Fancy's brightest Heaven,  
To bid rapt through o'er noblest heights aspire,  
And wake each passion with a *muse of fire*.—



*Drawn by W. John Borden from the Hatfield Portraits*



Revere his genius—To the dead be just,  
And spare the laurels, that o'ershade the dust.—  
Low sleeps the bard, *in cold obstruction laid*,  
Nor asks the chaplet from a rival's head.  
O'er the drear vault, Ambition's utmost bound,  
Unheard shall Fame her airy trumpet sound!  
Unheard alike, nor grief, nor transport raise,  
Thy blast of censure, or thy note of praise!  
As Raphael's own creation grac'd his hearse,<sup>v</sup>  
And sham'd the pomp of ostentatious verse.  
Shall Shakspeare's honours by himself be paid,  
And nature perish ere his pictures fade.

KEATE TO VOLTAIRE, 1768.

<sup>v</sup> The transfiguration, that well known picture of Raphael, was carried before his body to the grave, doing more real honour to his memory than either his epitaph in the Pantheon, the famous distich of Cardinal Bembo, or all the other adulatory verses written on the same occasion.—KEATE.

## ROWE'S PREFACE.<sup>a</sup>

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THE plays of Shakspeare are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them.<sup>b</sup> That way of tragi-

<sup>a</sup> The first part of this preface is merely biographical, and is here omitted as the few facts which it contains are inserted in the preceding life of our author.

<sup>b</sup> — are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them.] Heywood, our author's contemporary, has stated the best defence that can be made for his intermixing lighter with the more serious scenes of his dramas :

“ It may likewise be objected, why amongst sad and grave histories I have here and there inserted fabulous jests and tales savouring of lightness. I answer, I have therein imitated our *historical, and comical poets*, that write to the stage, who, lest the auditory should be dulled with serious courses, which are merely weighty and material, in every act present some Zany, with his mimick action to breed in the less capable mirth and laughter ; *for they that write to all, must strive to please all*. And as such fashion themselves to a multitude diversely addicted, so I to an universality of readers diversely disposed.” Pref. to History of Women, 1624.—MALONE.

The critics who renounce tragi-comedy as barbarous, I fear, speak more from notions which they have formed in their closets, than any well-built theory deduced from experience of what pleases or displeases, which ought to be the foundation of all rules.

Even supposing there is no affectation in this refinement, and that those critics have really tried and purified their minds till there is no dross remaining, still this can never be the case of a popular audience, to which a dramattick representation is referred.

Dryden in one of his prefaces condemns his own conduct in the Spanish Friar ; but, says he, I did not write it to please myself, it was given to the publick. Here is an involuntary confession that tragi-comedy is more pleasing to the audience ; I would ask then, upon what ground it is condemned ?

This ideal excellence of uniformity rests upon a supposition that we are either more refined, or a higher order of beings than we really are : there is no provision made for what may be called the animal part of our minds.

Though we should acknowledge this passion for variety and contrarieties to be the vice of our nature, it is still a propensity which we all feel, and which he who undertakes to divert us must find provision for.

We are obliged, it is true, in our pursuit after science, or excellence in any art, to keep our minds steadily fixed for a long continuance ; it is a task we impose upon ourselves : but I do not wish to task myself in my amusements.

If the great object of the theatre is amusement, a dramattick work must possess every means to produce that effect ; if it gives instruction by the by, so much its merit is the greater ; but that is not its principal object. The ground on which it stands, and which gives it a claim to the protection and encouragement of civilized society, is not because it enforces moral precepts, or gives instruction of any kind ; but from the general advantage that it produces, by habituating the mind to find its amusement in intellectual pleasures ; weaning it from sensuality, and by degrees filing off, smoothing, and polishing, its rugged corners.—SIR J. REYNOLDS.

comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that, though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death given by his old landlady *Mrs. Quickly*, in the first Act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short, every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* prosecutor, under the name of *Justice Shallow*; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his *Antiquities* of that country, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward *Malvolio*. The parasite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruccio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, have

much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Thersites in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock the Jew*, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy,<sup>c</sup> and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of *Shakspeare's*. The tale, indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth Act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable,) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what *Portia* says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As You Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* says,

“ *Difficile est proprie communia dicere,*”

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

“ — All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:  
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,

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<sup>c</sup> — but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy,] In 1701 *Lord Lansdown* produced his alteration of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, under the title of *The Jew of Venice*, and expressly calls it a comedy. *Shylock* was performed by *Mr. Dogget*.—*REED*.

And such was the bad taste of our ancestors, that this piece continued to be a stock-play from 1701 to Feb. 14, 1741, when the *Merchant of Venice* was exhibited, for the first time, at the theatre in *Drury-Lane*, and *Mr. Macklin* made his first appearance in the character of *Shylock*.—*MALONE*.



And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover  
Sigling like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice;  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon:  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of *Patience*. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

" — She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,  
And sate like *Patience* on a monument,  
Smiling at *Grief*."

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggrel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does nowhere so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*.

Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him : it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing ; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings ; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical : and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which, I have been informed, three very great men concurred in making<sup>d</sup> upon this part, was extremely just ; that Shakspeare *had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults ; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance : there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that

<sup>d</sup> ——— which, I have been informed, three very great men concurred in making—] Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden. ROWE.

Dryden was of the same opinion. " His person (says he, speaking of Caliban,) is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust, and his language is as hobgoblin as his person : in all things he is distinguished from other mortals." Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*. MALONE.

there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first, among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem ; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole ; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances : and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places : and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the poet, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him ? His manners are every where exactly the same with the story ; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction : though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by showing him pious, disinterested, a con-

temner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the second Part of Henry the Sixth, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shown in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his Henry the Eighth, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shown in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shown him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth Act. The distresses likewise of Queen Katharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However,

there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shown something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands,<sup>e</sup> and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as *Mr. Dacier* has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: while *Electra* her daughter, and a princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency), stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakspeare*. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as *Orestes*; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

“ But howsoever thou pursn'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.”

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<sup>e</sup> — are both concerned in the murder of their husbands,] It does not appear that *Hamlet's* mother was concerned in the death of her husband.—*MALONE*.

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*: The latter is a proper passion of tragedy. But the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of Macbeth, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second Act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both show how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of.

## MR. POPE'S PREFACE.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1725.

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IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets, Shakspeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Ægyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers

of the same image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.<sup>a</sup>

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies, he

<sup>a</sup> Addison, in the 273d *Spectator*, has delivered a similar opinion respecting Homer: "There is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it."—STEEVENS.



has almost as great defects ; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents ; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakspeare, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people ; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank : accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanicks* : and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents ; the most exaggerated thoughts ; the most verbose and bombast expression ; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject : his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant ; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way ; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue : and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his

hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakspeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation will be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our poet's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right* as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it would be thought<sup>b</sup> a praise to Shakspeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminge and Condell* to the

<sup>b</sup> "was thought"—Orig. Edit.

first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; *The History of Henry the Sixth*, which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others.<sup>a</sup> I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it would concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfluities; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are

<sup>a</sup> These variations in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet*, are not to be attributed to alterations made by the author, subsequently to representation; but to the manner in which the first imperfect copies of these plays were surreptitiously obtained, and printed. With respect to *King Henry the Sixth*, the play was only altered by Shakspeare, and was written by another.

exactly drawn ; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages : and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*<sup>c</sup> may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge : his descriptions are still exact ; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the political story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it : Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than Shakspeare. We have translations from *Ovid* published in his name,<sup>d</sup> among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton) : he appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays ; he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifestly acquainted with ; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson ; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes ; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much more learning,

<sup>c</sup> These, as the reader will find in the notes on that play, Shakspeare drew from Sir Thomas North's translation, 1579.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> They were written by Thomas Heywood.

it was said on the one hand that Shakspeare had none at all; and because Shakspeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakspeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakspeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonist before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus; and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:

“ — si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati noceat —.”

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakspeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved William Shakspeare*, which shows as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once to equal him: and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author,

and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*, *Exit omnes*, *Enter three Witches solus*.<sup>e</sup> Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history in any language; so could not be Shakspeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakspeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What

<sup>e</sup> *Enter three Witches solus.*] This blunder appears to be of Mr. Pope's own invention. It is not to be found in any one of the four folio copies of *Macbeth*, and there is no quarto edition of it extant.—STEVENS.

makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press : every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned and unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so : because I find no other printed with any exactness ; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello* ; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died : and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other ; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminge and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other ; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act III. sc. ii.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present : and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the

margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages, which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's-book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very<sup>g</sup> names are through carelessness set down instead of the *Personæ Dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*; and to the *players* for their *entricks*, are inserted into the text<sup>h</sup> through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of musick, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (Act V.) Shakspeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called *Philostrate*; all

<sup>g</sup> *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II: "Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson," instead of Balthasar. And in Act IV. Cowley and Kemp constantly through a whole scene.—Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632.—POPE.

<sup>h</sup> Such as

"My queen is murder'd! Ring the little bell."

"—His nose grew as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields;" which last words are not in the quarto.—POPE.

There is no such line in any play of Shakspeare, as that quoted above by Mr. Pope.—MALONE. Nor are these two lines quoted by Pope in any edition of his preface which has fallen in our way.—C.



whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character; or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that class of people, was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best playhouses were inns and taverns, (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward;<sup>i</sup> not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakspeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage), we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, *London Prodigal*, and a thing called *The Double Falshood*,<sup>k</sup> cannot be admitted as his. And I should con-

<sup>i</sup> Mr. Pope probably recollected the following lines in *The Taming of the Shrew*, spoken by a lord, who is giving directions to his servant concerning some players:

"Go, sirrah, take them to the *buttery*,  
And give them friendly welcome, every one."

But he seems not to have observed that the players here introduced were *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Lowin, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner.—MALONE.

<sup>k</sup> *The Double Falshood*, or *The Distressed Lovers*, a play acted at Drury Lane, 8vo. 1727. This piece was produced by Mr. Theobald as a performance of Shakspeare's. But it is not mentioned in any of the old editions of Pope's Preface. It is not in Warburton's edition, and when it crept in, I have not been able to discover.—C.

jecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*,) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakspeare's, was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminge and Condell, afterwards did Shakspeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name,<sup>1</sup> in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakspeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakspeare's writings lie at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of

<sup>1</sup> His name was affixed only to four of them.—MALONE.

my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakspeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages, which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized; most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them. These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakspeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed that in one of these there are

materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, and ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.<sup>m</sup>

<sup>m</sup> The following passage by Mr. Pope stands as a preface to the *various readings* at the end of the 8th volume of his edition of Shakspeare, 1728. For the notice of it I am indebted to Mr. Chalmer's *Supplementary Apology*, p. 261.—REED.

“ Since the publication of *our* first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare published by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when *we*, by publick advertisements, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author), *we* have inserted, in this impression, as many of 'em as are judg'd of any the least advantage to the poet; the whole amounting to about *twenty-five* words.

“ But to the end every reader may judge for himself, we have annexed a *complete list* of the rest; which if he shall think *trivial*, or *erroneous*, either in part, or in whole; at worst it can spoil but a half sheet of paper, that chances to be left vacant here. And we purpose for the future, to do the same with respect to any other persons, who thro' *candor* or *vanity*, shall communicate or publish, the least things tending to the illustration of our author. *We* have here omitted nothing but *pointings* and mere errors of the press, which I hope the corrector of it has rectify'd; if not, I cou'd wish as accurate an one as Mr. Th. [if he] had been at that trouble, which I desired Mr. Tonson to solicit him to undertake.—A. P.”

## DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE.<sup>a</sup>

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THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of

<sup>a</sup> First printed separately in 1765.

the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted, arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century,<sup>a</sup> the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation,

<sup>b</sup> "Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos." *Hor.*—STEEVENS.

though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found

nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic: but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play, or from the tale,



would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned;<sup>c</sup> and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman, and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knows that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country

<sup>c</sup> "Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen,  
Facit illud verisimile quod mendacium est."

Plauti, *Pseudolus*, Act I. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another: and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are

interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we

laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Gravediggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramattick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a deep tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them: but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time,

which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered: this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionally constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear; yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty: as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a dis-

approbation of the wicked ; he carries his persons indifferently through right or wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate ; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not to wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hyppolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>d</sup> Shakspeare's improprieties and anachronisms are venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge in his *True Tragedie of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned the *Razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's Steeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman* named *Don Pedro*, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison *Marius*. Staubyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorcæbus to a *Bedlamite*, says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Morglay* ; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a Cockney. In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage : " Though cannons roar, yet you must not be deaf." Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period " with cloth of Arras or of Toure." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Anthony and Cleopatra, and

In his comick scenes, he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramattick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

(as Mr. Warton has observed), *Salvator Rosa places a cannon at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes.*—STEEVENS from the notes to *Twelfth night*, Act v. S. 1., and *Henry VI.* p. 2. Act iv. S. 7.

Not that always where the language is intricate, the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do.<sup>e</sup> He is not long soft and pathetick without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of criticks.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due re-

<sup>e</sup> "But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long, soft, and pathetick, &c." *Orig. Edit.* 1765.



verence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation,

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard:<sup>†</sup> and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and

<sup>†</sup> *Unities of time or place.* Such trespasses, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who read the once famous Lyly's *Endymion*. This author was applauded and liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth: two acts of his piece comprise the space of forty years, *Endymion* lying down to sleep at the end of the second and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that uncommon length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that *Endymion's* hair, features, and person were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration. In the *Comedie of Patient Grissel*, 1603. written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Grissel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced in the scene as a woman old enough to be married.—SIEEVENS and MALONE, Notes to *Winter's Tale*. Act iv.

towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramattick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Anthony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolomies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the banks of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a

stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be places very remote from each other: and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus: that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramattick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

“ Non usque adeo permiscuit imis  
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli  
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.”

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramattick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be de-

cided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.<sup>§</sup>

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

§ The bare mention of the dramatic unities is apt to excite revolting ideas of pedantry, arts of poetry, and French criticism. With none of these do I wish to annoy the reader. I conceive that it may be said of these unities, as of fire and water, that they are good servants but bad masters. In perfect rigour they were never imposed by the Greeks, and they would be still heavier shackles if they were closely rivetted on our own drama: it would be worse than useless to confine dramatic action literally and immoveably to one spot, or its imaginary time to the time in which it is represented. On the other hand, dramatic time and place cannot surely admit of indefinite expansion. It would be better, for the sake of illusion and probability, to change the scene from Windsor to London, than from London to Pekin; it would look more like reality if a messenger, who went and returned in the course of the play, told us of having performed a journey of ten or twenty, rather than of a thousand miles, and if the spectator had neither that nor any other circumstance to make him ask how so much could be performed in so short a time.

In an abstract view of dramatic art, its principles must appear to lie nearer to unity than to the opposite extreme of disunion, in our conceptions of time and place. Giving up the law of unity in its literal rigour, there is still a latitude of its application which may preserve perfection and harmony in the drama.—  
CAMPBELL. *Essay on English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 123.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared to the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities ; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs ; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron ?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth ; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More ; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner ; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools ; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark ; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity ; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression ; he that wrote for such an audience was under the neces-

sity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's *Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers: the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all



who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cried to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however, favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must encrease his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and

form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned: the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men ; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world ; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge ; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes ; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind ; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems, says Dennis, to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose ; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author ; yet in *Hieronymo*, of which the date is not certain,<sup>h</sup> but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which

<sup>h</sup> It appears to have been acted before 1590.

are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better than when he tries to soothe by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakspeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a

marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches: and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a

poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe,<sup>1</sup> though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates, however, what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, showed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condell, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking.

<sup>1</sup> "Of Rowe, as of all the editors, I have preserved the preface, and have likewise retained the author's life." Orig. Edit. 1765.

The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his report of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those



diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which despatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much: his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that

they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just: and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe

how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their power, must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system is to demolish the fabricks which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to show how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero<sup>k</sup> to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The Canons of Criticism*,<sup>l</sup> and of *The Revision of Shakspeare's Text*;<sup>m</sup> of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of *Coriolanus*, who

<sup>k</sup> "Achilles." Orig. Edit. 1765.

<sup>l</sup> Mr. Edwards.

<sup>m</sup> Mr. Heath.

was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle* : when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth* :

“ A falcon tow’ring in his pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at and kill’d.”

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shown acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages ; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton’s edition, *Critical Observations on Shakspeare* had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

*Critical, historical, and explanatory Notes* have been likewise published upon Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated ; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour,

be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous train of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at

last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicious observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I give this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary: of

all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit: I have therefore shown so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these, the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorized, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry, I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued



many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less ; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day encreases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture ; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading ; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation ; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong ; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye, so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

“ Critics I saw, that others’ names efface,  
And fix their own, with labour in the place ;  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign’d,  
Or disappear’d, and left the first behind.” POPE.

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others, or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the Bishop of Aleria<sup>n</sup> to English Bentley. The critics on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakspeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contribute so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, when mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is in-

<sup>n</sup> John Andreas. He was secretary to the Vatican library during the papacies of Paul II. and Sixtus IV. He published Herodotus, Strabo, Livy, Aulus Gellius, &c. he died at Aleria in Corsica, 1493.—STEEVENS.

definite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and in its true proportions; a close approach shows the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could ac-

cumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comick wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

*'Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.'*"

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick: and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

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# **THE TEMPEST.**





# THE TEMPEST.

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THERE was no edition of this play previous to the first folio of the Author's works, in 1623.—It was one of the very latest of his productions : Mr. Malone supposes it to have been written in the year 1611 ;—but it was most probably produced in the latter part of 1612, or the beginning of 1613, as we find from Mr. Vertue's MSS. that it “ was acted by John Heming and the rest of the King's company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.”—The Prince Palatine was married to the Lady Elizabeth in February 1613, and this exquisite poem, which relates the loves of a young prince and princess, and introduces a pageant of spirits to crown them with

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing.

was not improbably composed on the occasion of their royal nuptials ; as we know that it made a part of the splendid festivities in celebration of them. Mr. Malone imagines in this play a reference to the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the Island of Bermuda. I cannot follow him in tracing the resemblance.—It is difficult to perceive the connexion between a tempest in the Mediterranean and a hurricane in the Atlantic ;—or between the wreck of an English ship, with her crew of adventurous navigators on the coast of Bermuda, and the loss of an Italian vessel, conveying the king of Naples and the duke of Milan from a royal marriage in Tunis, on an imaginary island near the coast of Africa.—The only circumstance I can discover in the accounts of Sir George Somers's shipwreck, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his mind in writing this play, is the only circumstance that none of the commentators have noticed, though it is related in a volume to which they have all referred, viz. *Stith's History of Virginia*.—The assumption of royal authority by Stephano, and the scenes between that character and Caliban and Trinculo, may have been suggested by the event related in the following passage.—When Sir George Somers left the Island of Bermuda in the year 1699, “ Christopher Carter, Edward Waters and Edward Chard remained behind. Sir George's vessel being once out of sight, these three lords, and sole inhabitants of all these islands, began to erect their little commonwealth, with equal power and brotherly regency, building a house, preparing the ground, planting their corn, and such seeds and fruits as they had, and providing other necessaries and conveniences. Then making search among the crannies and corners of those craggy rocks, what the ocean, from the world's creation had thrown up among them, besides divers smaller pieces, they happened upon the largest block of Ambergris, that had ever been seen or heard of in one lump. It weighed fourscore pounds, and is said, itself alone, besides the others, to have been then worth nine or ten thousand pounds. And now being rich, they grew so rioty and ambitious, that these three forlorn men, above three thousand miles from their native country, and with little probability of ever seeing it

again, fell out for the superiority and rule ; and their competition and quarrel grew so high, that Chard and Waters, being of the greater spirit, had appointed to decide the matter in the field. But Carter wisely stopped their arms, choosing rather to bear with such troublesome rivals, than, by being rid of them, to live alone."—*Stith's Virginia*, p. 120.—If Shakspeare in composing his play had any recollection of the above event, *The Tempest* could not have been written till after the year 1612, when the story was brought to England by Captain Matthew Somers. This gentleman was nephew of Sir George Somers ; he accompanied his uncle both in his first and second visit to the Bermudas, and, after his death on the Island, returned to England with the body.

Collins the poet informed Thomas Warton, that the subject of this play was taken from a novel called Aurelio and Isabella ; but this information has proved to be incorrect.—The memory of Collins became confused in his last melancholy illness, and he probably gave the name of one novel for another.—A circumstance which he added, may perhaps lead to the discovery of the real tale:—the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakspeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit, like Ariel, to perform his services.—Mr. Boswell relates, that a friend of his had met with an Italian novel which corresponded with Collins's description.

Malone, Steevens, and Blackstone have discovered, in the following words from the *Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*—"If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it?" an allusion to the character of Caliban, and another proof of that malignity against our Author which they have chosen to impute to the great contemporary and personal friend of Shakspeare.—This subject is fully discussed in the Life prefixed to the present edition, and only mentioned here, to shew on how slight authority this absurd falsehood has been propagated ; and as another instance to prove, that to the theories of a commentator, as to the dreams of jealousy, "trifles light as air, are confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.\*

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ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN,        }  
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

*Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,                }  
CERES,             }  
JUNO,               }  
Nymphs,           }  
Reapers,          } *Spirits.*

*Other Spirits attending on Prospero.*

*Scene, the Sea, with a Ship; afterward an uninhabited Island.*

\* This enumeration of persons is taken from the folio 1623.



# TEMPEST.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.*

*A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.*

*Mast.* BOATSWAIN,—

*Boats.* Here, Master : What cheer ?

*Mast.* Good : speak to the mariners : fall to't yarely,<sup>a</sup>  
or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts ; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ;  
yare, yare : take in the top-sail ; Tend to the master's  
whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind,<sup>b</sup> if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,  
GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour.—  
Keep your cabins.—You do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence ! What care these  
roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence : trouble  
us not.

*Gon.* Good ; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are

<sup>a</sup> — yarely,] i. e. readily, nimbly.

<sup>b</sup> Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!] The boatswain here alludes to the manner in which the wind is represented in old prints and pictures, and addressing him as a real being, says that he may blow till his lungs are rent—till he is broken-winded—if there were but sea-room enough.—  
STEEVENS and SEYMOUR.

a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,<sup>c</sup> we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts. Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

*Gon.*<sup>d</sup> I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course.<sup>e</sup> [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work, you then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him from drowning: though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.<sup>f</sup>

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold:<sup>g</sup> set her two courses:<sup>h</sup> off to sea again, lay her off.

<sup>c</sup> ——— of the present,] i. e. of the present instant.

<sup>d</sup> *Gonzalo.*] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> ——— bring her to try with main-course.] This phrase occurs in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a Ship in a Storme*: "Let us lie at *Trie* with our main course; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard."—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> ——— unstanched,] this word means both leaky and incontinent.

<sup>g</sup> *Lay her a-hold, a-hold:*] i. e. bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.—STEEVENS.

<sup>h</sup> ——— Set her two courses:] The courses are the main-sail and fore-sail.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist  
For our case is as theirs. [*them,*

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—  
This wide-chapped rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie  
The washing of ten tides! [*drowning,*

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet;  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut him.<sup>i</sup>

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us! We split, we  
split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother!  
We split, we split, we split!—

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for  
an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any  
thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a  
dry death. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have<sup>k</sup>  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer!—A brave vessel  
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces!—O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd

<sup>i</sup>——to glut him.] To swallow him.

<sup>k</sup> It is remarked by Dr. Warton in the *Adventurer*, Number 93, that by this first line of *Miranda*, the Poet has artfully acquainted us with the magical power of *Prospero*.

Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er<sup>1</sup>  
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and  
The freighting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected;  
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day! no harm?<sup>m</sup>—

*Pro.* I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better<sup>n</sup>  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.<sup>o</sup>

*Pro.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;  
[Lays down his Mantle.  
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as a hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.—  
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

*Mira.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd

<sup>1</sup> — or e'er,] i. e. sooner than.—In which sense the elder authors constantly employ these two words.

<sup>m</sup> — no harm?] In attributing this exclamation to Miranda, I have ventured to make an alteration in the text, which, I believe, every reader has discovered the propriety of, and Dr. Johnson considered as desirable.

<sup>n</sup> — more better.] Mr. Todd shews that Steevens was wrong in calling this mode of expression ungrammatical.—“Formerly,” he says, “a double degree of comparison was used, as *most basest*, by Sir Thomas More; *most affablest*, by Ben Jonson; *most straitest*, Acts xxvi. 5; *more braver*, by Shakspeare.”—Notes to the Grammar of Todd's Dictionary.

<sup>o</sup> — meddle with my thoughts.] Trouble my thoughts.



And left me to a bootless inquisition ;

Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

*Pro.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;  
Obey, and be attentive.—Can'st thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou can'st ; for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.<sup>p</sup>

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what ? by any other house, or person ?  
Of any thing the image tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis far off ;  
And rather like a dream, than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not  
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda : But how is it,  
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time ?  
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,<sup>q</sup>  
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was duke of Milan ; and his only heir  
A princess no worse issued.<sup>t</sup>

*Mira.* O, the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?  
Or blessed was't, we did ?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl ;

<sup>p</sup> Out three years old.] Quite three years old.

<sup>q</sup> Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since.] The word years is in the first instance used as a dissyllable, and afterward as a monosyllable.—This license was common in the age of Shakspeare.—In Sidney's *Arcadia* are the following lines.

And shall she die?—Shall cruel fier kill

Those beames that set so many hearts on fire?—STEELENS.

<sup>t</sup> — no worse issued.] Of the same high descent.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;  
But blessedly help hither.

*Mira.*

O, my heart bleeds

To think o'the teen<sup>u</sup> that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,  
Through all the signiories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed  
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel : those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mira.*

Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom  
To trash for over-topping :<sup>x</sup> new created  
The creatures that were mine ; I say, or chang'd them,  
Or else new-form'd them ; having both the key<sup>y</sup>  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th'state,  
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not :

*Mira.* O good sir, I do.

*Pro.*

I pray thee, mark me,

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,

<sup>u</sup> — teen]—sorrow.

<sup>x</sup> To trash] i. e. to keep back.—A trash is a term still in use among hunters, and signifies a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack, and he over-tops them.

<sup>y</sup> — key]—for tuning the spinet or virginal, now called a tuning-hammer.

Like a good parent,<sup>z</sup> did beget of him  
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,  
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie,<sup>a</sup>—he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke ; out of the substitution,  
 And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition  
 Growing,—Dost hear ?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd,  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan : Me, poor man !—my library  
 Was dukedom large enough ;<sup>b</sup> of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable : confederates  
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan !)  
 To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens !

*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event : then tell me,  
 If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sin  
 To think but nobly of my grandmother :  
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

<sup>z</sup> Like a good parent, &c.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxa.*

JONSON.

<sup>a</sup> ————— like one,  
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie,]

This sentence is involved. *Lie* is the correlative to which it refers ; the meaning is this—"Antonio, like one, who having made his memory such a sinner to truth, as to credit his own lie by the habit of telling it,—from fulfilling the offices of the duke, began to believe himself the duke."

<sup>b</sup> Large enough,] i. e. large enough for. This elliptical form of expression is common with our author—in Henry the Eighth we have,

————— Whoever the king removes  
 The cardinal instantly will find employment. [*for*]

*Pro.*

Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy  
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;  
 Which was, that he in lieu o'the premises,—  
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—  
 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
 Out of the dukedom ; and confer fair Milan,  
 With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon,  
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
 The gates of Milan ; and, i'the dead of darkness,  
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
 Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.*

Alack, for pity !

I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,  
 Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint,  
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pro.*

Hear a little farther,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
 Which now's upon us ; without the which, this story  
 Were most impertinent.

*Mira.*

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us ?

*Pro.*

Well demanded, wench ;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not ;  
 (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set  
 A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;  
 Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd  
 A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats  
 Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,  
 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh  
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.*

Alack ! what trouble

Was I then to you !

*Pro.*

O ! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,—  
When I have deck'd the sea<sup>c</sup> with drops full salt ;  
Under my burden groan'd,—which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach,<sup>d</sup> to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.*

How came we ashore ?

*Pro.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this design,) did give us ; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From my own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.*

'Would I might

But ever see that man !

*Pro.*

Now I arise :—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived ; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray you, sir,  
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason  
For raising this sea-storm ?

*Pro.*

Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,  
Now my dear lady,<sup>e</sup> hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star ; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions ;

<sup>c</sup> — deck'd the sea,] *deck*, and to *degg*, are words in daily use in the north of England, in the sense of to sprinkle. REED.—May not this contested word be a misprint for *dew'd*?

<sup>d</sup> — undergoing stomach,]—i. e. an enduring courage ; *stomach*, which is generally employed in a bad sense, for *stubbornness of spirit*, is here used in a good sense, for *fortitude and resolution*.

<sup>e</sup> My good lady,—My auspicious mistress.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way ;—I know thou can'st not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come : I am ready now ;  
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality.<sup>f</sup>

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point<sup>g</sup> the tempest that I bade thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,<sup>h</sup>  
Now in the waist,<sup>i</sup> the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement : Sometimes, I'd divide,  
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O'the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-out-running were not : The fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me. The king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, *Hell is empty,*  
*And all the devils are here.*

<sup>f</sup>—all his quality.] i. e. all his compeers.

<sup>g</sup>—to point,] i. e. exactly ; translated from the French *à point*.

<sup>h</sup>—the beak,] The forecastle.

<sup>i</sup>—the waist,] The part of the vessel between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit !  
 But was not this nigh shore ?  
*Ari.* Close by, my master.  
*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?  
*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
 But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,  
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :  
 The king's son have I landed by himself ;  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
 His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
 The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,  
 And all the rest o'the fleet ?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
 Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes<sup>k</sup> there she's hid :  
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o'the fleet,  
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;  
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,<sup>l</sup>  
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
 And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :  
 What is the time o'the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season,  
 At least two glasses.<sup>m</sup>

<sup>k</sup> — *still-ver'd Bermoothes.*] The epithet *still-ver'd* refers to the troubled and agitated state of the sea, round the Bermudas.—“ They had, at all times, been infamous and terrible to mariners for the wreck of many Spanish, Dutch, and French vessels ; they were, therefore, with the usual elegance of the sea style, called by many the *Isle of Devils*, and were esteemed the hell and purgatory of seamen, the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorn place in the world.”—*Stith's History of Virginia*, p. 114.

<sup>l</sup> — *flote,*] wave, from the French *flot*.

<sup>m</sup> *At least two glasses.*] These words, in the old copies are given to Prospero, an arrangement which represented him as answering his own question.—In attributing them to Ariel, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Upton.

*Pro.* The time 'twixt six and now,  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ari.* Is there more toil?—Since thou dost give me  
pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moody?  
What is't thou can'st demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more.

*Ari.* I pray thee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget<sup>n</sup>  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st

<sup>n</sup> *Dost thou forget*—] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

— *thou wast a spirit too delicate*  
*To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The black art, or knowledge of enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*), one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Men who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*—JOHNSON.



It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep ;  
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;  
 To do me business in the veins o'the earth,  
 When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou forgot  
 The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,  
 Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast : Where was she born ?  
 speak ; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.<sup>o</sup>

*Pro.* O, was she so ? I must,  
 Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,  
 For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
 To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
 Thou know'st, was banish'd ; for one thing she did,<sup>p</sup>  
 They would not take her life : Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
 And here was left by the sailors : Thou, my slave,  
 As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :  
 And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
 Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
 By help of her more potent ministers,  
 And in her most unmitigable rage,  
 Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
 A dozen years ; within which space she died,  
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans,  
 As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island,

<sup>o</sup> — in Argier.] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*.

<sup>p</sup> — for one thing she did.] Mr. Boswell very justly remarks upon these words, that they support the supposition of Shakspeare's having taken the subject of this play from some popular story of his time, in which the circumstance that saved the life of Sycorax was related, but to which Shakspeare has not thought it necessary to allude.—In a recent number of the *London Magazine*, it is suggested, that the *one thing* which saved the life of Sycorax was her pregnancy, as it was in all countries illegal to put witches to death in that state.

(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes ; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master :

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so ; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master !  
What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

*Pro.* Go, make thyself like to a nymph o'the sea ;<sup>a</sup>  
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible  
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in't : hence, with diligence. [*Exit ARIEL.*  
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;  
Awake !

*Mira.* The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off : Come on ;  
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
Yields us a kind answer.

<sup>a</sup> Steevens complains that there is not a sufficient cause for Ariel's assuming this shape, since he was to be invisible to all eyes but his.—There is no such inconsistency.—Ariel is to assume a disguise which may prevent his being known by any other eye than Prospero's, as his ministering angel.—*LORD CHEDWORTH.*

*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him :<sup>r</sup> he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices  
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !  
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

*Cal.* [*within.*] There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth, I say ; there's other business for thee :  
Come forth, thou tortoise ! when ?<sup>s</sup>

*Re-enter ARIEL, like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition ! my quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

*Enter CALIBAN.*<sup>t</sup>

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er.

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins<sup>u</sup>

<sup>r</sup> *We cannot miss him :*] We cannot do without him.

<sup>s</sup> — *when ?*] This expression of impatience is not unfrequent in our old dramas, we have it in Julius Cæsar, "When, Decius, when ?"

<sup>t</sup> *Dr. Farmer* has observed, that the name of Caliban is formed from transposing the letters of the word canibal.—I cannot here forbear presenting the reader with *M. Schlegel's* admirable description of this earth-born monster : "Caliban est une espèce de singe lourd et épais, auquel le langage humain et un peu de raisonnement ont été prêtés. Il est lâche, faux, servile, il se réjouit du mal, et cependant il ne ressemble point à ces scélérats de la lie du peuple que Shakspear a peints quelquefois. Il est rude, mais il n'est pas vulgaire. Il est, dans son genre un être poétique. Il semble qu'il ait saisi tout ce qu'il y a dans le langage de dissonant, de dur, de déchirant pour en composer son vocabulaire, de même qu'il n'a empreint son imagination que de ce qui est nuisible, repoussant et mesquinement informe, dans l'immense variété de la nature. Le monde magique des esprits, rassemblés par la baguette de Prospero, n'a jeté qu'une faible réverbération dans son âme, comme un rayon de lumière, qui tombe dans une caverne obscure, ne peut ni l'éclairer ni la rechauffer, et ne fait qu'en élever des vapeurs pestilentiellles. Toute la peinture de ce monstre est d'une vérité profonde et soutenue, et malgré la difformité de l'objet, elle n'a rien qui blesse le sentiment, parce que la dignité de la nature humaine ne s'y trouve point compromise."—*Cours de Litterature Dramatique*, vol. iii. p. 41, 42.

<sup>u</sup> — *urchins*]—Beings of the fairy race, and apparently of a malevolent nature.—The word urchin is perhaps synonymous with elf. It is frequently applied to mischievous children.—It is very evident, from the context, that in

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,"  
 All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
 As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
 Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
 This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
 Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me  
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,  
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;  
 Curs'd be I that I did so!<sup>x</sup>—All the charms  
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
 For I am all the subjects that you have,  
 Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me  
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
 The rest of the island.

*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,  
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,  
 Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
 In mine own cell, till thou did'st seek to violate  
 The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!  
 Thou did'st prevent me; I had peopled else  
 This isle with Calibans.

*Pro.* Abhorred slave;  
 Which any print of goodness will not take,  
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

this place the word could never mean hedgehog, as some of the commentators have interpreted it.

<sup>u</sup> ——— *for that vast of night that they may work,*] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste.—So in Hamlet:

“in the dead waste and middle of the night.”

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others.—STEEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> *Curs'd be I that I did so!*] I have adopted the reading of the second folio.

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
 One thing or other : when thou did'st not, savage,  
 Know thine own meaning,<sup>y</sup> but would'st gabble like  
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
 With words that made them known : But thy vile race,<sup>z</sup>  
 Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good natures  
 Could not abide to be with : therefore wast thou  
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
 Who had'st deserv'd more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language ; and my profit on't  
 Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,<sup>a</sup>  
 For learning me your language !

*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence !  
 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best,  
 To answer other business.—Shrug'st thou, malice ?—  
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;  
 Fill all thy bones with aches ;<sup>b</sup> make thee roar  
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee !—  
 I must obey : his art is of such power, [*Aside.*]  
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,<sup>c</sup>  
 And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave ; hence !  
 [*Exit CALIBAN.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing ; FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands :*

<sup>y</sup> *Know thine own meaning.*] The following expression of Addison's, in 389th paper of the Spectator, may prove the best comment on this passage. "The Hottentots having no language among them, but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.—STEEVENS.

<sup>z</sup> — *race,*]—in this place signifies nature—or inborn qualities.

<sup>a</sup> — *the red plague rid you,*] The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*.—STEEVENS. The word *rid*, means to *destroy*.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *aches ;*] This word is here written as a dissyllable, and was commonly pronounced as such even so late as the time of Swift,—who writes,

"Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage."—*City Shower.*

<sup>c</sup> — *my dam's god, Setebos,*] Mr. Warner has observed, on the authority of John Barbot, that "the Patagons are reported to dread a great horned devil called *Setebos*."—FARMER. We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons.—TOLLET.

*Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,<sup>d</sup>*

*(The wild waves whist,)<sup>e</sup>*

*Foot it featly here and there ;*

*And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

*Hark, hark !*

*Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.*

*[dispersedly.*

*The watch-dogs bark :*

*Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.*

*[dispersedly.*

*Hark, hark ! I hear*

*The strain of strutting chanticlere*

*Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be ? i'the air, or the earth ?  
It sounds no more :—and sure it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters ;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;<sup>f</sup>*

*Of his bones are coral made ;*

*Those are pearls, that were his eyes :*

*Nothing of him that doth fade,*

*But doth suffer a sea-change*

*Into something rich and strange.*

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

*Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

*[Burden ding-dong.*

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—

<sup>d</sup> *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,]* As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances.—

<sup>e</sup> *"I were unmannerly to take you out  
And not to kiss you."—Henry Eighth.*

<sup>f</sup> *The wild waves whist,]*—being silent.

<sup>g</sup> *Full fathom five thy father lies ; &c.]* The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres, or Ballads*, published at Oxford, 1660, that "*Full fathom five*," and "*Where the bee sucks*," had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer, contemporary with Shakespeare.—BURNBY.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses  
As we have, such : This gallant, which thou seest,  
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd  
With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st call him  
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*  
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer  
May know, if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here : My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid or no?<sup>h</sup>

*Mira.* No wonder, sir;  
But, certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How! the best?  
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples : He does hear me;  
And that he does, I weep : myself am Naples;

<sup>g</sup> — owes:]—owns.

<sup>h</sup> — maid or no?—This is the reading of the three first folios; in the fourth, *made* was printed by mistake. This error was fancifully supported by Warburton, and continued by Malone.

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mira.*

Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,  
And his brave son,<sup>i</sup> being twain.

*Pro.*

The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,<sup>k</sup>  
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [Aside.  
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong:<sup>l</sup> a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for.—Pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.*

O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pro.*

Soft, sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [Aside.  
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st<sup>m</sup> not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.*

No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.*

Follow me.—

[To FERD.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

<sup>i</sup> — his brave son,] We here meet with another proof, that this play was taken from some novel, in which the son of the duke of Milan was one of the characters; but whom Shakspeare appears to have rejected as unnecessary to his plot.—No such personage appears.

<sup>k</sup> — control thee,] Confute, or unanswerably contradict thee.

<sup>l</sup> — done yourself some wrong:]—uttered a falsehood, and thus wronged your honour.

<sup>m</sup> — ow'st]—own'st.



Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled ; Follow.

*Fer.* No ;

I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*]

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.<sup>a</sup>

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor ! Put thy sword up, traitor ;  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt : come ; from thy ward ;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father !

*Pro.* Hence ; hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity ;  
I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence ! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !  
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish wench !  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on ; obey : [*To FERD.*]  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.<sup>a</sup>  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

<sup>a</sup> — not fearful.] i. e. courageous.

<sup>a</sup> My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams ; when we struggle, but cannot run, strike, &c.—WARBURTON.

Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o'the earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works :—Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—

[*To FERD. and MIR.*

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

[*To ARIEL.*

*Mira.*

Be of comfort ;

My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.*

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds ; but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.*

To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow : speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* 'Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss ; Our hint of woe<sup>p</sup>  
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant,<sup>q</sup> and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

<sup>p</sup> — *hint of woe*] Any danger from which one has escaped, may very properly be termed a *hint of woe*.—M. MASON.

<sup>q</sup> *The masters of some merchant, &c.*] Thus the old copy. If the passage be not corrupt, (as I suspect it is), we must suppose that by *masters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant ship, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been trusted. I suppose, however, that our author wrote—

“The *mistress* of some merchant,” &c.

*Mistress* was anciently spelt—*maistresse* or *maistres*. Hence, perhaps, arose the present typographical error.—STEEVENS. I have given Mr. Steevens's note entire, though the line appears to me to be perfectly correct as it stands. The *masters* I understand to mean ship-owners ; the *merchant* is the person hired to navigate their vessel, and conduct their traffic.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor<sup>r</sup> will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;  
By and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One :—Tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him indeed ; you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fye, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Alon.* I pr'ythee spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done : But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian,<sup>r</sup> for a good wager,  
first begins to crow ?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done : the wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So, you've pay'd.<sup>s</sup>

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

<sup>r</sup> The visitor —] Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick.—JONSON.

<sup>s</sup> —you've pay'd.] The meaning is this : Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian, that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian had said, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet.—M. MASON.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.<sup>t</sup>

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.<sup>u</sup>

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush<sup>w</sup> and lusty the grass looks? how green?

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.<sup>x</sup>

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord how you take it!

<sup>t</sup> —and delicate temperance.] or temperature.—STEEVENS.

<sup>u</sup> Temperance was a delicate wench.] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.—STEEVENS.

<sup>w</sup> How lush, &c.] Lush here signifies rank.

<sup>x</sup> With an eye of green in't.] An eye is a small shade of colour.—STEEVENS.

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that : She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.<sup>y</sup>

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense : 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd

<sup>y</sup> — the miraculous harp.] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.—  
STELVENS.

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him ; I not doubt,  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss ;  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African ;  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd,<sup>2</sup> between lothness and obedience, at  
Which end o'the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,  
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them. The fault's  
Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather ?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king of it, What would I do ?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* I'the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,

<sup>2</sup> *Weigh'd,*]—deliberated.

And use of service, none : contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :<sup>a</sup>  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :  
 No occupation ; all men idle, all ;  
 And women too ; but innocent and pure :  
 No sovereignty :<sup>b</sup>—

*Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.<sup>c</sup>

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavour ; treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,  
 Of its own kind, all foizon,<sup>d</sup> all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle ; whores, and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
 To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir ?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness ; and did it to  
 minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible  
 and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at  
 nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

<sup>a</sup> I have given the text according to Malone's edition, which is also that of the first folio.

<sup>b</sup> Shakspeare has here closely followed a passage in Montaigne's Essays, translated by John Florio, fol. 1603:—" It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of trafficke, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superioritie ; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle ; no respect of kindred, but common ; no apparel, but nature ; no use of corn, wine, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard among them."—This passage was pointed out by Mr. Capel. Montaigne is speaking of a newly-discovered country, which he calls "Antartick France."

<sup>c</sup> The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended.—WARRINGTON.

— all foizon,] *Foison*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas* ; and sometimes moisture, or juice of grass.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given ?

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle : you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.<sup>e</sup>*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.]*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you : wondrous heavy.—

*[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]*

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Ant.* It is the quality o'the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more :—  
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

<sup>e</sup> Enter Ariel, &c. *playing solemn music.*] This stage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himself was the *fidicen* ; but that solemn music attended his appearance, or was an accompaniment to his entry.—STEEVENS.



What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,  
Trebles thee o'er.<sup>f</sup>

*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it!<sup>g</sup> Ebbing men, indeed,

<sup>f</sup> *I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,*

Trebles thee o'er.] The meaning of this passage seems to be—You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow it, will in the end make you thrice what you are. Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but being made a king by Antonio's contrivance (would be, according to our author's idea of greatness), thrice the man he was before. In this sense he would be trebled o'er.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> *If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,*

*You more invest it!]* A judicious critic, in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage. "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies. 'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'—STEVENS.

Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee say on :  
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir :  
Although this lord of weak remembrance,<sup>h</sup> this  
(Who shall be of as little memory,  
When he is earth'd), hath here almost persuaded  
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,  
Professes to persuade<sup>i</sup>) the king, his son's alive ;  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he is undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,<sup>k</sup>  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis : she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples  
Can have no note ; unless the sun were post  
(The man i'the moon's too slow), till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable ; she, from whom<sup>l</sup>  
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;

<sup>h</sup> ——— *this lord of weak remembrance.*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering ; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things.—JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> *For he's a spirit of persuasion only,*  
*Professes to persuade.*] The obscurity in this passage arises from a misconception of the word *he's*, which is not an abbreviation of *he is*, but of *he has* ; and from the elliptical omission of *who* before *professes*.—M. MASON.

<sup>k</sup> ——— *a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> ——— *she, from whom—*] i. e. in coming from *whom*.—MALONE.

And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this ?—How say you ?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis :  
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*  
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake !—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are : There be, that can rule Naples,  
As well as he that sleeps ; lords, that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make  
A chough<sup>m</sup> of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune ?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True :  
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;  
Much feater than before : My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience—

*Ant.* Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it were a kybe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feel not  
This deity in my bosom ; twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead :  
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put

<sup>m</sup> A chough — ] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind.

This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;  
And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together :  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word.  
[*They converse apart.*]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,  
(For else his projects die,) to keep them living.<sup>a</sup>  
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie  
Open-ey'd conspiracy  
His time doth take :  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware ;  
Awake ! Awake !*

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king ! [*They awake.*]

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho ! awake ! Why are you drawn ?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

<sup>a</sup> (*For else his projects die*), to keep them living.] i. e. he has sent me forth to keep his projects alive, which else would be destroyed by the murder of Gonzalo.—MALONE.

• — drawn?] Having your swords drawn.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;  
To make an earthquake ! sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :  
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd ; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn :—there was a noise,  
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard ;  
Or that we quit this place ; let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground ; and let's make farther search  
For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i'the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done :  
[*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood.*

*A noise of Thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid them ; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me :  
Sometimes like apes, that moe<sup>p</sup> and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their prick at my foot-fall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
Do hiss me into madness :—Lo ! now ! lo !

<sup>p</sup> — that moe, &c.] i. e. make mouths.

*Enter* TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me,  
For bringing wood in slowly ; I'll fall flat ;  
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i'the wind : yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard<sup>a</sup> that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head ; yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, (as once I was), and had but this fish painted,<sup>r</sup> not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver ; there would this monster make a man :<sup>s</sup> any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.<sup>t</sup> Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o'my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas ! the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ;<sup>u</sup> there is no other shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with

<sup>a</sup> — *bumbard*]—A tankard.—Prince Henry calls Falstaff a huge *bumbard* of sack.—Mr. Upton's proposition of reading *full* for *foul*, is perhaps right.

<sup>r</sup> — *this fish painted*,]—To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author.—In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, MS. we find, “A license to James Seale, to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3d of September, 1632.”—MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *make a man* ;] That is, make a man's fortune.—JOHNSON.

<sup>t</sup> — *dead Indian*.] This perhaps alludes to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher. Queen Elizabeth's original instructions to him, MS. “concerning his voyage to Cathaia,” &c. contain the following article :—

“You shall not bring home above three or four persons of that country, the which shall be of divers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may, but avoid offence to that people.”—The fate of the first savage taken by him, in compliance with this command, is ascertained.—“Whereupon when the savage found himself in captivitie, for very choler and disdain, he bit his tongue in twain within his mouth : notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived until he came in *Englande*, and then he died of cold which he had taken at sea.”—STEEVENS.

<sup>u</sup> — *his gaberdine* ;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant. Spanish, *gaberdina*.—STEEVENS.

strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his hand.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore ;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral :  
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

*The master, the swabber,\* the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate :  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang :  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch ;  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too : But here's my comfort. [Drinks.

*Cal. Do not torment me : O !*

*Ste. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde ? Ha ! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.*

*Cal. The spirit torments me : O !*

*Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs ; who hath got, as I take it, an ague : Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that.—If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.*

*Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee ;  
I'll bring my wood home faster.*

*Ste. He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never*

\* — swabber,]—deck-sweeper.

drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit : if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much<sup>w</sup> for him : he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling ;<sup>x</sup>  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth : here is that which will give language to you, cat ;<sup>y</sup> open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice : It should be—But he is drowned ; and these are devils : O ! defend me !—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice<sup>z</sup> now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come,—Amen !<sup>a</sup> I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.<sup>b</sup>

*Trin.* Stephano !—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed : How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? Can he vent Trinculos ?

<sup>w</sup> — *I will not take too much for him :*] However great the price for which I sell him, it will not be too much.

<sup>x</sup> — *I know it by thy trembling ;*] This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act IV. Scene IV. “Mark how he trembles in his extacy.”—STEEVENS.

<sup>y</sup> — *cat ;*]—in allusion to the old proverb, *Good liquor will make a cat speak.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>z</sup> — *His forward voice, &c.*] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner.—So, in Penelope's Web, by Greene, 1601: “Fame hath two faces, readie as well to backbite as to flatter.”—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *Amen !*] i. e. stop your draught—come to a conclusion.—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.*—STEEVENS.



*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke :—  
But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou  
art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me  
under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm :  
And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is  
not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor :  
I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape? how cam'st thou hither?  
swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped  
upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard,  
by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with  
mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy  
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here, swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim  
like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book : Though thou canst swim like  
a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by  
the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf?  
how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o'the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man  
in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;  
My mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book : I will furnish  
it anon with new contents : swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow mon-  
ster :—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster :—The man  
i'the moon?—a most poor credulous monster : Well drawn,  
monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'the island;  
And I will kiss thy foot : I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster : when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then ; down and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster : a most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* — but that the poor monster's in drink : An abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wond'rous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster ; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-mells<sup>c</sup> from the rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here ; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master : farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish :

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish ;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

<sup>c</sup> — sea-mells] The old reading was scamels. Mr. Theobald very judiciously corrected it to sea-mells ; which, in Lincolnshire, is the name applied to all the smaller species of Gulls.—MALONE. Perhaps the author's word was sea-mew.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day,  
freedom !

*Ste.* O brave monster ! lead the way. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful ; and their labour  
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed :  
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such baseness  
Had ne'er like executor.—I forget.<sup>d</sup>—  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;  
Most busy-less, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.*

*Mira.* Alas, now ! pray you  
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile !  
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you : My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,

<sup>d</sup> — *I forget.*] Perhaps he means to say, *I forget my task* ; but whatever be the sense and or for would seem more proper in the next line than *but*.—  
MALONE.

I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature :  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art infected ;  
This visitation shews it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress : 'tis fresh morning with me,  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers),  
What is your name ?

*Mira.* Miranda :—O my father,  
I have broke your hest<sup>e</sup> to say so !

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda !  
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women ; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil : But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Mira.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty  
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you ;

<sup>e</sup> — hest —] For behest ; i. e. command.

Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;  
 (I would, not so!) and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery, than to suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak;—  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service; there resides.  
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake,  
 Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
 And crown what I profess with kind event,  
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert  
 What best is boded me, to mischief! I,  
 Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,<sup>f</sup>  
 Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool,  
 To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.* Fair encounter  
 Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
 On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
 What I desire to give; and much less take,  
 What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;  
 And all the more it seeks<sup>g</sup> to hide itself,  
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning  
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

<sup>f</sup> — of what else i'the world,] i. e. of aught else, of whatsoever else there is in the world.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — it seeks,] i. e. her love seeks.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand! thousand!  
[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*]

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;  
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following  
with a bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink  
water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board  
'em:<sup>h</sup> Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They  
say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them;  
if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes  
are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave  
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack:  
for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I  
could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and  
on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster,  
or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>h</sup> — bear up, and board 'em:] A metaphor alluding to a chase at sea.—SIR  
J. HAWKINS.

<sup>i</sup> — or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.] There is a quibble here  
between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree that grows without sup-  
port.—STEEVENS.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou deboshed fish thou,<sup>k</sup> was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased To hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant. A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of this island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle:

<sup>k</sup> — thou deboshed [fish thou,] the same as debauched.—STEEVENS.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
 Revenge it on him—for, I know thou dar'st;  
 But this thing dare not,

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou  
 bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep.  
 Where thou mayest knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not,

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this?<sup>1</sup> Thou scurvy patch!—  
 I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
 And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,  
 He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him  
 Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the  
 monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I'll turn my  
 mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you  
 like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and  
 hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and  
 drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil  
 take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther  
 off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,  
 I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
 I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,  
 Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

<sup>1</sup> *What a pied ninny's this?*] It should be remembered, that *Trinculo* is no sailor, but a jester; and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ*. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters.—STEEVENS.



Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,  
 First to possess his books; for without them  
 He's but a sot, as I am,<sup>m</sup> nor hath not  
 One spirit to command: They all do hate him,  
 As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;  
 He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)  
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
 And that most deeply to consider, is  
 The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
 Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman.  
 But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
 As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.  
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I  
 will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo  
 and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot.  
 Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but,  
 while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;  
 Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch<sup>n</sup>  
 You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any rea-  
 son: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

<sup>m</sup> ——— Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am,] In the old romances the sorcerer is always furnished with a book, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to summon to his aid whatever daemons or spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceases. Our author might have observed this circumstance much insisted on in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo: and also in Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.—MALONE.

<sup>n</sup> ——— troll the catch—] To troll a catch, is to dismiss it trippingly from the tongue.—STEEVENS.

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em, and skout 'em, and flout 'em ;  
Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.<sup>o</sup>

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, tak't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins !

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee :—Mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Art thou afeard ?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches  
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,  
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away : let's follow it, and after, do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer : he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.<sup>p</sup> [Exeunt.

<sup>o</sup> — *the picture of No-body.*] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs, but the allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body and Some-body* ; without date, but printed before the year 1600.—MALONE.

<sup>p</sup> *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The words—*Wilt come?* should be added to Stephano's speech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's answer.—RITSON.

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the Island.**Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin,<sup>a</sup> I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange Music; and PROSPERO above, invisible.<sup>1</sup> Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

*Seb.* A living drollery:<sup>2</sup> Now I will believe,

<sup>a</sup> *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin.—STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *invisible.*] In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men,—(i. e. company of comedians), 1598, was, "a robe for to goo invisibell."

<sup>2</sup> *A living drollery.*] Shows, called drolleries, were in Shakspeare's time

That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne ;<sup>t</sup> one phœnix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders,  
(For, certes, these are people of the island),  
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pro.* Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present,  
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,<sup>u</sup>  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue), a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing.<sup>v</sup> [*Aside.*

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind ; for we have sto-  
machs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear : when we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,<sup>w</sup>

performed by puppets only.—STEEVENS. *A living drollery*, i. e. a drollery not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive.—MALONE.

<sup>t</sup> — *one tree, the phœnix' throne ;*] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : "*Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix sits."—MALONE.

<sup>u</sup> — *too much muse*,] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> *Praise in departing*,] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.—STEEVENS.

<sup>w</sup> — *that there were mountaineers*, &c.] Whoever is curious to know the particulars of these mountaineers, may consult Maundeville's Travels, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde ; it is still a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such tumours.—STEEVENS.

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them  
 Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,  
 Whose heads stood in their breasts?<sup>x</sup> which now we find,  
 Each putter-out of one for five,<sup>y</sup> will bring us  
 Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
 The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,  
 Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny  
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,<sup>z</sup>  
 And what is in't), the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this island  
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
 [Seeing ALON. SER. &c. draw their swords  
 And even with such like valour, men hang and drown  
 Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of fate; the elements,  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

<sup>x</sup> *Whose heads stood in their breasts.*] This intelligence our author might have received from Pliny, b. v. c. 3: 'The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts.'—STEEVENS.—Or he might have received it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1593: "On that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."—MALONE.

<sup>y</sup> ——— *putter out of one for five*] This is the correction of Malone—and is approved by Mr. Gifford, *Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 72. The old copy reads "each putter out of five for one." In the travelling age of Shakspeare it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving it back trebled, quadrupled, or as here quintupled, on the completion of their expedition. To this there are innumerable allusions in our old writers. In the *Ball*, by Shirley, it forms a principal incident of the play.—As voyages became more frequent, and the dangers of them consequently better understood, the odds fell; and the adventurers were content to take three to one upon their return.—This note is from Mr. Gifford's edition of *Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. p. 72.

<sup>z</sup> *(That hath to instrument this lower world, &c.)* i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its instruments to bring about its ends.

One dowle that's in my plume ;<sup>a</sup> my fellow-ministers  
 Are like invulnerable : if you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
 And will not be uplifted : But remember  
 (For that's my business to you), that you three  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
 Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
 Against your peace : Thee, of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,  
 Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death  
 Can be at once), shall step by step attend  
 You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from  
 (Which, here, in this most desolate isle ; else falls  
 Upon your heads), is nothing, but heart's sorrow,  
 And a clear life ensuing.<sup>b</sup>

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,<sup>c</sup> and carry out the table.*

*Pro. [aside.]* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring : Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated, In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life, And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done :<sup>d</sup> my high charms work, And these, mine enemies, are all knit up In their distractions : they now are in my power ; And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit

<sup>a</sup> — dowle *that's in my plume* ;] a dowle is the single particle of the down of a feather.

<sup>b</sup> — but heart's sorrow,

*And a clear life ensuing.*] i. e. repentance and subsequent purity of life.

<sup>c</sup> — mops and mowes ;] These words appear synonymous, they imply to make antics and grimaces generally, the expression is not confined to gestures expressive of contempt and derision, as may be seen from the use of the same words in Act IV. Scene I. of this play. Dr. Johnson supposes this *mop* to be a corruption of *mock*.—*Mowe*, though out of use in this country, is still retained in Scotland.

<sup>d</sup> — with good life,

*Their several kinds have done* :] i. e. Have performed their several functions to the very life.

Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),  
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*]

*Gon.* I'the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded; and

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,

Like poison given\* to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,

And hinder them from what this ecstacy<sup>f</sup>

May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before Prospero's Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pro.* If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends; for I

\* *Like poison given, &c.*] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.—Their drugs were then as certain in their effects, as subtle in their preparation. So in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*: "I heard him once myself in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my Lord of Leicester, maintain, that poison might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed."—STEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> *ecstasy*] Alienation of mind.

Have given you here a thread of mine own life,<sup>g</sup>  
 Or that for which I live ; whom once again  
 I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations  
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
 Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore heaven,  
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
 Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,  
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
 And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it,  
 Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : But  
 If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow : but barren hate,  
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
 That you shall hate it both : therefore, take heed,  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now ; the murkiest den,  
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust ; to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration,  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
 Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke :  
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—  
 What, Ariel ; my industrious servant Ariel !

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? here I am.

<sup>g</sup> — *a thread of mine own life,*] Is a fibre of mine own life. Prospero considers himself as the parent tree, and his daughter as a fibre of himself.—The use of the thread in this sense, is found in Markham's English Husbandman, edit. 1635. p. 146 : "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small thriddes, or twist rootes, you shall not cut at all."—TOLLET.



*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick : go, bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :  
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity<sup>b</sup> of mine art ; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pro.* Aye, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,  
And breathe twice ; and cry, *so, so* ;  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mowe ;  
Do you love me master ? no.

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel : Do not approach,  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i'the blood : be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night, your vow !

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir.  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pro.* Well.—  
Now come, my Ariel : bring a corollary,<sup>i</sup>  
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly.—  
No tongue ;<sup>k</sup> all eyes ; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

*A Masque. Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,<sup>l</sup> them to keep ;

<sup>b</sup> ——— vanity]—illusion.

<sup>i</sup> ——— corollary,]—more than sufficient.

<sup>k</sup> No tongue ;] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, “ else,” as we are afterward told, “ the spell is marred.”—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> ——— stover,]—rank, coarse grass.



Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.*                      Of her society  
Be not afraid; I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son  
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.*                      Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Jun.* *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

*Cer.* *Earth's increase, and foison plenty,  
Barns, and garners never empty;  
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;  
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pro.*                      Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,  
Make this place paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence;  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;  
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd. [brooks,

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring  
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels,<sup>a</sup> and on this green land  
Answer your summons: Juno does command:  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;  
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
Against my life; the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[*to the Spirits.*] Well done;—avoid;—  
no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;  
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

<sup>a</sup> — *crisp,*] i. e. circling, winding.

Are melted into air, into thin air :  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit,<sup>r</sup> shall dissolve ;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a wreck behind :<sup>s</sup> We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;  
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.  
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.—  
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
 And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

*Pro.* Come with a thought ;—I thank you : Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to : What's thy pleasure ?

*Pro.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander ; when I presented Ceres,  
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,  
 Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking :  
 So full of valour, that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
 Towards their project : Then I beat my tabor,  
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
 As they smelt music ; so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

<sup>r</sup> — all which it inherit,] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it.—  
 MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — wreck,] *Wreck* I have here substituted for *rack*, which is the word in the first folio, and which appears to have been, in the days of Shakspeare, no unusual way of spelling *wreck*. In Fletcher's *Wife for a Month*, we find, " You may snatch him up by parcels like a sea-rack."—It is very true that *rack* means a body of clouds in motion, but I cannot conceive the sense of the "*World's dissolving away, and not leaving a course of clouds in motion behind it,*" which is the interpretation of the passage according to the reading generally adopted.

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse,<sup>t</sup> and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I'the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird ;  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :  
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.<sup>u</sup>

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, are <sup>v</sup> all lost, quite lost :  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistening Apparel, &c.*  
Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter CALIBAN,  
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall :<sup>w</sup> we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-  
less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack  
with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my  
nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I should  
take a displeasure against you ; look you,—

<sup>t</sup> — gorse,] furze.

<sup>u</sup> For stale to catch these thieves.] Stale is a word in fowling, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> — are]—I have adopted Mr. Malone's hint, and read *are all lost*, instead of *all, all lost*.

<sup>w</sup> — the blind mole may not

*Hear a foot fall:]* This quality of hearing, which the mole is supposed to possess in so high a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to. 1581, p. 64: "Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, *the moale heare lightlier?*"—REED.

<sup>x</sup> — has done little better than played the Jack with us.] i. e. He has played Jack with a lantern ; has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire.—JOHNSON.

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still :

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore, speak softly,  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is  
your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for  
my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet : Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth o'the cell : no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief, which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano !  
look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster ; we know what belongs to a  
frippery :—O king Stephano !

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand,  
I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean,  
To doat thus on such luggage ? Let it alone,  
And do the murder first : if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ;  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this  
my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line ;<sup>1</sup> now, jer-  
kin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : We steal by line and level, an't like your  
grace.

<sup>1</sup> — frippery : ]—An old clothes shop.

<sup>2</sup> — under the line : ] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass  
the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate, make  
them lose their hair.—EDWARDS.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime<sup>a</sup> upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles,<sup>b</sup> or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. PROSPERO and ARIEL, setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

*Ari.* Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.*

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time

<sup>a</sup> — lime]—bird-lime.

<sup>b</sup> — barnacle,] The clakis or tree-goose.



Goes upright with his carriage.<sup>c</sup> How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and his followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;  
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners  
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him you term'd, sir, *the good old lord, Gonzalo*;  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion'd<sup>d</sup> as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown farther: Go, release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

<sup>c</sup> — and time

*Goes upright with his carriage.*] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faltering under his burthen.—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> *Passion'd*]—In the old copy *passion*. I find the reading I have adopted, in Warton's critique on this play, *Adventurer*, Number 97.

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;  
 And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets, that  
 By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight-mushrooms ; that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid  
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd  
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine and cedar : graves, at my command,  
 Have waked their sleepers ; oped, and let them forth  
 By my so potent art : But this rough magic  
 I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd  
 Some heavenly music (which even now I do),  
 To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces  
 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—  
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,  
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature ;\* who, with Sebastian,  
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)  
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding  
 Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ; [Exit ARIEL.  
 I will dis-case me, and myself present,  
 As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;  
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

ARI. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
 There I couch when owls do cry,  
 On the bat's back I do fly,  
 After summer, merrily :  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel : I shall miss thee ;  
 But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.—  
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :  
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
 Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,  
 Being awake, enforce them to this place ;  
 And presently, I pr'ythee.

\* ——— remorse and nature ;] *Remorse* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection.—MALONE.

*Ari.* I drink the air<sup>f</sup> before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.]

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country !

*Pro.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
And to thee, and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whe'r<sup>g</sup> thou beest he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,  
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave  
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign ;<sup>h</sup> and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs :—But how should Prospero  
Be living, and be here ?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o'the isle,<sup>i</sup> that will not let you  
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
[*Aside to* SEB. and ANT.]  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,

<sup>f</sup> *I drink the air—*] *To drink the air—*is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> *Whe'r*]—whether.

<sup>h</sup> *Thy dukedom I resign ;*] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.—STEEVENS.

<sup>i</sup> *You do yet taste*

*Some subtilties o'the isle,*] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination.—STEEVENS.

And justify you traitors ; at this time  
I'll tell no tales.

*Seb.* The devil speaks in him.

[*Aside.*

*Pro.* No :—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation :  
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pro.* I am woe for't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss ; and patience  
Says, it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think,  
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace  
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss ?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late ;<sup>k</sup> and, supportable<sup>l</sup>  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you ; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter ?  
O heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, these<sup>m</sup> words

<sup>k</sup> *As great to me, as late ;* ] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.—JOHNSON.

<sup>l</sup> —— *supportable*—] This is the original reading, which the modern editors have changed to *portable* for the sake of the metre.

<sup>m</sup> —— *these*—] I have admitted the emendation of Malone's anonymous

Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have  
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,  
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
 This cell's my court ; here have I few attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.  
 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,  
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND  
 and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love,  
 I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms,<sup>n</sup> you should  
 And I would call it fair play. [wrangle,

*Alon.* If this prove  
 A vision<sup>m</sup> of the island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :  
 I have curs'd them without cause.

[FERD. kneels to ALONSO.

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
 Of a glad father compass thee about !  
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

correspondent, and substituted *these* for *their*.—The doubts of the lords did not concern themselves, but Prospero : they think that their eyes do not see a living man before them—and that the words which Prospero is uttering *are not natural breath*.

<sup>n</sup> *Yes, for a score of kingdoms, &c.*] I take the sense to be only this : Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world* : Yea, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So, likewise, Dr. Grey.—JOHNSON.

*Mira.*

O! wonder

How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

*Pro.*

'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

*Fer.*

Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine;  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Received a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.*

I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pro.*

There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.*

I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;  
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither!

*Alon.*

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy; and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,  
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.

*Alon.*

Give me your hands:

[To FER. and MIR.]

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon.*

Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain,  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown: Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—  
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* Sir, all this service }  
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*

*Pro.* My tricksy spirit!

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,<sup>o</sup>  
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done? }  
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. } *Aside.*

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of:<sup>p</sup> some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

<sup>o</sup> —dead of sleep,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors—asleep. Mr. Malone has substituted “on sleep,” as the ancient English phraseology.

<sup>p</sup> —conduct of:] conductor of.



*Pro.*

Sir, my liege.

Do not infest your mind with beating on  
 The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
 (Which to you shall seem probable,) <sup>a</sup> of every  
 These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; [*Aside.*  
 Set Caliban and his companions free:  
 Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious sir?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and  
 TRINCULO, in their stolen Apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
 take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio,  
 bully-monster, Coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
 here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!  
 How fine my master is! I am afraid  
 He will chastise me.

*Seb.*

Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Antonio!  
 Will money buy them?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish,<sup>r</sup> and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
 Then say, if they be true:<sup>s</sup>—This mis-shapen knave,—  
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong

<sup>a</sup> (*Which to you shall seem probable,*) I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then seem probable.—MALONE.

<sup>r</sup> *Is a plain fish,*] i. e. "Is evidently a fish." It is not easy to determine the shape which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumstances in the play. How then is *he plainly a fish*? Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas respecting the form of Caliban.—M. MASON and STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — *true*:] That is, *honest*. A true man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*.—JOHNSON.

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
 And deal in her command, without her power :<sup>t</sup>  
 These three have robb'd me : and this demi-devil  
 (For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them  
 To take my life: two of these fellows you  
 Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I  
 Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they  
 Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?<sup>u</sup>—  
 How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you  
 last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall  
 not fear fly-blowing.<sup>x</sup>

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano?

*Ste.* O touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

*Pro.* He is as disproportioned in his manners,  
 As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;  
 Take with you your companions; as you look  
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
 And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass  
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
 And worship this dull fool?

<sup>t</sup> *And deal in her command, without her power.*]—exercises the command of the moon, without being empowered by her so to do;—or, commands the ebbs and flows of the sea with an usurped authority.

<sup>u</sup> — *grand liquor that hath gilded them?*] Dr. Warburton supposes that there is an allusion here to the grand elixir, the *Aurum potable* of the alchymists, which, they pretend, would restore youth, and confer immortality.—The phrase of being *gilded* was commonly used to express intoxication; as in the *Chances* of Fletcher,—“*Duke.* Is she not drunk, too? *Whore.* A little *gilded* o'er, sir;—old sack, old sack, boy.”—Dr. Warburton may be right; but I believe that *gilded* was merely used in the sense in which we now use *disguised*, when speaking of a drunken person, without any farther allusion.

<sup>x</sup> — *fly-blowing.*] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool: and pickling preserves meat from *fly-blowing*.—STEEVENS.

*Pro.* Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*]

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,  
To my poor cell ; where you shall take your rest  
For this one night ; which (part of it,) I'll waste  
With such discourse, as, I doubt not, shall make it  
Go quick away : the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents, gone by,  
Since I came to this isle : And in the morn,  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver all ;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,—  
That is thy charge ; then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !—[*aside.*] Please you, draw  
near. [*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own ;  
Which is most faint : now 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples : Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island, by your spell ;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please : Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular ; this the author of *The Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.—JOHNSON.

The unity of time is strictly observed in this play. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation : and

from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many passages, it should seem that it was not accidental, but designed to shew the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters.—Alonso says,

“ If thou beest Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation :  
How thou hast met us here, who *three hours since*  
Were wreckt upon this shore.”—

The boatswain marks the progress of the day again ;

“ *Which but three glasses since,*” &c.

At the beginning of the fifth act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained ;

“ Pro. *How's the day ?*

Ari. *On the sixth hour.*”

And they again refer to a passage in the first act :

“ Pro. *What is the time of the day ?*

Ari. *Past the mid season, at least two glasses.*”—STEEVENS.

It may be farther added to the above observation of Steevens, that the unities of action and of place are as exactly observed as the unity of time. “ In this play,” says Dr. Warton, *Adventurer*, Number 97, “ the action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero.”



## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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THERE was no edition of this play, till that of the year 1623 ; but it must have been written much earlier, as it is mentioned by Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, which was published in 1598.—Mr. Malone considers this play as Shakspeare's first production.—The internal evidence is against such a supposition. It has neither the beauties or the faults—the exuberance or the inequalities—that generally distinguish the inexperienced efforts of a rich and original genius.—The general tone of the comedy, though occasionally relieved by passages of much grace and sweetness, is that of smooth, elegant, dull mediocrity. It is rejected as entirely spurious by Hanmer and Upton : and though the quibbles of *Speed*, the folly of *Launce*, and some delightful lines scattered here and there in the serious scenes of the play, are so perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, as to convince the reader that it had undergone his revision and improvement, I cannot help believing it impossible that our great Dramatist could have been the author of a work, in which the characters are so entirely devoid of individuality, the dialogue so elaborately heavy, so smoothly tame, and so little varied with the changes of situation. Dr. Johnson thinks differently, and says, “ When I read this play I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions ; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life ; but it abounds in *græciæ* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription.”

The story of Proteus and Julia, has been resembled to a story in the *Diana*, of George of Montemayor, which according to Mrs. Lenox, was translated in Shakspeare's time.—The incident of Valentine's joining the robbers is also supposed to be taken from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, book 1. chap 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots.—Both these adventures are common in tale and history, and, if not already prepared to the author's hand, might have been invented without any great stretch of imagination.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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*Duke of MILAN, Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, }  
PROTEUS, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia, in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

*Out-laws.*

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

*Servants, Musicians.*

*Scene, sometimes in VERONA ; sometimes in MILAN ; and  
on the frontiers of MANTUA.*

Of these characters the old copy has—Protheus ; but this is merely the antiquated mode of spelling *Proteus*. Shakspeare's character was so called, from his disposition to change ; and *Panthino*, in the enumeration of characters in the old copy, is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino*.



# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in Verona.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus ;  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits ;  
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.<sup>a</sup>  
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap ; and, in thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy head's-man, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

<sup>a</sup> — *shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *illness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.—WARBURTON.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love ;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots.<sup>b</sup>

*Val.* No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.*

What?

*Val.*

To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans ; coy looks,  
With heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth,  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights ;  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;  
However, but a folly<sup>c</sup> bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance,<sup>d</sup> I fear you'll prove

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you :  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire ?  
Once more adieu : my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

<sup>b</sup> — *nay, give me not the boots.*] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing-stock of me ; don't play upon me.—THEOBALD.

<sup>c</sup> *However, but a folly, &c.*] This love will end in a *foolish action*, to produce which you are long to spend your *wit*, or it will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — *circumstance.*] In the first line the word means circumstantial deduction, in the second it means conduct.—MALONE.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.  
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love :  
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you : Saw you my master ?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already ;  
And I have play'd the sheep,\* in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,  
And if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,  
and I a sheep ?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether I  
wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True ; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove by it another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep

\* — *sheep in losing him.*] The jest, such as it is, may escape the reader, unless he recollect that in Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, and probably in some other counties, a sheep is pronounced a *ship*. The two words seem to have been used indiscriminately, and confounded.—MALONE.

the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me : therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear ? gav'st thou my letter to Julia ?

*Speed.* Ay, sir : I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton ;<sup>f</sup> and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour !

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are a stray ;<sup>g</sup> 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake ; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she ? [*SPEED nods.*] Did she nod ?

*Speed.* I.<sup>h</sup>

*Pro.* Nod, I ; why, that's noddly.<sup>i</sup>

*Speed.* You mistook, sir ; I say, she did nod : and you ask me, if she did nod ; and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together, is—noddly.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

<sup>f</sup> ——— *laced mutton* :] A cant expression for a *prostitute*.—*Mutton* means the same ; why, I am not prepared to say. The term, however, being once established, a *laced mutton* might only mean one finely dressed in *lace*.—In this passage the phrase is jocularly joined with *lost mutton*, or lost sheep. It is not impossible that *lost sheep*, applied to such females, might be the original notion, from which the others came, by jocular perversion.—ARCHDEACON NARES'S *Glossary*.

<sup>g</sup> ——— *a stray* ;] A stray sheep.

<sup>h</sup> *I.*] i. e. *aye*.—Such was the old way of writing and pronouncing the word, and it afforded great scope and temptation for punning.

<sup>i</sup> ——— *why, that's noddly.*] A silly fellow.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddly, for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.<sup>k</sup> Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;<sup>l</sup> in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—  
I must go send some better messenger;  
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exeunt.]

<sup>k</sup> — *telling your mind.*] In the second folio *your* became by mistake altered to *her*, and all the editors except Malone have repeated the corruption.—The sense is—if she was so hard to me, who was the bearer of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in the act of telling your mind, when you address her in person. The opposition is between *brought* and *telling*. MALONE.

<sup>l</sup> — *you have testern'd me;*] You have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a sixpence.—JONSSON. The value of this coin was different at different times. In Henry the Eighth's days it was worth 12d.;—in the reign of Henry the Sixth it was brought down to 9d., and then to 6d., which still retains the name.—MALONE and H. WHITE.

## SCENE II.

*The same. Garden of Julia's house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure<sup>m</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shews his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love, that do not shew their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would, I knew his mind.

<sup>m</sup> ——— censure—] Pass judgment on.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.

*Jul. To Julia*,—Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will shew.

*Jul.* Say, say; who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!<sup>n</sup>

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will you be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the proflerer construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

<sup>n</sup> — broker!] It appears to me that *broker* here does not mean *match-maker*, as Johnson interprets it, but has its common acceptance, of one *who transacts business for another*,—Lucetta having received the letter in Julia's name.

*Jul.* Is't near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would it were ;  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,<sup>o</sup>  
And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is't that you  
Took up so gingerly ?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then ?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing ?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :  
Give me a note : your ladyship can set.

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible :  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o'love*.

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

*Luc.* Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you ?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song ;—How now, minion ?

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :  
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not ?

*Luc.* No, madam ; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :<sup>p</sup>  
There wanteth but a mean<sup>q</sup> to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.<sup>r</sup>

<sup>o</sup> — stomach on your meat,] *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*.—  
JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — descant,] signified formerly what we now denominate *variations*.—  
MALONE.

<sup>q</sup> — a mean, &c.] i.e. the *tenor* in music.

<sup>r</sup> — I bid the base—] *To bid a base*, means to run fast, challenging another  
to pursue.—ARCHDEACON NARIS.



*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*  
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange; but she would be best  
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
And, here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—  
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*  
*To the sweet Julia*; that I'll tear away;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names;  
Thus will I fold them one upon another;  
New kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What, shall these papers like lie tell-tales here?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.<sup>s</sup>

*Jul.* I see, you have a month's mind to them.<sup>t</sup>

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come, will't please you go ? [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*The same. A room in ANTONIO'S House.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad<sup>a</sup> talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

*Pan.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him ?

*Pan.* He wonder'd, that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home ;  
While other men, of slender reputation,<sup>w</sup>  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out ;  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there ;  
Some, to discover islands far away ;<sup>x</sup>  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet :  
And did request me, to impórtune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

<sup>s</sup> Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.] i. e. lest they should catch cold.

<sup>t</sup> —a month's mind.] i. e. A celebration in remembrance of dead persons a month after their decease ;—and to this sense of the words all the commentators refer, though it is very evident that the phrase cannot be used in this place with any such signification ; it here implies an eager desire or longing, and is not unfrequently employed in that sense at the present day. It is the ingenious conjecture of John Crofts, esq. of York, who published a few detached remarks on Shakspeare, that the expression when thus applied, alludes to “a woman's longing,” which usually takes place (or at least commences) in the first month of pregnancy.—NARES'S Glossary.

<sup>a</sup> —Sad,] i. e. grave, serious.

<sup>w</sup> —of slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of.

<sup>x</sup> Some, to discover islands far away ;] In Shakspeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures.—WAREBURTON.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achieved,  
And perfected by the swift course of time:  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pan.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.<sup>7</sup>

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, [thither:  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:  
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known;  
Even with the speediest execution  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

<sup>7</sup> *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterward became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Mason adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan."—STEEVENS.

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;  
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :  
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
 To seal our happiness with their consents !  
 O heavenly Julia !

*Ant.* How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
 Of commendation sent from Valentine,  
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes  
 How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,  
 And daily grac'd by the emperor ;  
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish ?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
 And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish :  
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
 I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time  
 With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;  
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
 Like exhibition<sup>2</sup> shalt thou have from me.  
 To-morrow be in readiness to go :  
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;  
 Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee :  
 No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—  
 Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd  
 To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning ;  
 And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :  
 I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,  
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;  
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
 Hath he excepted most against my love.  
 O, how this spring of love resembleth

<sup>2</sup> ——— exhibition—] i. e. allowance.

The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;  
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine ; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.<sup>a</sup>

*Val.* Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !  
Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

*Speed.* Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

*Val.* How now, sirrah ?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know madam Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves ?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love ?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks : First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content ; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like

<sup>a</sup> — *but one.*] It seems from this passage that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if written *on*. The quibble is lost by the change of the pronunciation.—MALONE.

one that takes diet;<sup>b</sup> to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.<sup>c</sup> You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without you.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would:<sup>d</sup> but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Sylvia?

*Speed.* She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard favoured, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

<sup>b</sup> — takes diet;] Is under a regimen.

<sup>c</sup> — Hallowmas.] The mass or feast day of *All-hallows*, that is *All-saints*.—It was a custom on this day, and in Staffordshire some traces of it are said still to continue, for the poor people to go from parish to parish *a souling*, i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as the word *puling* is explained by Bailey) for soul-cakes, and singing a song which they call the *souler's-song*. Several of these terms clearly point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends on the ensuing day, November 2, which was the feast of All Souls.—TOLLET and NARES.

<sup>d</sup> — none else would:] None else would be so simple.—JOHNSON.

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered.

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set;<sup>e</sup> so, your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace, here she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Speed.* O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>e</sup> *I would you were set;*—*Set*, is for seated, in opposition to *stand*, in the preceding line.—M. MASON.

<sup>f</sup> — *excellent motion!* &c.]—*Motion* signified, in Shakspeare's time, *puppet*, or *puppet-show*.—*Now will he interpret to her.* The person who delivered from behind the concealing curtain the words appointed to the parts represented by the puppets, was said to be their *interpreter*.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* O, give you good even ! here's a million of manners. *[Aside.]*

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant : 'tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off ;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

*Val.* No, madam ; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much :  
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;  
And yet I will not name it :—and yet I care not ;—  
And yet take this again ;—and yet I thank you ;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will ; and yet another yet. *[Aside.]*

*Val.* What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

*Sil.* Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ :  
But since unwillingly, take them again ;  
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request ;  
But I will none of them ; they are for you :  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over :  
And, if it please you, so : if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam ! what then ?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour,  
And so good morrow, servant. *[Exit SILVIA.]*

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !  
My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.



O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the  
letter ?

*Val.* How now, sir ? what are you reasoning with yourself ?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyiming ; 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what ?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom ?

*Speed.* To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure ?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me ?

*Speed.* What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself ? Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

*Val.* No, believe me.<sup>4</sup>

*Speed.* No believing you indeed, sir : But did you perceive her earnest.

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.<sup>5</sup>

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

*For often you have writ to her ; and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;  
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—*

All this I speak in print ;<sup>b</sup> for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir ? 'tis dinner time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir ; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat ; O, be not like your mistress ; be moved, be moved. [*Ereunt.*

<sup>4</sup> — and there an end.]—And that's the conclusion of the matter.

<sup>b</sup> All this I speak in print ;] *In print* means *perfect* ;—as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*—"O, you are a gallant *in print* now, brother."—You are a perfect, complete gallant.

## SCENE II.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner :  
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a Ring.*

*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange ; here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy ;  
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !  
My father stays my coming ; answer not ;  
The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;  
That tide will stay me longer than I should : [*Exit* JULIA.  
Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?  
Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;  
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

*Pro.* Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a Dog.*

*Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ;  
all the kind of the Launces have this very fault : I have  
received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am  
going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think,  
Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my  
mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our

maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on;—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;<sup>1</sup>—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Laun.* Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose

<sup>1</sup> — wood woman; i. e. A mad woman. The designation is still retained in Scotland.

thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Laun.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Laun.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail?

*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Laun.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Milan. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good, you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply, I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?<sup>k</sup>

<sup>k</sup> — *how quote you my folly?*] To quote is to observe. Valentine in his answer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*.—It frequently was spelt *cote*.—MALONE.

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.  
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?<sup>1</sup>

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,  
And not without desert so well reputed.

<sup>1</sup> *Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?*] Shakspeare, when he here speaks of Don Antonio, and in a former scene of Don Alphonso, forgets that he is writing of Italians, and not of Spaniards.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well ?

*Val.* I knew him, as myself ; for from our infancy  
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together :  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;  
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;  
His years but young, but his experience old ;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;  
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)  
He is complete in feature,<sup>m</sup> and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates ;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile ;  
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth ;  
Silvia, I speak to you : and you, sir Thurio :—  
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it :  
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you ?

<sup>m</sup> ——— *feature,*] Is here used for *form* or *person* in general, as in Spenser,  
F. Q. 3. ix.

“ She also doft her heavy haberjeon,  
Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide.”

*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;  
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability :—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed;  
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* No; that you are worthless.

*Enter* Servant.

*Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

*Sil.* I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.] Come,  
sir Thurio,

Go with me :—Once more, new servant, welcome :  
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much com-

*Val.* And how do yours? [mended.

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.  
 I have done penance for contemning love ;  
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;  
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
 Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
 O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord ;  
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
 There is no woe to his correction,<sup>n</sup>  
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !  
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;  
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
 Upon the very naked name of love

*Pro.* Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :  
 Was this the idol that you worship so ?

*Val.* Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

*Pro.* No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;  
 And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,  
 Yet let her be a principality,<sup>o</sup>  
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any ;  
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too :  
 She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
 To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth  
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,

<sup>n</sup> — no woe to his correction,] No misery equal to the pains of love. The idiom is not uncommon.

<sup>o</sup> — a principality,] i. e. One invested with sovereignty—the word has the same sense in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. viii. ver. 38.



Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,<sup>p</sup>  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus : all I can, is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes,  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you ?

*Val.* Ay, we are betroth'd ;  
Nay, more, our marriage hour,  
With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;  
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means  
Plotted ; and 'greed on, for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :  
I must unto the road,<sup>q</sup> to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use ;  
And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
It is her mien, or Valentinus' praise,

<sup>p</sup> — summer-swelling flower,] i. e. The flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom.—SHELLENS.

<sup>q</sup> — the road,] The haven, where ships ride at anchor.—MASON.

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;  
And that I love him not, as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too, too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,<sup>r</sup>  
That thus without advice begin to love her?  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.]

## SCENE V.

*The same. A Street.**Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.**Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.*Laun.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?*Laun.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.*Speed.* But shall she marry him?*Laun.* No.*Speed.* How then? shall he marry her?*Laun.* No, neither.<sup>r</sup> — with more advice,] i. e. On further knowledge.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Laun.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?

*Laun.* Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

*Laun.* What a block art thou, that thou can'st not? My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st?

*Laun.* Ay, and what I do, too; look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Laun.* Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?<sup>s</sup>

*Laun.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Laun.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Laun.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale<sup>t</sup> with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>s</sup> — how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?] i. e. What say'st thou to this circumstance,—namely, that my master is become a notable lover?—M. MASON.

<sup>t</sup> — the ale —] Ales were merry meetings instituted in country places.—STEEVENS. I suspect that here, for *ale*—we ought to read *alehouse*, as above.

## SCENE VI.

*The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;  
And even that power which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.  
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear :  
O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—  
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;  
But there I leave to love, where I should love.  
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;  
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,  
For Valentine, myself : for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend ;  
For love is still most precious in itself :  
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair !  
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
Without some treachery used to Valentine :—  
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;

Myself in counsel, his competitor:<sup>a</sup>  
 Now presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising, and pretended \* flight;  
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;  
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:  
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!  
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—  
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
 Are visibly charácterd and engrav'd,—  
 To lesson me;\* and tell me some good mean,  
 How, with my honour, I may undertake  
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;  
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?  
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
 By longing for that food so long a time.  
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
 Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;  
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

<sup>a</sup> — competitor:] Here means *partner*, or *confederate*: it is so employed in Twelfth Night, where the Clown says, seeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, —“The competitors enter.”—STEEVENS.

\* — pretended—] *Intended*; from the French *prétendre*, which has the same signification.—M. MASON.

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns ;  
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along ?

*Jul.* Not like a woman ; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men :  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :  
To be fantastic, may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"Tell me, good my lord,  
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"  
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,  
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite of love,<sup>y</sup>  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect !  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him !

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :  
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.<sup>z</sup>  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :  
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;  
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, THURIO and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;  
We have some secrets to confer about.—[*Exit THURIO.*  
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

<sup>y</sup> — *of infinite of love,*] I have retained the original reading. *Infinite* was commonly used as a substantive ; the old reading is therefore perfect both in verse and metre.

<sup>z</sup> — *longing journey,*] i. e. a journey passed in *longing* for its completion.  
—M. MASON.

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:  
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,  
This night intends to steal away your daughter;  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;  
And should she thus be stolen away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>a</sup> might err,  
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,  
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)  
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently;

<sup>a</sup> ——— jealous aim,] i. e. Suspicious guess.



Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
 That my discovery be not aimed at;  
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.<sup>b</sup>

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
 That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
 And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify  
 My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;  
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,  
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
 'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
 To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match  
 Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
 Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:  
 Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

*Duke.* No, trust me; she is pceevish, sullen, froward,  
 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;  
 Neither regarding that she is my child,  
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father:  
 And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
 Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;  
 And, where<sup>c</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
 Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
 I now am full resolved to take a wife,  
 And turn her out to who will take her in:  
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

<sup>b</sup> ——— *pretence.*] *Intent*; in the first act, we have to *pretend* for to *intend*.

<sup>c</sup> ——— *where—*] for *whereas*, a sense in which it is often used by our old writers.

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,  
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago I have forgot to court:  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:  
Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:  
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets,<sup>d</sup> but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,

<sup>d</sup> *What lets,*] i. e. *what hinders.*

Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*

*And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:*

*O, could their master come and go as lightly,*

*Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;*

*While I, their king, that thither them importune,*

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:*

*I curse myself, for they are sent by me,\**

*That they should harbour where their lord should be.*

What's here?

*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)<sup>f</sup>

\* — for they are sent by me.] For, has the sense of for that, since.—  
JOHNSON.

f — Merops' son,] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terra filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached.  
JOHNSON.

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
 And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?  
 Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!  
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;  
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,  
 Is privilege for thy departure hence:  
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours  
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.  
 But if thou linger in my territories  
 Longer than swiftest expedition  
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
 I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
 Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*]

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?  
 To die, is to be banish'd from myself;  
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
 Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
 Unless it be to think that she is by,  
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
 There is no music in the nightingale;  
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
 There is no day for me to look upon:  
 She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
 If I be not by her fair influence  
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:<sup>g</sup>  
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
 But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

<sup>g</sup> — *fly his deadly doom:*] I shall not escape death by flying from the execution of his sentence.—*To fly*, for *in flying*, is a Gallicism.—JOHNSON.

*Laun.* So-ho ! so-ho !

*Pro.* What see'st thou ?

*Laun.* Him we go to find : there's not a hair on's head,  
but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine ?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then ? his spirit ?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then ?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak ? master, shall I strike ?

*Pro.* Whom would'st thou strike ?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead ?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—  
Hath she forsworn me ?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !—  
What is your news !

*Laun.* Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banished, O, that's the news ;  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

*Pro.* Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,  
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
 But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
 When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
 That to close prison he commanded her,  
 With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,  
 Have some malignant power upon my life:  
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,  
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
 Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;  
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:  
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.<sup>b</sup>  
 The time now serves not to expostulate:  
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;  
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:  
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,  
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,  
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]

*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the  
 wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that's all  
 one, if he be but one knave.<sup>i</sup> He lives not now, that knows

<sup>b</sup> *Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*—It should be known, that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice.—STEEVENS.

<sup>i</sup> — *if he be but one knave.*—There have been many conjectures on the

me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:<sup>k</sup> yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce, what news with your mastership.

*Laun.* With my master's ship? why it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

*Speed.* Why man, how black.

*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Laun.* Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest, I can.

*Laun.* I will try thee: tell me this: Who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou can'st not read.

*Speed.* Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Laun.* There: and saint Nicholas be thy speed!<sup>l</sup>

*Speed.* Imprimis, *She can milk*.

*Laun.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, *She brews good ale*.

meaning of this passage. Mr. Edwards's explanation appears the most rational—"if he be the only knave,"—if I myself be not found to be another.

<sup>k</sup> — for she hath had gossips:] Gossips not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in.—STEEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> Saint Nicholas be thy speed!] This saint presided over scholars, and particularly school-boys, who were therefore called St. Nicholas's clerks. He was a learned bishop.

*Laun.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, *She can sew.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, can she so?

*Speed.* Item, *She can knit.*

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.

*Speed.* Item, *She can wash and scour.*

*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* Item, *She can spin.*

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* *Here follow her vices.*

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, *She is slow in words.*

*Laun.* O villany, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, *She is proud.*

*Laun.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath no teeth.*

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, *She is curst.*

*Laun.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* *She will often praise her liquor.*



*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, *She is too liberal.*

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ down she is slow of : of her purse she shall not ; for that I'll keep shut : now of another thing she may ; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

*Laun.* Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article : Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*<sup>c</sup>—

*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be ; I'll prove it : The cover of the salt hides the salt,<sup>d</sup> and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit ; for the greater hides the less. What's next ?

*Speed.* — *And more faults than hairs,*—

*Laun.* That's monstrous : O, that that were out !

*Speed.* — *And more wealth than faults.*

*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious : Well, I'll have her : And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then ?

*Laun.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me ?

*Laun.* For thee ? ay : who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him ?

*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your love-letters ! [Exit.

<sup>c</sup> — *She hath more hair than wit,*] An old English proverb, originating according to Nares in a vague notion, that abundance of hair denoted a lack of brains.

<sup>d</sup> — *the cover of the salt hides the salt,*] It may perhaps be necessary to observe, that the ornamented saltcellar, which used to stand in the centre of the table, in the days of our ancestors, was always supplied with a cover, to keep the contents clean.

*Laun.* Now will he be swung for reading my letter :  
 An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets !  
 —I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke and THURIO ; PROTEUS behind.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,  
 Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,  
 Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,  
 That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure  
 Trenched in ice ;<sup>e</sup> which with an hour's heat  
 Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.  
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
 And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—  
 How now, sir Proteus ? Is your countryman,  
 According to our proclamation, gone ?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe ; but Thurio thinks not so.—  
 Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,  
 (For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert,)  
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,  
 Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect  
 The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my Lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
 How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.  
 What might we do, to make the girl forget  
 The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio ?

<sup>e</sup> *Trenched in ice ;]* i. e. *Cut, carved in ice.* From *trancher*, to cut.—JOHNSON.

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it :  
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken  
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :  
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman ;  
Especially, against his very friend.<sup>f</sup>

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him ;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love<sup>g</sup> from him,  
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me :  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access,  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;  
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect :—

<sup>f</sup> — his very friend.] *Very* is immediate.

<sup>g</sup> — as you unwind her love—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*.—JOHNSON.

But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;  
 You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,  
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :  
 Write, till your ink be dry ; and with your tears  
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,  
 That may discover such integrity :<sup>h</sup>  
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
 After your dire lamenting elegies,  
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,  
 With some sweet concert : to their instruments  
 Tune a deploring dump ;<sup>i</sup> the night's dead silence  
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.<sup>k</sup>

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :  
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
 Let us into the city presently  
 To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music :  
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,  
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper ;  
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it :—I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>h</sup> — *such integrity :*] *Such integrity* may mean such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines.—STEEVENS.

<sup>i</sup> — *dump ;*]—A melancholy strain in music, either vocal or instrumental.

<sup>k</sup> — *will inherit her.*]—Obtain possession of her.—STEEVENS.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near Mantua.**Enter certain Out-laws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;  
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ;  
For he's a proper man.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;  
A man I am, cross'd with adversity :  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

*Val.* From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

*Val.* Some sixteen months ; and longer might have staid,  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Val.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence ?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so :  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

*1 Out.* Have you the tongues?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy;  
Or else I often had been miserable.

*3 Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,<sup>1</sup>  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

*1 Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them;  
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain!

*2 Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.

*3 Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men:<sup>m</sup>  
Myself was from Verona banish'd,  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

*2 Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Whom, in my mood,<sup>n</sup> I stabb'd unto the heart.

*1 Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)  
And, partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape; and by your own report  
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality much want;—

*2 Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:  
Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*3 Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?  
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:  
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

<sup>1</sup> — Robin Hood's *fat friar*,] Friar Tuck, who was confessor and companion to this noted out-law.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — *awful men*:] Dr. Farmer recommends *lawful men*.—But *awful men* is sense, and means, *full of awe* for the institutions of civil society.—RITSON.

<sup>n</sup> — *in my mood*,] i. e. *in my wrath*.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,  
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer:  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,<sup>o</sup>  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO and Musicians.

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.<sup>p</sup>

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

<sup>o</sup> — sudden quips,] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs.—  
JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — you know, that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.] Kindness will creep where it cannot gang, is a Scottish proverb.—REED.

*Thu.* Whom? Silvia?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest! methinks you're ally-cholly; I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*

*Host.* Hark! Hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

### SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,*

*That all our swains commend her?*

*Holy, fair, and wise is she;*

*The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?*

*For beauty lives with kindness.*

*Love doth to her eyes repair,*

*To help him of his blindness;*

*And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,*

*That Silvia is excelling;*

*She excels each mortal thing,*

*Upon the dull earth dwelling:*

*To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before?  
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.



*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay; that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.\*

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

*SILVIA appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,— That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

\* — out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.—WARRENTON.

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
 To be seduced by thy flattery,  
 That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?  
 Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
 For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
 I am so far from granting thy request,  
 That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit:  
 And by and by intend to chide myself,  
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
 But she is dead.

*Jul.* 'Twere false, if I should speak it;  
 For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,  
 Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,  
 I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd  
 To wrong him with thy importúnacy.

*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave  
 Assure thyself, my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;  
 Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* He heard not that. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,  
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:  
 For, since the substance of your perfect self  
 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
 And to your shadow I will make true love.

*Jul.* If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,  
 And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir;  
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well<sup>v</sup>  
 To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
 Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:  
 And so, good rest.

<sup>v</sup> — since your falsehood shall become you well, &c.] The mode of expression here is very loose; but the sentence means, that "it well became his falsehood to worship false shapes."

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and SILVIA, from above.

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom,<sup>a</sup> I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose,  
I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)  
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.  
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.  
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.<sup>r</sup>

<sup>a</sup> —. *halidom*,]—Holiness, faith, sanctity.

<sup>r</sup> *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
 To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;  
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose  
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;  
 And on the justice of my flying hence,  
 To keep me from a most unholy match,  
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
 I do desire thee, even from a heart  
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
 To bear me company, and go with me :  
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances ;  
 Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
 I give consent to go along with you ;  
 Recking as little<sup>s</sup> what betideth me  
 As much I wish all good befortune you.  
 When will you go ?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you ?

*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship :  
 Good-morrow, gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [ *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look  
 you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one

deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems, that besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some such distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists ; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how sir Eglamour should be drest ; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character.—  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Recking*] i.e. *caring for*.

that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself<sup>t</sup> in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says a third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I, *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please:—I will do what I can.

<sup>t</sup> —keep himself—] i. e. restrain himself.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt!—How now, you whoreson peasant? [To LAUNCE.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Laun.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Laun.* No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Laun.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end,<sup>a</sup> turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;  
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;  
Which (if my augury deceive me not)  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,  
Deliver it to madam Silvia:  
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems, you loved her not, to leave her token:<sup>x</sup>  
She's dead, belike.

*Pro.* Not so; I think, she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas?

<sup>a</sup> ——— still an end,] i. e. almost perpetually—without intermission.—GIF-  
FORD'S *Massinger*, vol. iv. 282.

<sup>x</sup> ——— to leave—] means to part with or give away.—M. MASON.

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she loved you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia :  
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love ;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.  
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary ;  
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas !

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit PROTEUS.*]

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message ?  
Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertain'd  
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :  
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me ?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will :  
And now am I (unhappy messenger)  
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;  
To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;  
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true confirmed love ;  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,  
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she ?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom ?

*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O!—he sends you for a picture?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—  
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd  
Delivered you a paper that I should not;  
This is the letter to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:  
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;  
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,  
His Julia gave it him at his departure:  
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her:  
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:  
To think upon her woes, I do protest,  
That I have wept an hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:  
When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,



The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore, I know she is about my height.  
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,<sup>y</sup>  
For I did play a lamentable part;  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning<sup>z</sup>  
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know  
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful. [her.—

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

<sup>y</sup> — weep a-good,] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon*, Fr.—STEEVENS.

<sup>z</sup> — 'twas Ariadne, passioning—] *To passion* is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—STEEVENS.

Her eyes are grey as glass;<sup>a</sup> and so are mine:  
 Ay, but her forehead's low,<sup>b</sup> and mine's as high.  
 What should it be, that he respects in her,  
 But I can make respective<sup>c</sup> in myself,  
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;  
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.<sup>d</sup>  
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
 That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky;  
 And now, it is about the very hour  
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.  
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
 Unless it be to come before their time;  
 So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter SILVIA.*

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,  
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;  
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:  
 If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> — *grey as glass*;] *Grey* was anciently used for *blue*,—and is interpreted *ceruleus* in Coles' Dictionary, 1679.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *her forehead's low*,] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — *respective*—] i. e. *respectable*.

<sup>d</sup> — *should be statue*—] The word *statue* was used frequently without the article *a*, which is here omitted, as is proved by several apposite quotations of Steevens:—*statue* was formerly synonymous with *portrait*—in the same manner, it is observed by Mr. Douce, a *statue* was frequently called a *picture*.

## SCENE II.

*The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to thy suit ?

*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long ?

*Pro.* No ; that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

*Thu.* What says she to my face ?

*Pro.* She says, it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.<sup>f</sup>

*Jul.* 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;  
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse ?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love, and peace ?

*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]

*Thu.* What says she to my valour ?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]

*Thu.* What says she to my birth ?

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.

*Jul.* True ; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions ?

*Pro.* O, ay ; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore ?

*Jul.* That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.<sup>g</sup>

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

<sup>f</sup> Black men are pearls, &c.] "A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> That they are out by lease.] By Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate : but Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments* : and when he says

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* How now, sir Proteus ? how now, Thurio ?  
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late ?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter ?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;  
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest :  
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently ; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish<sup>h</sup> girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her :  
I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,  
Than for the love of reckless<sup>i</sup> Silvia. [Exit.

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

*Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.*

*Out.* Come, come ;  
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master,  
(who is a fool), but are leased out to another.—LORD HAILES.

<sup>h</sup> ——— peevish—] foolish.

<sup>i</sup> ——— reckless—] i. e. careless, heedless.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,  
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;  
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;  
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [ *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.\*  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—  
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their law.  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:  
They love me well; yet I have much to do,  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[ *Steps aside.*

\* — record my woes.] To record anciently signified to sing. To record is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,  
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed,<sup>1</sup> but one fair look ;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*]

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I came ;  
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.  
[*Aside.*]

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)  
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus :  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?  
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,<sup>m</sup>  
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury, to love me.  
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,  
And that's far worse than none ; better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

<sup>1</sup> ——— my meed,] i. e. reward.

<sup>m</sup> ——— approv'd,] i. e. experienced.

*Pro.* In love,  
Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

*Sil.* O heaven !

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.

*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;  
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

*Pro.* Valentine !

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love ;  
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man !  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say,  
I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me,  
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,  
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest : O time, most accurst !  
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—  
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer,  
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid ;  
And once again I do receive thee honest :—  
Who by repentance is not satisfied,  
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd :  
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :—  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.<sup>r</sup>

*Jul.* O me, unhappy ! [*Faints.*

<sup>r</sup> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.] "It is I think very odd," says Pope, "to give up his mistress thus at once without any reason alleged." And this opinion has been repeated by Hammer and Steevens, Blackstone and Malone.—Valentine acts in consistency with that high, Platonic notion of friendship, which is not uncommonly described in novels and romances as superior to all affections of family or of sex, and which immediately prompts him to sacrifice his own happiness for the sake of his friend.

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the  
Look up; speak. [matter?

*Jul.* O good Sir, my master charg'd me  
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;  
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it.  
[Gives a ring.

*Pro.* How! let me see:  
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shews another ring.

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,  
I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,<sup>o</sup>  
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:  
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?<sup>p</sup>  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!  
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live  
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds! 'tis true; O heaven! were  
But constant, he were perfect: that one error [man  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:  
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close;  
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

<sup>o</sup> — gave aim—] Was the object to which your oaths were aimed.

<sup>p</sup> — cleft the root—] i. e. The root of her heart.—Steevens supposes, that there is an allusion here to the phrase of *cleaving the pin* in archery.



*Enter Out-laws, with Duke and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize !

*Val.* Forbear, I say ; it is my lord the duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine !

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio give back, or else embrace thy death ;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath :  
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,  
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,  
Take but possession of her with a touch ;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;  
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not :  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,<sup>9</sup>  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities ;  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile :

<sup>9</sup> — all former griefs,] *Griefs* in old language frequently signified *grievances, wrongs*.—MALONE.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them, and thee ;  
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.  
Come, let us go ; we will include all jars<sup>r</sup>  
With triumphs,<sup>s</sup> mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile :  
What think you of this page, my lord ?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying ?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—  
Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear  
The story of your loves discovered :  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*†

<sup>r</sup> — include—] i. e. conclude, or shut up.

<sup>s</sup> With triumphs.] *Triumphs* in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels, &c.—STEEVENS.

† In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just ; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country ; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more ; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture ; and if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given ? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus* ; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.—JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say, that he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments ; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—M. MASON.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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THIS play, which was probably written in the year 1600, was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Busby, Jan. 18, 1601.—The first perfect and entire copy was published in the folio of 1623.—There had been previously two mutilated quarto editions given to the public—one in the year 1602; the other, 1619.—I agree with Mr. Boaden, in considering these to have been printed from an imperfect copy, surreptitiously obtained from some person in the employ of the theatre, or from transcription during the representation; and not, as has been supposed, from the rough draught of an original play, which was afterward revised and enlarged by the author.—My reasons for holding this opinion are, that the chasms which occur in the dialogue, are such as would render the story of the play almost unintelligible: of this Mr. Boaden quotes one instance, in Act 1. Sc. 4. where Dr. Caius says, "Sir Hugh send a you," and immediately sends him a challenge; in the folio, Mrs. Quickly had before told him that Simple had come with a message from Parson Hugh; but this piece of information being omitted in the first quarto edition, the Doctor's anger is rendered unintelligible;—again, the quarto contains many profane and gross expressions, which are omitted in the folio, and which might be expected to exist in a copy made during representation from the mouths of the players, who, we know from Shakspeare's own complaint of them, were in the habit of uttering more of this kind of offensive matter than was set down for them by the author;—again, had the copy been fairly obtained, with the consent of the author, in 1602, there would have been no reason for the editor's reprinting the faulty and imperfect play in 1619, as he would have had a legitimate claim to the finished MS.

The events of the play are supposed to take place between the first and second parts of Henry the Fourth.—Falstaff is still in favour at court, and the compliment of Ford on his *warlike preparations*, must allude to the good service he had done at Shrewsbury.—The adventures of Falstaff, in this play, bear some resemblance to the *Lovers of Pisa*, a story in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*.

The tradition respecting the origin of this inimitable comedy is, that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; which, Mr. Gildon says, [*Remarks on Shakspeare's Plays*, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. He quotes no authority. The circumstance was first mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," says he, in his *Epistle Dedicatory to The Comical Gallant* (an alteration of the present play), 1702, "was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*; and was afterward, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant, had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to SHALLOW.*

Mr. FORD, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

Mr. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*

*Host of the Garter Inn.*

BARDOLPH, }

PISTOL, } *Followers of Falstaff.*

NYM,

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with Fenton.*

Mrs. QUICKLY, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

*Servants to Page, Ford, &c.*

*Scene, WINDSOR; and the Parts adjacent.*

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Before Page's House.*

*Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Shal.* SIR HUGH,<sup>a</sup> persuade me not; I will make a star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.<sup>b</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*;<sup>c</sup> in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors, gone before him, have done't;

<sup>a</sup> *Sir Hugh*,] The title *Sir* was formerly applied to priests and curates in general; for this reason: *dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English, at the Universities; so that a bachelor, who in the books stood *Dominus Brown*, was in conversation called *Sir Brown*. This was in use in some colleges even in my memory. Therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*. —It is to be observed, that in this case, *Sir* is prefixed to the Christian name, which differs from the University custom. Surnames were little used, when this practice began.—ARCHDEACON NAHES's *Glossary*.

<sup>b</sup> — *cust-alorum*.] This Dr. Johnson supposes to be a misprint for *custos rotulorum*.

<sup>c</sup> — *who writes himself armigero*;] Slender had seen the justice's attestations, signed "—jurat' coram me, Roberto Shallow, *armigero*;" and therefore takes the ablative for the nominative case of *Armiger*.—STEEVENS.

and all his ancestors, that come after him, may : they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.<sup>d</sup>

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant : it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.<sup>e</sup>

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat.<sup>f</sup>

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz ?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, py'r-lady ; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures : but this is all one : If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.<sup>g</sup>

*Eva.* It is not meet the council hear a riot ; there is no fear of Got in a riot : the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot ; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha ! o'my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my prain, which, per-

<sup>d</sup> — *they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.*] In this passage Shakspeare is supposed to have jested on the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him in his youth, and whose arms were three *luces* hauriant, argent, in a field sprinkled with crosslets.

<sup>e</sup> — *a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.*] It is an emblem of a true friend, for it never leaves him in his distresses.

<sup>f</sup> *The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat.*] Very many pages of annotation have been written on these words. The meaning is simply this.—“The *luce* which Shallow bears in his arms is the pike, or *fresh water luce* ; the *salt fish*—i. e. the *salt-water luce*, or *cod*, is also an old and respectable coat.”—The equivoque of Sir Hugh Evans, between *luce* and *louse*, is also met with in the stanza of the old song against Sir Thomas Lucy, which is given in the first volume, and, on the authority of Mr. Oldys, has generally been attributed to Shakspeare.

<sup>g</sup> *The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.*] By *the council* is only meant the court of star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *camera stellatâ*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots.—BLACKSTONE.

adventure, prings goot discretions with it : There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham, and mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* 'Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that per-adventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.<sup>h</sup>

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:<sup>i</sup>  
—'Tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes sir John.

<sup>h</sup> — *Cotsale.*] He means Cotswold in Gloucestershire. In the beginning of the reign of James the First, by royal permission, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of Cotswold an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises.—The games were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly *coursing the hare with greyhounds*.—At these sports Dover himself constantly attended in person, well mounted, and dressed in a suit of his majesty's old clothes. They were for above forty years frequented by all the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment.—T. WARTON.

Dr. Farmer supposes these games to have been very ancient, and only revived by Dover in James's reign; which is proved to have been the case, by the title of Randolph's Eclogue—"On the noble assemblies revived on Cotswold Hills by Mr. Robert Dover."—These hills consist of large tracts of down, and are famous for their fine turf.

<sup>i</sup> — *'tis your fault:*] *Fault* was in Shakspeare's time commonly used for *misfortune*.—"Poor Slender is one of Job's comforters; he persists in reminding Page, who evidently dislikes the subject, of his defeat: hence the good-natured consolation of Shallow—*He need not confess it, Cousin.—You were unfortunate, &c.*"—GIFFORD'S *Massinger*, vol. ii. 98.



*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and  
PISTOL.*

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow ; you'll complain of me to the king ?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter ?<sup>k</sup>

*Shal.* Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight ;—I have done all this :—That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you :—if t'were known in council, you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

*Fal.* Good worts ! good cabbage.<sup>l</sup>—Slender, I broke your head ; What matter have you against me ?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your coney-catching rascals,<sup>m</sup> Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese !<sup>n</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus ?<sup>o</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca* ;<sup>p</sup> slice ! that's my humour.

<sup>k</sup> — *kiss'd your keeper's daughter* ?] Dr. Johnson supposes this and the preceding sentence, to allude to some incident well known at the time. I suspect that the allusion is to some popular ballad, which the words of Shallow unintentionally recall to the mind of Falstaff,—and of which “ and kissed the keeper's daughter,” was probably one of the lines.—I am convinced that I have heard such a song.

<sup>l</sup> *Good worts ! good cabbage.*] Worts was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind.

<sup>m</sup> — *coney-catching rascals.*] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or a sharper.—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> *You Banbury cheese !*] You are like a Banbury cheese,—nothing but paring, in allusion to the thin carcase of Slender.—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *How now, Mephostophilus ?*] This is the name of the devil in Marlowe's play of *Faustus*.

<sup>p</sup> — *pauca verba.*] Are called in *Every Man in his Humour*, the *Benchor's* Phrase.—Benchers were idle sots who spent their time, sleeping and waking, upon alehouse benches.—Mr. Gifford, in his *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. 103, supposes that it might be “ a kind of cabalistical watch-word among themselves, intimating that the proper business of a drunkard was to drink and not talk.”—Whatever was the origin of the phrase, it was one likely to have been frequent

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol,—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil with his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,<sup>a</sup> and two Edward shovel-boards,<sup>r</sup> that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and mas-  
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:<sup>s</sup> [ter mine,  
Word of denial in thy labras<sup>t</sup> here;  
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humours:<sup>u</sup> I will

in the mouth of Nym; and proves Dr. Farmer to have been wrong in his design of transferring them to Sir Hugh Evans.

<sup>a</sup> — mill-sixpences,] Milled money was invented by Antoine Burcher, in France, and the first so struck in that country was about 1553. Elizabeth of England coined milled money from about 1562, to 1572; when the use of the mill was discontinued, on account of its expense, till 1623.—ARCHDEACON NARES's *Glossary*.

<sup>r</sup> — shovel-boards,] Pieces of money, coined in the reign of King Edward, and become so smooth as to be fit for playing the game of shovel-board.—The game is described by Strutt, (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 267.)

<sup>s</sup> I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:] A latten bilbo means, I believe, no more than a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger.—STEEVENS.—Latten was an old word for brass, and Pistol sneeringly tells Slender, that he is a base and useless weapon, as one of brass would be.

<sup>t</sup> — labras—] i. e. lips.

<sup>u</sup> — pass good humours:] To pass is to take care—humours is manners.—“The word humour,” says Mr. Whally, “was new, and the use, or rather abuse

say, *marry, trap*,<sup>x</sup> with you, if you run the nuthook's<sup>y</sup> humour on me: that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?<sup>z</sup>

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Eva.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap,<sup>a</sup> sir, was, as they say, cashier'd;<sup>b</sup> and so conclusions pass'd the careires.<sup>c</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with Wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit ANNE PAGE.]

of it, was excessive. It was applied upon all occasions with as little judgment as wit. Every coxcomb had it always in his mouth: and every particularity he affected, was denominated by the name of his humour. To redress this extravagance, Jonson, in the introductory scene to *Every Man out of his Humour*, has the following lines, in which he is exact in describing the true meaning and proper application of the term:

“As when some one peculiar quality  
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw  
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,  
In their confluxions, all to run one way,  
This may be truly said to be a humour.”

—The general abuse of this word is admirably exposed in Nym.—GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. 16.

<sup>x</sup> — *marry, trap*,] A proverbial expression, as much as to say, ‘By Mary, you are caught.’—NARES.

<sup>y</sup> — *nuthook*—] Metaphorically used for a *bailiff*: “I will say, *marry, trap*, if you endeavour, like a bailiff, to bring me to justice.”

<sup>z</sup> — *Scarlet and John*?] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's red face.

<sup>a</sup> And being fap,] i. e. drunk.

<sup>b</sup> — cashiered;] turned out.

<sup>c</sup> — *pass'd the careires*.] To *pass the carieres* is to run the charge in a tournament.—I believe this jargon was not intended to be understood; but

*Slen.* O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford ?

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met ;  
by your leave, good mistress. *[kissing her.]*

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome :—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

*[Exeunt all but SHAL. SLENDER, and EVANS.]*

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here :—

*Enter SIMPLE.*

How now, Simple ! Where have you been ? I must wait on myself, must I ? You have not *The Book of Riddles*<sup>d</sup> about you, have you ?

*Sim.* *Book of Riddles* ! why, did not you lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas ?

*Shal.* Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you. A word with you, coz ; marry, this, coz ; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here ; —Do you understand me ?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But this is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress Anne Page.

Steevens says it means, “ that he reeled about with a circuitous motion, like a horse passing a carier : ” —but if it means any thing, I suppose it is, that *the end was a quarrel.*

<sup>d</sup> — *The Book of Riddles*—] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman.*

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands:

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

*Shal.* Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

*Eva.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and Sir H. EVANS.*]

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man,<sup>e</sup> go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

*Slen.* I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,<sup>e</sup> three veney's<sup>f</sup> for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'the town.

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, 'sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson's<sup>g</sup> loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed:<sup>h</sup>—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

<sup>e</sup> — a master of fence,] *Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his *master's degree* in it; in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *master's*, a *provost's*, and a *scholar's*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — *veney's*,] *Venue's*—French; a *hit*.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — *Sackerson*,—] *Sackerson*, or *Sacarson*, was the name of a celebrated bear at the bear-garden, called *Paris-garden* in Southwark.—Mr. Malone conjectures that the bear took his name from that of the keeper.

<sup>h</sup> — *pass'd*.] i. e. was extraordinary.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

*Page.* By cock and pye,<sup>1</sup> you shall not choose, sir :  
come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir,

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir ; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first ; truly, la : I will not do  
you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome ; you  
do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of doctor Caius' house,  
which is the way : and there dwells one mistress Quickly,  
which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or  
his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet :—give her this letter ; for  
it is a o'man that altogether's acquaintance with mistress  
Anne Page : and the letter is, to desire and require her to  
solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page : I  
pray you, be gone ; I will make an end of my dinner ;  
there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL,  
and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook ?<sup>k</sup> Speak scholarly,  
and wisely.

<sup>1</sup> — cock and pye,] *Cock*, was a vulgar corruption of the word *God* in frequent use.—*Pye*, was, in Popish times, the familiar name of the book in which the manner of solemnizing the offices of the church was ordained.—For this interpretation I am indebted to Nares's *Glossary*.

<sup>k</sup> — bully-rook—] Mr. Steevens supposes that there is, "in the latter

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a-week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar,<sup>1</sup> and Pheeazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime:<sup>m</sup> I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit BARD.*

*Pist.* O base Gongarian wight!<sup>n</sup> wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

*Fal.* I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.<sup>o</sup>

*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!<sup>p</sup>

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why then, let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

part of this compound title, an allusion, to the *rooks* at the game of chess."—But it were a useless waste of time to seek the origin and explanation of all the vulgar and obsolete cant expressions that fall from mine host of the Garter.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *Keisar*,] Old spelling of *Cæsar*.

<sup>m</sup> *Let me see thee froth, and lime:]*—*Frothing* beer and *liming* sack, were tricks practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing lime with the sack (i. e. sherry), to make it sparkle in the glass.—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> ——— *Gongarian wight!*]—This line of *Pistol's* is parodied from a line in an old play—"O base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield." Mr. Steevens marked the passage down, but forgot to mark the play.

<sup>o</sup> ——— *a minute's rest.*] The reading was probably a *minim's* rest.—*Bardolph* did not *keep time*, says *Falstaff*; and *Nym* continues the metaphor;—*a minim's* rest, of course, would mean *expeditiously*.

<sup>p</sup> ——— *a fico for the phrase!*] i. e. a *fig* for it.



*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town ?

*Pist.* I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol ; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife ; I spy entertainment in her ; she discourses, she carves,<sup>a</sup> she gives the leer of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar style ; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well ; out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep :<sup>r</sup> Will that humour pass ?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse ; she hath legions of angels.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain ; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises ; it is good : humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her : and here another to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads : sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,<sup>s</sup> that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass ! Here's another letter to her : she bears the purse too ; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me ;<sup>t</sup> they shall be my East

<sup>a</sup> — *she carves,*] It should be remembered, that anciently the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> *The anchor is deep :*] This was probably some cant expression, of which it is impossible to discern the sense :—Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "*The anchor's deep,*" in reference to the translation mentioned by Pistol.

<sup>s</sup> — *intention,*] i. e. eagerness of desire.

<sup>t</sup> *I will be cheater to them both, &c.*] By this is meant *escheatour*, an officer in the exchequer.—WARBURTON.

and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,  
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold sirrah, [to ROB.] bear you these letters tightly;<sup>u</sup>

Sail like my pinnace<sup>x</sup> to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF and ROBIN.]

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;<sup>y</sup>

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk.

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of his love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

<sup>u</sup> — bear you these letters tightly;] i. e. cleverly, adroitly.

<sup>x</sup> — my pinnace—] A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men.—MALONE.

<sup>y</sup> — for gourd, and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;] Gourds were a species of false dice; probably bored internally, with a cavity left to give them a bias. They were named in allusion to a gourd, which is scooped out.—Fullams were another species of false dice, called fullams from being full or loaded with some heavy metal; so as to produce a bias, and make them come high or low, as they were wanted.—The supposition that the fullams derived their name from being manufactured at Fulliam, has not a shadow of probability.—ARCHDEACON NARFS's *Glossary*, in loco.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,<sup>z</sup> for the revolt of mien<sup>a</sup> is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Dr. Caius's House.*

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

*Quick.* What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. [*Exit RUGBY.*]

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a possit for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:<sup>b</sup> his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish<sup>c</sup> that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?<sup>d</sup>

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.<sup>e</sup>

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

<sup>z</sup> — yellowness,] i. e. Jealousy.

<sup>a</sup> — the revolt of mien—] i. e. change of countenance.

<sup>b</sup> — no breed-bate:] Bate is an obsolete word, signifying strife.

<sup>c</sup> — peevish—] Foolish.

<sup>d</sup> — a glover's paring knife?] The several figures into which they pruned their beards, are mentioned by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Whip of Pride*: in which he speaks of the beard like a quick-set hedge, and the hammer cut or the Roman T.—GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. 201.

<sup>e</sup> — a Cain-coloured beard.] Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards.—THEOBALD.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands,<sup>f</sup> as any is between this and his head ; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you ?—O, I should remember him ; Does he not hold up his head, as it were ? and strut in his gait ?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune ! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master : Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Out, alas ! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent :<sup>g</sup> Run in here, good young man ; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby ! John, what John, I say !—Go, John, go inquire for my master ; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home :—*and down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*<sup>h</sup>

*Caius.* Vat is you sing ? I do not like dese toys ; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd* ; a box, a green-a box ; Do intend vat I speak ? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself : if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

*Caius.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe ! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir ?

*Caius.* *Ouy ; mette le au mon pocket ; Dépêche, quickly :—Vere is dat knave Rugby ?*

*Quick.* What, John Rugby ! John !

*Rug.* Here, sir.

<sup>f</sup> *a tall man of his hands,*] This phrase means *quick-handed*. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. "*Manesco*—quick-handed ; a tall man of his hands." MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — *shent,*] roughly treated.

<sup>h</sup> — *Doctor Caius.*] This character was probably a portrait. In *Jacke of Dover's Quest of Enquirie*, 1604, a story called the Fool of Winsor, begins thus : " Upon a time there was at Winsor a certain simple, *cutlandishe doctor of physicke* belonging to the Deane, &c." — STEEVENS.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby : Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long ;—Od's me ! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for-the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ah me ! he'll find the young man there, and be mad !

*Caius.* *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet ?—Villany ! *larron!* [*pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a ?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet ?—dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so flegmatick ; hear the truth of it : He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue :—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la ; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you ?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper : Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy ;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can ; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master.—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself :—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack Priest;<sup>b</sup> and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-ger!<sup>i</sup>

*Caius.* Rugby, come to de court vit me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

*Quick.* You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [*within.*] Who's within there, ho?

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman; how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

<sup>b</sup> — *Jack Priest*;] Jack, in our Author's days, was a common appellation for every person or thing familiarly or contemptuously spoken of.

<sup>i</sup> *What, the good-ger!*] *Good-ger* and *good-year*, were in our author's time common corruptions of *goujere*; i. e. *morbus gallicus*.—MALONE.

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way : I praise heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? Shall I not lose my suit ?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you :—Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale ;—good faith, it is such another Nan ;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread :—We had an hour's talk of that wart ;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company !—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly, and musing : But for you—Well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day ; Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou seest her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I ? i'faith, that we will : and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence ; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*]

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman ; but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does :—Out upon't ! what have I forgot ? [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.*

*Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What ! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? Let me see : [*Reads.*]

*Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though love use reason for his precisian,<sup>1</sup> he admits him not for his counsellor :*

<sup>1</sup> — *precisian*,] i. e. One who limits or restrains.—Such is the first sense given to this word in Johnson's Dictionary, on the authority of this passage ; of which

*You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might,  
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard<sup>k</sup> picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth: heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Mistress FORD.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

he himself proposed an alteration, and wished to read *physician* instead of *precisian*.

<sup>k</sup> — *Flemish drunkard*—] This term of reproach was not used without reason.—*Sir John Smyth in Certain Discourses*, &c. 4to. 1590, complains that the English nation, once one of the most sober, had become corrupted by habits of drinking healths and toasts, introduced from the Low Countries.—REED.



*Mrs. Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack;<sup>1</sup> and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn day-light:<sup>m</sup>—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:<sup>n</sup> And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: And gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundreth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*.<sup>o</sup> What tempest, I trow, threw this whale with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with

<sup>1</sup> — *These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] These knights will hack (that is, become cheap or vulgar), and therefore she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one.—BLACKSTONE. —Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick, in April, 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights; and in the July following, between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the subsequent year, when this stroke of satire must have been highly relished by the audience.—MALONE.

<sup>m</sup> *We burn day-light:*] A proverbial phrase applicable to all superfluous actions.

<sup>n</sup> — liking:] i. e. condition of body.

<sup>o</sup> — *Green sleeves.*] An old, very popular, and most probably not a very decent, song. The character of the Lady Greensleeves, was rather suspicious, as green was a colour long assumed by loose women.—The tune in Prior's time was still used as a country dance.

blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition : He will print them out of doubt ; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why this is the very same ; the very hand, the very words : What doth he think of us ?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not : It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it ? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I ; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting ; give him a shew of comfort in his suit ; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness<sup>o</sup> of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter ! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes ; and my good man too ; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause ; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight : Come hither. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog<sup>p</sup> in some affairs :  
Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,  
Both young and old, one with another, Ford ;

<sup>o</sup> — *chariness*—] *Scrupulousness.*

<sup>p</sup> — *a curtail dog*—] *A dog that misses his game.*

He loves the gally-mawfry;<sup>a</sup> Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife?

*Pist.* With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,  
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—  
O, odious is the name!

*Ford.* What name, sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:  
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—  
Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit PISTOL.]

*Ford.* I will be patient; I will find out this.

*Nym.* And this is true; [to PAGE.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite, upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit NYM.]

*Page.* *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

*Ford.* [Aside.] I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford.* [Aside.] If I do find it, well.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian,<sup>r</sup> though the priest o'the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* [Aside.] 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

*Page.* How now, Meg?

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

<sup>a</sup> — *gally-mawfry*; i. e. a medley.

<sup>r</sup> — *Cataian*,] A Chinese.—It became a cant name for sharper; from the description given in old books of travels of the dexterous thieving of that people.

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth ; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Page.* How now, master Ford?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me ; did you not?

*Page.* Yes ; And you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves ; I do not think the knight would offer it : but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets of her more than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loth to turn them together : a man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

*Enter Host, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.\**

*Host.* How now, bully-rook ! thou'rt a gentleman : cavalero-justice, I say.

\* I have added the name of *Slender* : Shallow presently says, there was

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o'the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, bully-rook? [*They go aside.*]

*Shal.* Will you [*to PAGE*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go cavalieres?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what; 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword," I would have made you four tall fellows<sup>x</sup> skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

a time when "I could have made you *four* tall fellows skip like rats."—Now if Slender does not come in with Shallow and the Host, there are but *three* persons for Shallow to address.

' — *cavalieres?*]—The folio reads *An-hieres*, which is nonsense. Many emendations have been proposed; I have adopted that of Mr. Boaden, which was approved by Malone as the best.

" — *my long sword,*] Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands.—Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> — *tall fellows*—] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant a *stout*, *bold*, or *courageous person*.—STEVENS.

*Page.* Have with you :—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* Host, SHALLOW, and PAGE.]

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,<sup>y</sup> yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily : She was in his company at Page's house ; and, what they made<sup>z</sup> there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't : and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff : If I find her honest, I lose not my labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.—  
I will retort the sum in equipage.<sup>a</sup>

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn : I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym :<sup>b</sup> or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows : and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,<sup>c</sup> I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share ? hadst thou not fifteen pence ?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason : Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis* ? At a word, hang no more about

<sup>y</sup> — his wife's frailty,] *Frailty* means the natural weakness of woman—  
“ Frailty, thy name is woman,” says Hamlet ; and Ford is of the same opinion.

<sup>z</sup> — made—] Obsolete for *did*.

<sup>a</sup> I will retort the sum in equipage.] Means, I will pay you again in *stolen* goods.—WARBURTON.

<sup>b</sup> — your coach-fellow, Nym ;] i. e. he, who *draws* along with you ; who is joined with you in all your knavery.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — lost the handle of her fan,] It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility), which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship.—WARTON.

me, I am no gibbet for you :—go.—A short knife and a throng :<sup>d</sup>—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,<sup>e</sup> go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue !—You stand upon your honour !—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch ; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags,<sup>f</sup> your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,<sup>g</sup> and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour ! You will not do it, you ?

*Pist.* I do relent ; What wouldst thou more of man ?

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter* Mistress QUICKLY.

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn ; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer : What with me ?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman : and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, sir ;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways :—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

<sup>d</sup> *A short knife and a throng :*] i. e. Go and practise your trade of *cut-purse*, wherever you find a *mob*.

<sup>e</sup> — *Pickt-hatch,*] Was a celebrated tavern in Turnball Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell : a haunt of the worst part of both sexes.—*A hatch* with *pikes* upon it, was a common mark of a bad house.—ARCHDEACON NARES'S *Glossary*.

<sup>f</sup> — *ensconce*—] *A sconce* is a petty fortification. To *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort.—STEEVENS.

<sup>g</sup> *red-lattice phrases,*] Your alehouse conversation.—JOHNSON. *Red lattice* at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an alehouse.—Hence the present chequers.—Perhaps the reader will be surprised to hear that shops, with the sign of the chequers, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand street of Pompeii (No. 9.), presented by Sir W. Hamilton to the Society of Antiquaries.—STEEVENS.

*Fal.* Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,<sup>h</sup> as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;<sup>i</sup> but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

<sup>h</sup> — canaries,] Corrupted for *quandaries*.

<sup>i</sup> — earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;] *Pensioners* were gentlemen of the band of pensioners, whose dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly.—MALONE.



*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;<sup>g</sup>—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold<sup>h</sup> life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la, yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;<sup>i</sup> her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,<sup>k</sup> that you may know one another's mind, and

<sup>g</sup> — wot of;] i. e. know of.

<sup>h</sup> — frampold—] Vexatious.

<sup>i</sup> — to send her your little page, of all loves;] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies *by all means*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> — a nay-word,] i. e. a watch-word.

the boy never need to understand any thing : for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness : old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well : commend me to them both : there's my purse ; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me !

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers :—  
Clap on more sails : pursue, up with your fights ;<sup>1</sup>  
Give fire ; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all !

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good body, I thank thee : Let them say, 'tis grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook, is his name ?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in ; [*exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah ! ah ! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you ? go to ; *via !*<sup>m</sup>

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir : Would you speak with me ?

*Ford.* I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome ; What's your will ? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

<sup>1</sup> — *fights* ;] “ are the wast-cloaths, which hang round about a ship, to hinder men from being seen in fight ; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.”—PHILLIP'S *World of Worlds*.

<sup>m</sup> — *via !*] i. e. *away !* This interjection is Italian.—Antonini renders it in Latin by *eja, age*.—NARES.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much ; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good sir John, I sue for yours : not to charge you ;<sup>n</sup> for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are : the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion ; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me ; if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook ; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you ;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own ; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith<sup>o</sup> you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir ; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; followed her with a doting observance ; engrossed opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have

<sup>n</sup> — not to charge you ;] i. e. Not to be of charge or expense to you.

<sup>o</sup> — sith—] i. e. since.

given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person,<sup>p</sup> generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.<sup>p</sup>

*Fal.* O, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

<sup>p</sup> — of great admittance,] Admitted to the higher company.—*Authentic* in your place and person, no counterfeit of rank and dignity.—*Generally allowed*, universally approved.—*Preparations*, accomplishments.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you), by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir.

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldy rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *aggravate his stile*;]—Stile is a phrase from the Herald's Office. Falstaff means, he will add more titles to those he already enjoys.—STEEVENS.

thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold : come to me soon at night. [Exit.

*Ford.* What a damned epicurean rascal is this !—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this ?—See the hell of having a false woman ! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms ! names !——*Amaimon* sounds well ; *Lucifer*, well ; *Barbason*,<sup>r</sup> well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends : but cuckold ! wittol-cuckold !<sup>s</sup> the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass ; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous ; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh the Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself : then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy !—Eleven o'clock the hour ;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it ; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie ! cuckold ! cuckold ! cuckold ! [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Windsor Park.*

*Enter Caius and Rugby.*

*Caius.* Jack Rugby !

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack ?

<sup>r</sup> *Amaimon*—*Lucifer*—*Barbason*,] The names of demons—of which *Lucifer* is sufficiently well known.—“*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph ; *Barbato* is like *Sagittarius*, and hath thirty legions under him.”—*RANDLE HOLME'S Academy of Armoury and Blazon*, b. 2. c. 1.

<sup>s</sup> — wittol-cuckold !] One who knows his wife's falsehood, and is contented with it : from *wittan*, Sax. to know.—*MALONE*.

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir: he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.*

*Host.* 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius.

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin,<sup>1</sup> to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock,<sup>2</sup> thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castilian<sup>3</sup> king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy?

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight,

<sup>1</sup> — to see thee foin,] To foin was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —thy stock,] Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewise adopted.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Castilian—] An opprobrious term, and perhaps a popular slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the Armada.—FARMER.

you go against the hair<sup>y</sup> of your professions ; is it not true, master Page ?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one : though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace ; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman : you must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest justice :—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

*Caius.* Muck-vater ! vat is dat ?

*Host.* Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman :—Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*]

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

*Host.* He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields : will it do well ?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page. Shal. and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

<sup>y</sup> — against the hair, &c.] We now say, against the grain.—STEEVENS.



*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game,<sup>2</sup> said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Eva.* I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

¶ *Eva.* I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

*Eva.* 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—'pless my soul! [Sings.

<sup>2</sup> — Cry'd game,] This is certainly an erroneous reading: and the emendation proposed is—Cry aim!—The Host addresses himself to the bye-standers, and desires them to cry aim! to his proposition of the Doctor's proceeding to woo Anne Page.—"Aim! was an exclamation of encouragement used in archery by the idle lookers-on, addressed to the person who was about to shoot."—GIFFORD'S *Massinger*, vol. ii. 28.

*To shallow rivers,<sup>a</sup> to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals ;  
 There will we make our peds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies.*

*To shallow——*

'Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals :—  
 When as I sat in Pabylon,——  
 And a thousand vagram posies.*

*To shallow——*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome :——

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls——*

Heaven prosper the right !—What weapons is he ?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir : There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Shal.* How now, master parson ? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page !

*Page.* Save you, good sir Hugh !

*Eva.* 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

*Shal.* What ! the sword and the word ! do you study them both, master parson ?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day ?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

*Eva.* Fery well : What is it ?

<sup>a</sup> *To shallow rivers, &c.*] This is part of a beautiful old song which was published as Shakspeare's, with his sonnets, in the year 1599, by Jaggard.—It was in the following year republished in *England's Helicon*, and attributed to Marlowe, whose property it is supposed to be.

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius.* *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is

the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch ; soul-curer and body-curer.

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good ! excellent !

*Host.* Peace, I say ; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic ? am I subtle ? am I a Machiavel ? Shall I lose my doctor ? no ; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson ? my priest ? my sir Hugh ? no ; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so :—Give me thy hand, celestial ; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both ; I have directed you to wrong places ; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn :—Follow me, lad of peace ; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host :—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page !

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and *Host.*

*Caius.* Ha ! do I perceive dat ? have you make-a de sot of us ? ha, ha !

*Eva.* This is well ; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends ; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,<sup>b</sup> scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart ; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page ; by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles :—Pray you, follow.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader :

<sup>b</sup> ——— *scall*,] An old word of reproach ;—*scall* is a disease in the skin of the head.—NARES'S *Glossary*.

Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weathercock?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed, she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir;—I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all

my neighbours shall cry aim.<sup>c</sup> [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search ; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday,<sup>d</sup> he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;<sup>e</sup> he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poin; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

<sup>c</sup> — shall cry aim.] i. e. shall encourage.—See note z. p. 185. of this volume.

<sup>d</sup> — he speaks holyday.] i. e. his language is precise and delicate, and fit for holyday use.

<sup>e</sup> — 'tis in his buttons;] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *bachelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets; and they judged of their good or bad success by their growing or their not growing there.—SMITH.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page; and you, sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER.

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.

*Ford.* [*aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.<sup>f</sup>—Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant: What, Robin, I say.

*Enter Servants with a Basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in haste, and carry it among the whits-<sup>g</sup> in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

<sup>f</sup> — I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—] Of this passago nothing like a satisfactory interpretation has been given.—*Pipe-wine* is wine from the *pipe* and not from the *bottle*, consequently not so good. The dancing refers perhaps to the preceding words of the Host, *canary* meaning both wine and a dance.

<sup>g</sup> — the whits-] i. e. the blanchers of linen.—DOUCE.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket?<sup>h</sup> what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent,<sup>i</sup> have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* *Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?*<sup>k</sup> Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition; O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

<sup>h</sup> — eyas-musket? A young hawk of the male kind.—Eyas being a young hawk—musket a young male hawk.

<sup>i</sup> — Jack-a-lent, A Jack o' lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?* This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*.



*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, sir John ! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another ; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond : Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.<sup>n</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, sir John : my brows become nothing else ; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a traitor to say so : thou would'st make an absolute courtier ; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not ; nature is thy friend : Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee ? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury<sup>o</sup> in simple-time ; I cannot : but I love thee ; none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir ; I fear, you love mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter gate ;<sup>p</sup> which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven-knows, how I love you ; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford ! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

<sup>n</sup> — that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.] Head-dresses then in fashion with the celebrated Venetian beauties, or approved by them. — NARES.

<sup>o</sup> — like Buckler's-bury, &c.] *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. — STEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — Counter gate ;] The prison gate.

*Fal.* She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so : she's a very tattling woman.—  
[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

*Enter Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*

What's the matter ? how now ?

*Mrs. Page.* O, mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford ! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion ?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion !—Out upon you ! how am I mistook in you !

*Mrs. Ford.* Why alas ! what's the matter ?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence : You are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* Speak louder.—[*Aside.*].—'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here ; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you : If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it : but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed ; call all your senses to you ; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do ?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend ; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril : I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather* ; your husband's here at hand.—Bethink you of some conveyance : in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me !—Look, here is a basket ; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep

in here ; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking : Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there : What shall I do ?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't ! O let me see't ! I'll in, I'll in ; follow your friend's counsel ;—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What ! sir John Falstaff ! Are these your letters, knight ?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee ; help me away : let me creep in here ; I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy : Call your men, mistress Ford : You dissembling knight !

*Mrs. Ford.* What John, Robert, John ! [*Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly ; where's the cowl staff?<sup>a</sup> look, how you drumble ;<sup>r</sup> carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead ; quickly, come.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Pray you, come near : if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest ; I deserve it.—How now ? whither bear you this ?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it ? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck ? I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ? Ay, buck ; I warrant you, buck ; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night : I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys : ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out : I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox :—Let me stop this way first :—so, now uncape.<sup>s</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — *the cowl-staff?*] Is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for a tub.—MALONE.

<sup>r</sup> — *drumbl* ;] i. e. are *sluggish*. In some places the *drone* is called the *drumbl-bee*.—TODD.

<sup>s</sup> — *uncap*.] The allusion in the foregoing sentence is to the practice of

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncap* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought.—I suppose every one has heard of a *bag-fox*.—STEEVENS.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts.

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay: I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—Come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen: but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so!

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If therebe one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Eva.* In your teeth:<sup>1</sup> for shame.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> *In your teeth;*] These words ought not to be allowed to disgrace the page. they do not exist in the folio; and were thrust into the text by Theobald, from the imperfect quarto.

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Page's House.**Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see, I cannot get thy father's love ;  
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas ! how then ?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.  
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;  
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :  
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—  
My riots past, my wild societies ;  
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in the time to come !  
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton,  
Yet seek my father's love : still seek it, sir :  
If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.

*[They converse apart.]*

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly ; my kinsman  
shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't :<sup>a</sup> slid, 'tis but ven-  
turing.

*Shal.* Be not dismay'd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that,  
—but that I am afraid.

<sup>a</sup> I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't :]—An old proverb.—*Shaft*, is an arrow sharp and barbed—*bolt*, is an arrow with a blunt nob at the end of it.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choice.  
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [*Aside.*

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail;<sup>\*</sup> under the degree of a 'squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole!<sup>y</sup> They

<sup>\*</sup> — *come cut and long-tail*;]—This expression is common in the old plays. In its original sense, the phrase means to include all kinds, cur-tail curs, sporting dogs, and all others. Slender says, that *he will maintain Anne Page like a gentlewoman, come who will to contend with him under the degree of a squire.* This explanation is from ARCHDEACON NARES's *Glossary*—a book which is invaluable to every reader of old English literature.

<sup>y</sup> — *dole!*] A share in any thing distributed.—*Happy man be his dole*,—i. e. let his lot be to esteem himself a happy man. The phrase is very frequent in old writers.

can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and Mrs. PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.*

No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

*[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]*

*Quick.* Speak to mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter  
In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,  
I must advance the colours of my love,  
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'the earth,  
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself: Good master  
I will not be your friend, nor enemy: [Fenton,

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in:

Her father will be angry. *[Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.]*

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

*Quick.* This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you  
cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on  
master Fenton:—this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night<sup>z</sup>

<sup>z</sup> — once to-night—] i. e. sometime to-night.



Give my sweet Nan this ring : There's for thy pains.

[*Exit*:

*Quick*. Now heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne : or I would master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three ; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word ; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses ; What a beast am I to slack it ?

[*Exit*.

### SCENE V.

*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal*. Bardolph, I say,—

*Bard*. Here, sir.

*Fal*. Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal ; and to be thrown into the Thames ? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'the litter : and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking ; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow ; a death that I abhor ; for the water swells a man ; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the Wine.*

*Bard*. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

*Fal*. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water ; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard*. Come in, woman.

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* By your leave ; I cry you mercy : Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices : Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, sir ?

*Fal.* Simple of itself ; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*—How now ?

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford ! I have had ford enough : I was thrown into the ford : I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine : I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her : Tell her so ; and bid her think, what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou ?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir ! [Exit.

*Fal.* I marvel, I hear not of master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well. O, here he comes.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir !

*Fal.* Now, master Brook ? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

*Ford.* That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And how sped you, sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction,\* they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket!

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark

\* ——— *distraction*,] Mr. M. Mason reads *direction*.

the sequel, master Brook : I suffered the pangs of three several deaths : first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether : next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo,<sup>b</sup> in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head : and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease : think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that : that am as subject to heat as butter : a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding : I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her : Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook ; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*

*Ford.* Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? Master Ford, awake ; awake, master Ford ; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets !—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am : I will now take the lecher ; he is at my house : he cannot 'scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box ; but, lest the

<sup>b</sup> — *bilbo*,] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made.

devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.*

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

*Quick.* Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school; Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.*

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

*Eva.* No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William.

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

*Eva.* That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

*Eva.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hinc*.

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

*Will.* O—*vocativo, O*.

*Eva.* Remember, William; *focative is, caret*.

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

*Will.* *Genitive case*?

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*.

*Quick.* 'Vengeance of *Jenny's case*! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack,<sup>c</sup> which they'll do fast enough of themselves: and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

<sup>c</sup> — to hick and to hack,] Mr. Steevens with great probability supposes these words to signify to do mischief.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches.<sup>d</sup> Go your ways, and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag<sup>e</sup> memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit sir HUGH.* Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.*

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*

*Enter Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* How now sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed.

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly;—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old

<sup>d</sup> — must be preeches.] Must be breeched; i. e. flogged:—to breech is to flog.

<sup>e</sup> — sprag—] Sprack is still used in Somersetshire, in the sense of ready, quick, ingenious.—Sprag is Sir Hugh's corrupt pronunciation.—LORD CHEN-  
WORTH.

lunes<sup>f</sup> again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *Peer-out, peer-out!*<sup>g</sup> that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone!—the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i'the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an ab-

<sup>f</sup> — *lunes*—] i. e. lunacy, frenzy.

<sup>g</sup> — *Peer-out, peer-out!*] Shakspeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to put forth his horns—

Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,

Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.—HENLEY.



stract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : There's no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out then.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something : any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford,<sup>h</sup> has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is : and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too :<sup>i</sup> Run up, sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet sir John : mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick ; we'll come dress you straight : put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* I would, my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford ; he swears she is a witch ; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel ; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards !

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming ?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he ; and he talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

<sup>h</sup> ——— woman of Brentford,] There are several ballads concerning some old woman of Brentford. A book, called *Jyl of Breyntford's Testament*, was written by Robert Copland, and was a work of established notoriety in the year 1575, when Laneham mentioned it in his letter from Killingworth Castle.—That this was the person here alluded to, is evident from the early quarto, in which we find, “ My maid's aunt, Gillian of Brentford,” &c.—STEEVENS, RITSON, HENLEY, and MAIONE.

<sup>i</sup> ——— thrum'd hat,] A hat formed of the thrums, or ends of a weaver's warp, and consequently very coarse.—Muffler, a part of female attire, which only covered the lower half of the face.—STEEVENS and DOUCE.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.* [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down; obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and  
Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,<sup>k</sup> a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passes!<sup>l</sup> Master Ford you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Enter Mrs. FORD.*

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the

<sup>k</sup> — a ging,] *Ging* was anciently used for *gang*.

<sup>l</sup> — *this passes!*] This is beyond all bounds.—STEEVENS.

virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband !—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face ; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

*Page.* This passes !

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed ? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable ! Will you take up your wife's clothes ? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket : Why may not he be there again ? In my house I am sure he is : my intelligence is true ; my jealousy is reasonable : pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford ; this wrongs you.

*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport ; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.<sup>m</sup> Satisfy me once more ; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What ho, mistress Page ! come you, and the old woman, down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman ! What old woman's that ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have

<sup>m</sup> — his wife's leman.] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*.—STEVENS.

I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery<sup>n</sup> as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *prat* her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him*] you rag, you baggage you polecat, you ronyon!<sup>o</sup> out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen; I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,<sup>p</sup> never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little farther: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

<sup>n</sup> — daubery—] *gross falsehood, and imposition.*

<sup>o</sup> — ronyon!] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man. From *rogneux*, French.—JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — cry out thus upon no trail,] *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To cry out, is to open or bark.—JOHNSON.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,<sup>a</sup> he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.<sup>r</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;<sup>s</sup> I'll sauce them: Come. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> — if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,] Fee-simple is the largest estate, and fine and recovery, the strongest assurance, known to English law.—RITSON.

<sup>r</sup> — way of waste,] Way of injury.

<sup>s</sup> — come off:] Pay well, as we now say, come down with a sum of money.

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and  
Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold,  
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,  
In him that was of late an heretic,  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.  
Be not as éxtreme in submission,  
As in offence;  
But let our plot go forward: let our wives  
Yet once again, to make us public sport,  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, [hunter,  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes<sup>t</sup> the cattle;  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

<sup>t</sup> — takes—] i. e. blasts.

In a most hideous and dreadful manner :  
 You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,  
 The superstitious idle-headed eld<sup>u</sup>  
 Received, and did deliver to our age,  
 This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear  
 In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :  
 But what of this ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device ;  
 That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
 Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
 And in this shape : When you have brought him thither,  
 What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and  
 Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, [thus :  
 And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
 Like urchins, ouphes,<sup>x</sup> and fairies, green and white,  
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
 And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,  
 As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
 With some diffused song ; upon their sight,  
 We two in great amazedness will fly :  
 Then let them all encircle him about,  
 And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight ;  
 And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,  
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,  
 In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,  
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,<sup>y</sup>  
 And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,  
 We'll all present ourselves ; dis-horn the spirit,  
 And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must  
 Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

<sup>u</sup> — eld—] i. e. old people.

<sup>x</sup> — urchins, elves,] Ouph—Teutonic for fairy.

<sup>y</sup> — pinch him sound,] i. e. soundly. The adjective used adverbially.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviours ; and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy ;—and in that time Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside. And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook : He'll tell me all his purpose : Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that : Go, get us properties,<sup>z</sup> And tricking for our fairies.

*Eva.* Let us about it : It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.

*Mrs. Page.* Go, mistress Ford, Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*

I'll to the doctor ; he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot ;  
And he my husband best of all affects :  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
Potent at court ; he, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* Host and SIMPLE.

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor ? what, thickskin ? speak, breathe, discuss : brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender,

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his

<sup>z</sup> ——— *properties,*] *Properties* are little incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses.—STEEVENS.



standing-bed, and truckle-bed;<sup>a</sup> 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *anthropophaginian*<sup>b</sup> unto thee: Knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian,<sup>c</sup> calls.

*Fal.* [*above.*] How now, mine host?

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman; Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye? privacy? fye!

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell;<sup>d</sup> What would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

<sup>a</sup> — *his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;*] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *truckle*, truckle, or running-bed. In the standing-bed, lay the master; in the truckle-bed lay the servant.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — *anthropophaginian*—] A mock word, formed from *anthropophagi*, cannibals.

<sup>c</sup> — *thine Ephesian.*] This was a cant term of the time, probably signifying a *hottle companion*.

<sup>d</sup> — *muscle-shell;*] So called, says Johnson, because he stands with his mouth open.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir.

*Fal.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they are nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be so bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, sir Tike;<sup>e</sup> who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.]

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host: one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it, neither, but was paid<sup>f</sup> for my learning.

*Enter BARDOLPH:*

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustus.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.*

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cou-

<sup>e</sup> — *Tike*;] *Great tike* is still a term of reproach in Yorkshire.—*Tike* means, either a dog of a common and large breed, or a heifer or bullock—or an insect that infests sheep and dogs.—NARES.

<sup>f</sup> — *to be paid*—]—Still, in the vulgar tongue, means *to be beaten*.

zin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes, and v'louting stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mine *host de Jarterre*?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come; I tell you for good-vill: adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

*[Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.]*

*Fal.* I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*.<sup>5</sup> Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

Now! whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have they not suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

<sup>5</sup> — *primero.*] A game at cards.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i'the stocks, i'the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE VI.

*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FENTON and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak; Assist me in my purpose,  
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee  
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you  
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;  
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection  
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)  
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her  
Of such contents as you will wonder at;  
The mirth whereof<sup>h</sup> so larded with my matter,  
That neither, singly, can be manifested,  
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff  
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

*[Showing the letter.]*

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:  
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

<sup>h</sup> — *whereof*—] Was formerly used in the sense of *thereof*.

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ;  
 The purpose why, is here ; in which disguise,  
 While other jests are something rank on foot,<sup>i</sup>  
 Her father hath commanded her to slip  
 Away with Slender, and with him at Eton  
 Immediately to marry : she hath consented :  
 Now, sir,  
 Her mother, even strong against that match,  
 And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed  
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
 While other sports are tasking of their minds,  
 And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
 Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot  
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath  
 Made promise to the doctor ;—Now thus it rests :  
 Her father means she shall be all in white ;  
 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,  
 She shall go with him : her mother hath intended,  
 The better to denote her to the doctor,  
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)   
 That, quaint<sup>k</sup> in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,  
 With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;  
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me :  
 And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar  
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,  
 And, in the lawful name of marrying,  
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :  
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I ever more be bound to thee ;  
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>i</sup> While other jests are something rank on foot,] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own.—SHELLENS.

<sup>k</sup> — quaint—] Formerly meant neat, elegant, a sense in which it is now obsolete.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.**Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prattling :—go.—I'll hold : This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away go ; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers,<sup>1</sup> either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince.<sup>m</sup> [*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

*Enter FORD.*

How now, master Brook ? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man : but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed phrenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman ; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also, life is a shuttle.<sup>n</sup> I am in haste ; go along with me ; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese,<sup>o</sup> played truant and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me : I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford : on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will

<sup>1</sup> — divinity in odd numbers,] Alluding to *Nunero deus impare gaudet.*—VIRGIL, *Ecl.* 8.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — mince.] Walk affectedly with short steps.

<sup>n</sup> — life is a shuttle,] An allusion to Job vii. 6. “ My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.”—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> — Since I plucked geese,] To strip a living goose of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.—STEEVENS.

deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow : Strange things in hand, master Brook ! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Windsor Park.*

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Page.* Come, come ; we'll couch i'the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slender.* Ay, forsooth ; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum* ; she cries, *budget* ;<sup>p</sup> and by that we know one another.

*Shallow.* That's good too : but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark ; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport ! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.*

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green : when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly : Go before into the park ; we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do ; Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter : but 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies ? and the Welch devil, Hugh ?

<sup>p</sup> *mum—budget,*] A cant word, implying silence.—NARES

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,<sup>a</sup> with obscured lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Windsor Park.*

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.*

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.

*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised; with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.

<sup>a</sup> — in a pit hard by Herne's oak,] An oak, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a pit in Windsor forest. It is yet shewn as the oak of Herne.—STEEVENS.



—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i'the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?<sup>r</sup> Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;<sup>s</sup> let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

*[Embracing her.]*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,<sup>t</sup> and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

*[Noise within.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! what noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.*

*Mrs. Page.*

} Away, away.

*[They run off.]*

*Fal.* I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

<sup>r</sup> *Send me a cool rut-time, &c.]* This is all technical. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*, 1575: "During the time of their *rut*, the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroom helpeth well to make them *pyse their grease*, they are then in so vehement heate."—FARMER.

<sup>s</sup> *Potatoes*, when first introduced into England, were supposed to be strong provocatives.—*Kissing comfits*, perfumed sugar-plums to sweeten the breath.—*Eringoes*, like potatoes, were esteemed stimulatives.—STEEVENS.

<sup>t</sup> — my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,] A *walk* is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends.—MALONE. To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite.—GREY.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr ; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL ; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, dressed like Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Qu.*<sup>u</sup> Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,  
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,  
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,<sup>x</sup>  
Attend your office, and your quality.  
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

*Pist.*<sup>y</sup> Elves, list your names ; silence, you airy toys.  
*Cricket*, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap :  
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry :<sup>z</sup>  
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are fairies ; he, that speaks to them, shall die :  
I'll wink and couch : no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*

*Eva.* Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a  
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, [maid,  
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,<sup>a</sup>  
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ;  
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins.

*Qu.* About, about :  
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out :

<sup>u</sup> *Qu.*] I think this speech has been falsely attributed to Mrs. Quickly.—It was evidently spoken by the person who played the part of Fairy Queen, which was perhaps Anne Page—and has been given to Mrs. Quickly owing to an error of the press ; by which in the first folio, we find *Qui* prefixed to the lines instead of *Que*.

<sup>x</sup> *You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,*] Shakspeare uses the word *heirs* as synonymous for *children*—they were *orphans* in respect of their real parents, from whom they had been removed, and were now only dependent on destiny. Such is the explanation of Dr. Farmer. I believe "*orphan-heirs of destiny*," means that they were "born without parents by a decree of destiny."

<sup>y</sup> *Pist.*] Mr. Malone considers these lines as ill-suited to Pistol ; and supposes that from their having been delivered by the same performer, who had, in the early part of the play represented that character, his name thus crept into the copies.—May not *Pist.* the abbreviation for *Pistol*, have been a typographical mistake for *Puck*?

<sup>z</sup> — as bilberry :] The bilberry is the whortleberry.

<sup>a</sup> Raise up the organs of her fantasy,] Inspire her with holy and elevated visions.

Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room ;  
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ;  
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.  
 The several chairs of order look you scour  
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower :<sup>b</sup>  
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !  
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,  
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :  
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;  
 And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,  
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white ;  
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee :  
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery. }  
 Away ; disperse : But, till 'tis one o'clock,  
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak  
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order  
 And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, [set :  
 To guide our measure round about the tree.  
 But, stay ; I smell a man of middle earth.<sup>c</sup>

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy ! lest he  
 transform me to a piece of cheese !

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth :

*Quick.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end :  
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
 And turn him to no pain ; but if he start,  
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire ?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh !

<sup>b</sup> *With juice of balm and every precious flower :*] It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs.—Pliny informs us that the Romans did the same to drive away evil spirits.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — *man of middle earth.*]—Spirits were supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground.—Men therefore are in a middle station.—JOHNSON.

*Qu.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire !  
About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

*Eva.* It is right ; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG. *Eye on sinful fantasy !  
Eye on lust and luxury !  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;  
Pinch him for his villany ;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine, be out.*

*During this Song, the Fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green ; Slender another way, and takes off a Fairy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD : they lay hold on him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly ; I think, we have watch'd you now ; Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher :—

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives ?  
See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes<sup>d</sup>  
Become the forest better than the town ?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now ?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave ; here are his horns, master Brook : And master Brook, he hath enjoyed

<sup>d</sup> — yokes—] The second folio reads *oaks* ; and I agree with Mr. M. Mason in considering it the right reading. The horns of the deer on the head of Falstaff, are here alluded to—they so strongly resemble the branches of a tree, that they are in French called *bois* ; and Mrs. Page gives those on the head of the wanton Knight the pompous appellation of *oaks*, from their peculiar height and size.

nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money ; which must be paid to master Brook ; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John we have had ill luck ; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too ; both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies ? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies ; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,<sup>e</sup> when 'tis upon ill employment.

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this ? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too ? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize ?<sup>f</sup> 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter : your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Sees and putter ! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English ? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight ?

<sup>e</sup> — *Jack-a-lent,*]— seems to have been a puppet, which was dressed in rags, and thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — *a coxcomb of frize ?*] i. e. A fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.—STEEVENS

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;<sup>s</sup> use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

*Ford.* Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

*Enter SLENDER.*

*Slén.* Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

*Slén.* Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slén.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; If it had not been

<sup>s</sup> Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:] i. e. Serves to point out my obliquities. This is said in consequence of Evans's last speech. The allusion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the plummet held over it; of which line sir Hugh is here represented as the lead.—HENLEY.

i'the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then you took the wrong.

*Slender.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

*Eva.* Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

*Page.* O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un païsan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you not take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*]

*Ford.* This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

How now, master Fenton?

*Anne.* Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her:<sup>b</sup> Hear the truth of it.

<sup>b</sup> — amaze her:] i. e. Confound her by your questions.

You would have married her most shamefully,  
 Where there was no proportion held in love.  
 The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,  
 Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.  
 The offence is holy, that she hath committed:  
 And this deceit loses the name of craft,  
 Of disobedience, or unduteous title;  
 Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
 A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy;—  
 In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;  
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand  
 to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy?<sup>i</sup> Fenton, heaven give thee  
 joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further:—Master  
 Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Good husband, let us every one go home,  
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
 Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;  
 For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.<sup>k</sup> [*Exeunt.*

<sup>i</sup> *Well, what remedy?*] In the first sketch of this play, on Fenton's bringing in his wife, there is the following dialogue:—

*Mrs. Ford.* Come, Mrs. Page, I must be bold with you,  
 'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

*Mrs. Page.* [*aside.*] Although that I have missed in my intent,  
 Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.

— Here, Fenton, take her.

*Evans.* Come, master Page, you must needs agree.

*Ford.* I'faith, sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.

*Page.* I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;

And yet it doth me good, the doctor miss'd.—

Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but



suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known—that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having, perhaps, in the former plays, completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide.\* This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end.—JOHNSON.

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\* In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an Italian merchant, very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. *Dodypoll*, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like *Caius*, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced.—STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. I.

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